The Outlook

VOLUME 95 JULY 23, 1910 NUMBER 12

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS. MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH), FIFTEEN CENTS. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS—FIFTY-TWO ISSUES—THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

CONTENTS

Copyright, 1910, by the Outlook Company

The Harvard Graduate Crew and the Amateur Spirit...... 595
The Cloakmakers' Strike...... 596
An Extraordinary Demand...... 597
A Northern Lynching...... 597
Moving Pictures of the Prize Fight...... 598
The English Political Situation...... 598
The New Russo-Japanese Treaty...... 599
The Pan-American Conference...... 600
The Country Life Commission...... 601
The Teachers' Convention...... 602
The Maharaja of Baroda...... 603
An Outdoor School...... 603
Vacation Bible Schools...... 604
A League for Justice...... 605
Newspaper Accuracy...... 606
The Scout Idea...... 607
Who Are the Invaders?...... 608
The Ethics of Jesus...... 609
The Spectator...... 611
English Song Birds...... 614
By Theodore Roosevelt
The Boy Scouts...... 617
By Ralph D. Blumenfeld
The Boy Scouts in America...... 630
By Ernest Thompson Seton
The Ghost of the Heath...... 636
By Jacob A. Riis
New York's City Hall Park Problem. 647
By Montgomery Schuyler
The Wind in the Leaves (Poem)...... 656
By Madison Cawein
Opening a New Empire...... 657
By Stanley Washburn
The Conservation of the Birds...... 668
By Omar H. Sample
William H. Welch (Portrait)...... 677
The Slowcoach: Chapters VI to X.... 678
By Edward Verrall Lucas
Letters to The Outlook...... 695

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Outlook Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent Two Weeks before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

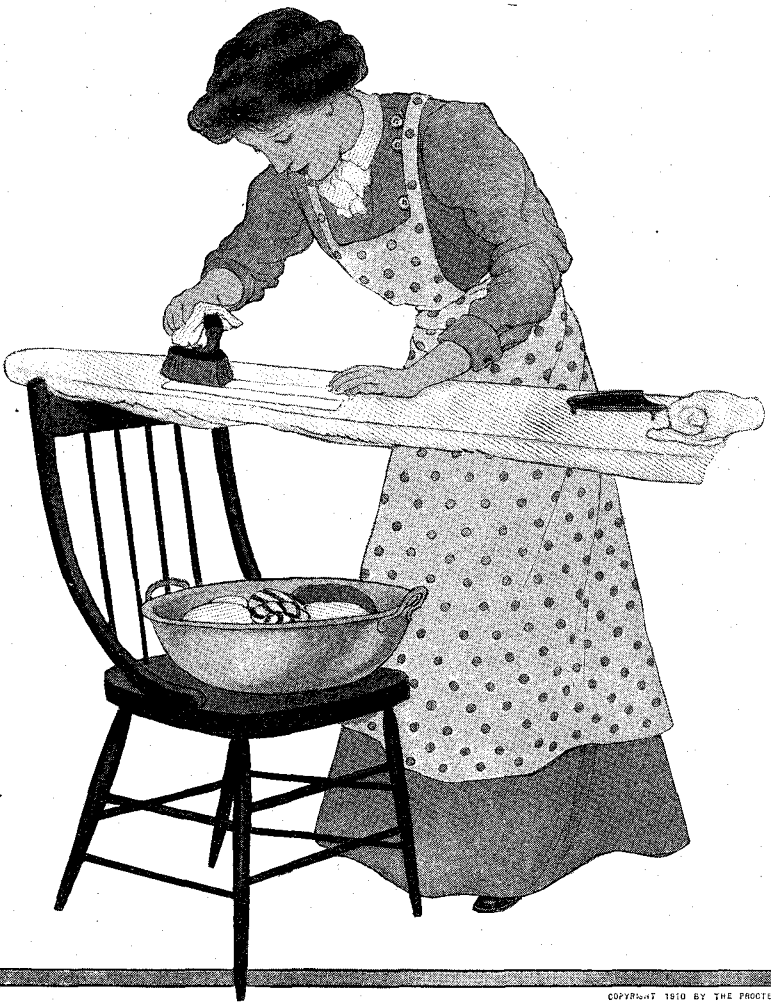
RENEWALS. The date opposite your name on the yellow label which appears on your copy of The Outlook shows to what date your subscription has been paid. Your renewal should be received two weeks before the date of expiration thus indicated, to prevent any interruption in your receipt of The Outlook.

COPYRIGHT. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising must be received two weeks before the Saturday on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Chicago Office, 150 Michigan Boulevard London Office, 3 Regent Street



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

Ivory Soap is not an ordinary laundry soap.
It is a better-than-ordinary soap.

It is made of *better-than-ordinary* materials and is intended to be used for *better-than-ordinary* purposes.

There are any number of soaps that cut dirt much more quickly than Ivory Soap will. They are fine—for cleaning pots and pans and cement walks.

But don't wash shirtwaists with them; or woolens; or colored goods; or silks; or dainty dress fabrics; or laces; or any other article that is *better-than-ordinary.*

For cleaning things of that kind, Ivory Soap is so much better than anything else that it really has no competitor.

And the reason is simply this: Ivory Soap is pure. It contains no "free" alkali. It is the mildest, gentlest soap it is possible to make. It cleans—*but it does not injure.*

Ivory Soap . . . . $99\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

The Outlook

JULY 23, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE HARVARD GRADUATE CREW AND THE AMATEUR SPIRIT

Misled by despatches from New London, which were erroneous in the statement of facts, The Outlook in its comment upon the Harvard graduate crew, in the issue for July 9, did a serious injustice which it desires to correct. In a paragraph upon college athletics The Outlook stated that a crew of Harvard graduates, upon receiving word that an opposing crew from Yale could not be formed, rowed over the course alone and claimed the prize. The severe comment which The Outlook made upon this reported action was altogether undeserved, for the simple reason that the Harvard crew not only did not claim the prize, but, on the contrary, announced that it would not claim the prize. It is easy to see how the erroneous report arose. After considerable effort, as is necessary among oarsmen who are scattered over the country and are engaged in business that cannot easily be laid aside, a Harvard graduate crew had been formed. It consisted of eight men, all of whom had been in Harvard's 'varsity crews in former years. One was a former captain; one had stroked the 'varsity crew. The Outlook has spoken of this crew as more or less irresponsible. Although it is true the crew did not represent the University in the sense that the undergraduate crews did, it was, in fact, composed of responsible men, and was under control of the Graduate Rowing Committee. It was therefore distinctly representative of the Harvard athletic spirit. The race was set for Wednesday. On Monday word came from the Yale quarters that a Yale crew would not be forthcoming; but none of the members of the Harvard graduate crew could be informed of this fact until Tuesday, and some did not learn of the fact till Wednesday, the day of the race. With the word from the Yale quarters came the implication that Yale would have to default to Harvard. The Harvard men were, of course, disappointed. They wanted a race, and they would have enjoyed the sport. As it was, they assembled and got into their boat on Wednesday, just to see what they could do together. Thus they rowed on the river on Wednesday afternoon. The request was then made that the names of the Harvard graduates who had been prepared to row be inscribed upon the cup. The appearance of the Harvard crew on the river, the request concerning the inscription of the names, and the understanding that Yale had defaulted led to the report that the Harvard crew had rowed over the river in order to claim the cup. The fact that Harvard had won the graduate race for four years, and that the cup which had been given by Mr. Graves, a well-known Yale oarsman, was to become the property of the college that had won five races, lent emphasis to the erroneous report. As a matter of fact, the member of the Harvard crew who had been chosen to bring the men together took pains to announce beforehand that the crew would not claim the cup, and on the next day—namely, on Thursday, the evening of the 'varsity race—stated to the Yale graduate who had been active in endeavoring to assemble the Yale graduate crew that no claim had been, or would be, made for the cup, and that Harvard would row Yale at another time for it. The request for the inscription of the names was not equivalent, as it might seem to be, to a request for an acknowledgment of victory, inasmuch as the names of both victors and vanquished in each year are ultimately to be engraved on the cup. This request was therefore simply that the record of the crews formed for the annual race be kept complete. So far from acting "like a lot of professionals," as The Outlook was led, by false reports, to state, the members of the Harvard graduate crew acted in a specially fine and sportsmanlike spirit. Their very appearance on the river, which led to the misrepresentation of their purpose, was, in fact, an indication of their fondness for rowing as a sport, and a desire to see what they could do for their own satisfaction. The Outlook cannot erase what it has already printed; but it can at least here record its conviction that the crew which it unjustly criticised has given evidence of that amateur spirit which we believe it is the greatest function of college athletics to promote.

* * *

THE CLOAKMAKERS' STRIKE With rapidity and quiet almost unprecedented, a strike among the cloakmakers of New York City has been organized and put into effect. The day before the strike sixteen thousand workers joined the Cloak, Suit, and Skirt Makers' Union. The day after the strike twenty-four thousand more joined the union. Five days afterwards over eighty thousand men and women had struck work and a number of big shops, besides many sweat-shops, were shut down. Practically all who are engaged in making women's outer garments—operators, cutters, finishers, buttonhole-makers, basting-pullers—are enlisted in the struggle. The causes for the strike can be traced back through eighteen years to the failure of the last general strike of the cloakmakers. At that time the employers, by means of a lockout, broke the spirit of the union. The workmen went back on the employers' terms. Since that time the trade has been carried on by means of a contracting system. The garment-makers work in two kinds of shops. The "inside" shops are owned and managed by the manufacturers; the "outside" shops are owned by contractors. In the "inside" shops conditions appear endurable; but in the "outside" shops, which are virtually sweat-shops, the conditions of work are distressing. The big manufacturer pays the contractor about the same price for the same amount of work as he pays his own employees; and the money that the contractor makes consists of the difference between that price and the price that he can force his own employees to accept. Moreover, even within the "inside" shops a similar situation is to be found; for there are groups of workmen who are responsible solely to foremen; and each foreman gets a profit out of the difference between what the employer pays him and what he pays the workmen under him. Under this pressure work is carried on late into the evening, all day Saturday, and until three o'clock Sunday afternoon; and it is often carried on after shop hours in the tenements. Even in the height of the season skilled workers get only sixteen dollars a week, and, since the season lasts only three months, they are virtually idle nine months in the year. Whatever work they get during those nine months they get by calling daily at the shop, on the chance of a few hours' work. If a worker fails to report on any day, he is in danger of losing the job. What the garment-makers demand may be summarized as follows: The recognition of the union, the abolition of the subcontracting system, a forty-eight hour (instead of a ninety-hour) week, increase of weekly wages to not less than twenty-six dollars for cutters and twenty-two dollars for pressers, the adjustment by a Settlement Committee of prices to piece workers, with a minimum wage of four dollars a day for skilled work, a maximum of two and a half hours of night work, and payment for night work as double time. Taking a leaf out of the experience of the shirt-waist strikers, the garment-makers have undertaken not to settle the strike until all the employers agree to the demands; for they have learned that in the shirt-waist makers' strike the small manufacturers came to terms with the strikers and then did the work for the big manufacturers. The strikers and their leaders are taking precautions to keep the strike peaceable. Surely there ought to be some other way than that of industrial warfare by which workers could secure freedom from such intolerable conditions as these cloakmakers are endeavoring to escape.

❧

AN EXTRAORDINARY DEMAND

Conductors, trainmen, and others employed in the train and yard service on the Eastern lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad have voted to allow a committee representing them to declare a strike. They are asking for an increase in wages and for a decrease in the hours constituting a day's work. They do not assert that the Pennsylvania Railroad is paying less than the market rate of wages; in fact, they acknowledge the contrary. They refer, however, to the increase of wages on other roads, and demand a corresponding increase on the Pennsylvania. In the letter sent by the committee of the unions involved to their members it is declared that " both road and yard rates should be higher on our line than paid by other companies for similar service because the policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad has always seemingly been to educate their employees in the belief that certain of such employees were entitled to from five to twenty per cent more than paid by other companies for similar service." This extraordinary demand seems to us to be aptly and justly characterized in the reply of the railway company expressed in the form of a question: " Is it fair to penalize your Company now, because, in the past, it has treated its employees as liberally as its finances would permit, regardless of wages paid by its competitors; and, further, because in this instance it has more than met the advances of the other roads, whose employees, although generally still below those of the Pennsylvania Railroad, were brought up more nearly to a parity with the favorable conditions of your Company?" It has been asserted that while some of the men receive higher wages on the Pennsylvania Railroad than men in similar employment on other roads, other men receive far less; and that thus the interests of the men have been divided by the Company. The official statement of the Committee, however, seems to be at variance with this assertion. Surely the demands of the men, as so far expressed, are not such as to win them the sympathy of the public if they decide to strike. Those who declare industrial war necessarily bring discomfort, danger, and sometimes disaster to non-combatants. If the war is declared for a righteous cause, the public often, and, generally, too good-naturedly, endures the hardship. If, on the other hand, the war is declared unjustly, the public usually brings some kind of reinforcements to the ill-treated side. We trust that the men, who are the aggressors in this case, will either withdraw their demands or make clearer than they have so far done the justice of their complaint. Whether, however, the issue is a just one or not, it ought to be settled in some other way than a struggle at the expense of the public. If this had occurred in Canada, neither side could take aggressive measures until the case had been heard by an impartial tribunal. The United States will in this respect not be as civilized as Canada until it makes industrial warfare in its public utilities and its great industries give way to some kind of judicial proceedings.

❧

A NORTHERN LYNCHING

Newark, Ohio, has made for itself a bad name. Decent people who have regard, not merely for the fundamentals of civilization, but even for their own lives, will not, under present circumstances, willingly select that city as a place of residence. On Friday, July 8, a mob, virtually unopposed, broke down the doors of the courthouse, where a white prisoner was in jail, seized him, and hanged him in the public street. As in other Northern lynching cases, this act of murderous brutality was the outcome of a long-continued condition of lawlessness. The county in which Newark is situated cast its vote against the licensing of saloons. Within the city of Newark, however, the majority voted in favor of license. As a consequence, the Mayor of the city, Herbert Atherton, neglected to take action for the enforcement of the law, and public sentiment in the city was not civilized enough to demand that the law, even though it was not in accordance with local opinion, should be enforced. The Anti-Saloon League sent a score of detectives armed with warrants to raid illegal resorts. In the course of the raid a detective named Etherington shot the proprietor of one of the resorts. The mob which had gathered on account of the raid seized the detective and beat him, but let him go. The authorities took this detective, together with a number of other detectives, to the jail. All the afternoon the mob raged; but the sheriff did nothing except to talk boastfully. Upon the news of the saloon-keeper's death, the mob made its assault upon the jail. The faithless Mayor tried to parley with the rioters; but his words were, of course, vain and futile. As a consequence of the lynching, and in accordance with the law, Governor Harmon suspended the Mayor and took steps for the removal of Sheriff Linke which finally resulted in his resignation. Governor Harmon is thus doing all that he can to relieve the State of Ohio from the odium which this disgraced city has put upon it. It will take years, however, before Newark, Ohio, will cease to be a by-word. The Governor can punish the wrong-doers, and he can take steps to see that the lawless elements are at least temporarily checked; but it is only the people of Newark who can make the city a place that can really be called civilized.

* * *

MOVING PICTURES OF THE PRIZE FIGHT

The Outlook has already said that the moving picture exhibitions of the recent prize fight are likely to be, in their demoralizing effects, worse than the prize fight itself. But, as the prize fight could not be stopped except by legal measures, so neither can these exhibitions. The Corporation Counsel of New York City reports that the law punishing exhibitions that are "obscene, indecent, immoral, or impure, tending to the corruption of the morals of youth or others," does not prohibit a pictorial exhibition of the prize fight. The Outlook cannot agree with him in this interpretation of the law. The same week in which this opinion was given to the public it was reported that a boy had been arrested for burglary, and accounted for his attempted crime by the fact that he had seen a burglary portrayed in a moving picture show and wished to see if he had the ability to perform the same feat. It appears to us that any exhibition of an illegal act which in fact tends to produce an imitation of the crime is both immoral and tends to the corruption of those who witness it. This question, however, is one for the courts, not for the Mayor, to decide. We hope that, either by the initiation of the District Attorney or by private complaint, the first man who attempts to exhibit a moving picture of the prize fight in New York may be arrested and brought before the Court; that some way may be found to get this question before some higher tribunal than that of a police justice; and that we may thus learn officially and authoritatively whether, under the present law, pictorial stimulations to vice and crime are permitted, and, if so, may learn how we can guard ourselves against such stimulants to vice in the future. We do not think, however, that it is necessary for that purpose to wait for action by the Legislature. The Board of Aldermen could by ordinance forbid such exhibitions within the city of New York. We hope that the matter will be brought before that Board, and that we may be able to report to our readers in the next issue of The Outlook that it has taken the action necessary for the protection of the community.

* * *

THE ENGLISH POLITICAL SITUATION

The death of King Edward and the accession of King George have served to bring the two political parties in England, if not into harmony, at least into conference. They have established, if not peace, a truce, with negotiations looking toward a compromise. For several weeks a group of party leaders, composed of the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and Lord Crewe, representing the Government, and Mr. Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Lansdowne, and Earl Cawdor, representing the Opposition, have been meeting in conference upon the constitutional question involved in the reform of the House of Lords. The meetings of the Conference are secret, and no hints are permitted to escape of the progress which is being made. Parliament is to adjourn in a few weeks to meet again in November. The constitutional question will receive no attention in

Parliament until the autumn session, when it is to be hoped that the Conference will be able to suggest a way out other than through the warfare that threatened just before the King's death. The English people are used to settling their hard problems by compromise, and a compromise is far from being the most unlikely way out of the conflict precipitated by the Lloyd-George Budget. A second Lloyd-George Budget was brought in a fortnight ago, and launched upon its Parliamentary course with hardly a ripple. The contrast of a year was cleverly suggested by a cartoon in "Punch." On the ramparts of a seaside fort a fresh-faced lad in sailor costume and straw hat with "Budget, 1910," on the ribbon is addressed by a rough, wrinkled, scarred old tar in jack-boots, with bandanna about his head and cutlass at his side, and "Budget, 1909," inscribed upon his clothing. Says the old to the new, "Ah, my boy, you'll never be the Budget I was. In my time we had to fight for our skins. I was out in Nineteen-nine." Mr. Lloyd-George found himself confronted with an estimated expenditure for the present year of £10,000,000 more than last. This increase he expects to meet without creating any new taxes or increasing any old ones. The new Budget is practically a duplicate of the one of last year, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer looks for increased revenues from the existing taxes, arising partly, as he expects, from improved business and partly from the straightening out of the tangles made by the Lords' treatment of the old Budget. Mr. Lloyd-George admitted that he had been far out of the way in his estimate of the revenues which would be produced by the increased spirit duties. He declared that the depression in the revenues from this source was in large part due to diminished consumption—a cause which had already shown effects in other directions, in the decrease of drunkenness and of arrests for drunkenness both in Scotland and in Ireland. Great pressure had undoubtedly been brought upon the Chancellor by the Government's Irish allies to remove the increases which were made last year in the spirit duties, and it is greatly to Mr. Lloyd-George's credit that he resisted the pressure, declaring that "any Chancellor of the Exchequer who should alter a tax that had such beneficial results would be guilty of a crime against society." The Budget, like the question of the Veto of the Lords, is not to be proceeded with until the autumn session. Last week the unexpected happened in the passage, by the House of Commons, on its second reading of a bill extending in a limited degree the Parliamentary suffrage to women. The bill was introduced by Mr. Shackleton, one of the Labor members, and gave the Parliamentary suffrage to women on the same terms as the municipal suffrage is now extended to them—that is, single women and widows who own or occupy property of a certain minimum value are allowed to vote. The measure was not a party measure. Indeed, prominent members of the two parties found themselves in unaccustomed alliance both for and against the bill. The second reading of the bill was carried by a vote of 299 to 190. But the victory for the suffrage movement was promptly modified by a second vote of 320 to 175 on the question of referring the measure to the Committee of the Whole. This reference of the bill gives the Government the right to decide when the measure shall be taken up in committee, and it is almost unquestionable that the Government will not give any time at the short autumn session to a bill on so highly controversial a subject. The large vote for the measure in the Commons is significant of the strength of the woman's suffrage sentiment in England. The larger vote referring the measure to the Committee of the Whole is significant of the desire in the House of Commons to postpone the further consideration of the question at least until next year.

◆

THE NEW RUSSO-JAPANESE TREATY

Last week the text of the much-heralded treaty between Russia and Japan was published. It turns out to be, on its face, a traffic agreement. It consists of but three articles: The first declares that, with the object of facilitating railway communication, Russia and Japan engage to lend to each other their friendly co-operation in developing their respective railway lines in the Chinese province of Manchuria; the second article provides that Russia and Japan shall maintain the *status quo* in Manchuria, resulting from the treaties, conventions, and other arrangements already concluded between the two contracting parties, or between either of them and China; the third article provides that, in case of any menace to the *status quo*, Russia and Japan shall consult each other. All this may sound like the American railway compact known as a "gentlemen's agreement." It is probably something more. While an agreement between Russia and Japan to harmonize their respective railway interests is welcome, public attention will, we think, be directed rather to the succeeding clause by which the two Powers promise to safeguard the *status quo* in Manchuria as established, not only by treaties between themselves, but also between either of them and China. What is the *status quo* in Manchuria? Is it the publicly published clause of the Portsmouth Treaty of 1905 by which "Russia and Japan mutually pledge themselves not to place any obstacle in the way of general measures which apply equally to all nations, and which China might adopt for the development of commerce and industry in Manchuria," or is it a secret clause in a subsequent treaty abrogating this? As interpreted by Russia and Japan, the *status quo* must be interpreted by the latest agreement. Accordingly, not only did Japan object when Secretary Knox proposed the formation of an international syndicate to acquire the Manchurian railways, to vest their ownership in China, and to place them under an impartial administration, thus insuring an unimpaired Chinese sovereignty and the proper economic development of Manchuria, but Japan also refused Mr. Knox's further proposal concerning a particular railway line. It was supposed by many critics that, in order to prevent the proposal of future enterprises of a similar kind, the negotiation of the present treaty was hastened. This is now denied, we are glad to note, by no less a personage than the Marquis Katsura, the Japanese Premier, who declares that the treaty was practically framed long prior to any proposal affecting Japan's interest in the Manchurian railways. Whether framed early or late, however, we hope that the agreement constitutes no potential loss of prestige for China. If so, it can hardly be concealed from the Chinese people, hence must seriously aggravate the problem of local administration. Certainly there will be unrest if China is compelled to play the rôle of spectator in her own domain of Manchuria. Certainly there will be unrest outside if the new treaty should be used as a weapon to shut the open door of trade and transportation, on which the American Government, through Secretary Hay, Secretary Root, and Secretary Knox, has strenuously insisted.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Last week the fourth Pan-American Conference opened its sessions at Buenos Aires, the capital of the Republic of Argentina. Offsetting rumors that relations between the United States and Latin America were not as friendly as hitherto, the conferees requested that the Speaker to reply on their behalf to the opening address of Dr. de la Playa, Argentine Foreign Minister, be the Hon. Henry White, the chairman of the United States delegation. Coincidently the instructions of Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, to the American delegates were published. In them our Government's attitude regarding the general subject of arbitration and the particular subject of Nicaragua is defined. As to the first, as Secretary Knox points out, our Government now, as always, earnestly advocates the general principle of pacific settlement of international disputes. It believes that this policy also actuates all the countries participating in the Conference. But our delegates are advised that definite propositions on the subject may possibly be inopportune if they can be construed as due to a desire to use the present Conference to affect concrete cases. In the same spirit, in order to avoid suspicion or the appearance of primacy, our delegates are cautioned against taking a position of undue prominence in the selection of officers and committees. Mr. Knox takes advantage of the issuance of instructions to mention the concrete case of Nicaragua and to explain the grounds on which our recent policy towards that country has been based. He contrasts the situation existing in the progressive American Republics, with stable governments and high ideals for such governments, with that existing in Nicaragua, misgoverned by a dictator whom the Secretary vigorously but fitly characterizes as "a scourge of his own people." "For such Governments," the instructions proceed to assert, "know that to ask justice for our citizens and to refuse to tolerate and deal with mediæval despots is only to be true to the civilizations and the institutions which they share; if this were not true, then Pan-Americanism would be a sham instead of a community of free and equal governments, each worthy and demanding the respect of the others." Among other suggestions, Mr. Knox urges the delegates towards sympathetic support for the commemoration of the independence of the American Republics in this and following years; towards a vigorous impulse in the endeavor to bring about the further construction of the Pan-American Railway; towards the improvement of mail and steamship facilities among the American Republics; towards uniformity in customs, consular, and census regulations; towards a practicable arrangement covering patents, trade-marks, and copyrights; towards the adoption of proper sanitary regulations; towards an interchange of professors and students among the universities of the American Republics. Finally, Secretary Knox suggests that future Pan-American congresses be held at intervals of six years as a minimum. The suggestion is peculiarly interesting in view of the fact that the third Hague Conference is to be called in a period—eight years—analogous to that between the first and second Conferences. If the transformation of the Hague Conferences into a World Parliament is possible, it certainly should be possible to establish a Parliament of the American Republics.

◆

THE COUNTRY LIFE COMMISSION

Last week at Stony Brook, New York, Professor Liberty H. Bailey, Chairman of the Country Life Commission, made an important address. That the Nation has latterly heard little about the Commission does not signify that interest in it is lapsing or that President Roosevelt made a mistake in appointing it. On the contrary, it is essentially a part of the Conservation movement, and should be recognized as such. The results of the Commission's researches into the problems of country life in America are sure to bear fruit, despite the regrettable fact that Congress has not seen fit, as Mr. Roosevelt recommended, to continue the Commission as a creature of its own. One of these fruits is expected to take the form of a National Convention, to be held shortly after the proposed Conservation Convention next September at St. Paul. But as the two conventions represent parts of the same movement, we do not see why they should not unite in one gathering. The Commission's work continues, even if unofficially. It emphasizes two needs of present-day country life. The first is, as Professor Bailey pointed out, the introduction of education in agriculture into the public schools. The second is the working together on equal terms of city and country folk. The first would send broadly trained men into the open country. The second would add to the membership of those committees that lay plans for great enterprises affecting all the people individuals representing the ideas and affairs of country rather than of city. Certainly in all movements involving social benefit the agricultural country should be represented as much as is the industrial city. In this respect, owing to the present great preponderance of city representation, rural talent does not have an opportunity to express itself or to make its contribution to the world's welfare. It is strange, as Professor Bailey said, that thus far the producer of raw materials has taken a place subordinate to that occupied by the trader who lives on the producer. Though the cities live on the surrounding country districts, city civilization has been developed far beyond country civilization. Yet both are really complementary parts of human activity. As Professor Bailey remarked, we must find an adjustment that will develop the city and country together. It is true that city and country are coming more together in sympathy. But this, so Professor Bailey believes, may be more due to acquaintanceship than to any underlying co-operation between them as equal forces in society, and until such an organic relationship exists civilization cannot be perfected or sustained, however high it may rise in its various parts. The work of the Country Life Commission is thus to indicate the farmer's handicaps and to point the way towards a realization by him of his natural opportunities, economic and social. When this is done, cities may cease to grow, as much as at present, at the country's expense; indeed, we may even expect that ultimately the lure of the city will give place to "the lure of the country."

◆

THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION

The most noteworthy feature of the Convention of the National Education Association, held in Boston throughout the week of July 4, was the election to its presidency of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Chicago. The office was not given to Mrs. Young as a tribute to her rare powers, fitting as such a distinction would have been. Instead, this first woman president was put in only after a hard struggle in the course of which rather too much was made of her sex by her over-zealous supporters. However, she was finally elected, and her first official act was the most effective indorsement she could have given of her admirers' claims for her. For she immediately moved for the reduction of the rather large annual dues, which have kept many members of the profession out of the association. "This association will never be truly democratic," she declared, "worthy to the utmost of its name—the National Education Association—until every teacher in the land is able to become an actual member of it." Mrs. Young's genius for the clarifying, unifying word appeared more than once in the course of the meetings—for instance, when the subject of the vocational and industrial school was being presented. Frederick P. Fish, President of the Massachusetts State Board of Education and a high official in telephone circles, had read an able paper setting forth the great need of some kind of vocational training for the child, and the Hon. Theodore W. Robinson, of Chicago, had vigorously pointed out that, if our American standards of living are to be maintained, we must now give much more attention than we have hitherto done to the training in industrial efficiency of that ninety per cent of our children who leave the schools before they are fifteen years old. Two speakers who might be said to represent the attitude of labor then followed, and their earnest declarations concerning the necessity, first, of having the trades taught by men who had been trained in the trades, and not by manual training teachers, and, second, of exercising great care that no trade be flooded with half-taught apprentices as a result of the proposed new system, precipitated a torrent of criticism, as might have been expected, of much that labor leaders advocate, including the limitation of apprentices. Then Mrs. Young cleared up the situation by showing that the thing with which that body, as educators, must concern itself was how to secure for the schools men and women skilled to teach these new branches, and particularly to determine in how many and what trades the public schools shall train. To abuse trade unionism for a situation it is powerless to help is merely to waste time, she pointed out. After which, with a saving touch of humor, she admitted that dilettanteism must not longer be tolerated in industrial teaching. Another constructive word on vocational training was said by President Eliot at the closing session. Whoever advocates trade-training is met at once, as is well known, by three objections: (1) There is no time for more subjects; (2) the already inadequate academic instruction should not be further reduced; and (3) instruction in applied science and industrial subjects is very costly. Dr. Eliot, however, declared that there is no reason whatever why the school time should not be increased per day and per year, thus meeting at once the first two objections. As for the demand for more money, that must be met by getting more money, public and private, to spend on schools. The great need of making our education more practical was insisted upon at this and every session of the Convention. The National Education Association, as such, went on record before it adjourned as desiring two further things of deep and far-reaching importance: that the Federal Bureau of Education be more generously treated by Congress, and that the schools of the country be formally aligned with the rising demand for arbitration as the method of settling international disputes.

* * *

THE MAHARAJA OF BARODA

Last week the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda terminated his American visit. The appellation Gaekwar is the specific title for the Maharaja of Baroda. The Maharaja is one of the three most influential native rulers of India, the others being the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Maharaja of Mysore. Compared with Hyderabad or Mysore, Baroda is a small State. But politically, educationally, and industrially it is the most advanced of any of the Indian Native States, and its ruler is more alive to cosmopolitan influences than is the Nizam of Hyderabad or the Maharaja of Mysore. Baroda, with a population of over a hundred thousand, is the capital of the State of Baroda. Though a British Political Agent resides in the city, the Maharaja is independent of him, save in matters of foreign relations. In his own dominions this ruler exercises the power of life and death. He is an excellent administrator and has added greatly to the prestige and wealth of the State. He has skillfully gathered about him as his ministers clever men, regardless of their caste. But the Maharaja's greatest power has been felt in education. So advanced has Baroda become that attendance at the primary schools is compulsory up to fourteen years of age; last year nearly two thousand families were fined for neglecting to send their children to school. The ruler has also established manual training schools, and Baroda College is affiliated with the University of Bombay. Since the present Maharaja took the reins of government in 1881 he has abolished some two hundred unnecessarily burdensome taxes, lessened others, established an income tax, revised the revenue system, provided for a scientific land survey, started the first cotton mills, built hospitals, and improved the military service. The Maharaja is accompanied on his world tour by his wife, the Maharani, and by his daughter Princess Indira. His son Prince Jaisingh met him here. The Prince has just finished his sophomore year at Harvard, his younger brother being a student at Oxford. Princess Indira is about to enter the University of Bombay, and will be the first Indian princess ever to appear in public at university lectures. Her mother, the Maharani, is as interesting a personage as is the Maharaja. Throughout Baroda her influence has been felt, specially in two ways: First, in education. Believing that the denial of education to woman deprives the nation of half its potential force, she has brought about that greater measure of freedom and progress now enjoyed by the Baroda women. Second, her influence is apparent in the movement to advance the minimum age of marriage to fourteen years, which she hopes ultimately to make eighteen. The Maharani and her daughter always wear native dress; the Maharaja and his sons, however, appeared here in European costume. Their visit to America has served to bring us closer to the ancient civilizations of the East, now acquiring a slightly changed complexion from the newer civilizations of the West.

* * *

AN OUTDOOR SCHOOL

No phase of relief work for tubercular patients is more heartening than the success of the Boston Outdoor School in Franklin Park. During last winter more than one hundred little people from four years old up to sixteen, all definitely convicted of tubercular trouble, were transferred from the public schools to the institution on the roof of the Refectory Building, under the shadow of the Blue Hills. Here through all extremes of weather they have spent their days in the open, taking on flesh and color and good spirits in the healing cold. The place is primarily a hospital, or day camp, under the eye of nurse and doctors; but it is necessarily also a school. The child consumptive cannot be cared for at ordinary sanatoria. He is not sufficiently amenable to regulations. To enforce a proper regimen there must be a semblance of the authority he recognizes, namely, the authority of the school. Moreover, the mental stimulus and interest of lessons have their high therapeutic value, to say nothing of the advantage of keeping the little patients from falling hopelessly behind the work of the regular schools. First of all, however, the school is a life-saving institution. Open class-rooms with desks occupy the covered colonnade which runs round three sides of the great roof, and in these, done up in sleeping-bags, ulsters, caps, and mittens, the children do such mental work as their condition permits. In case of a driving storm the class-rooms are protected by canvas drops. Though fresh air constitutes the prime factor in the treatment, food, rest, exercise, and cleanliness are all counted on to complete the cure. School work is frequently broken (in zero weather as often as every fifteen minutes) by breathing exercises, singing, or games to keep the blood stirring. For two solid hours after the noon dinner the entire school, stretched out in blanketed reclining chairs in the great uncovered area of the roof, rests and, if possible, sleeps. Three times a day the children, in their character of out-patients of the Boston Consumptives' Hospital, are fed simple food high in fuel value. Three times a day, before each meal, the whole school is ceremonially cleansed. A trained nurse takes the temperatures all round every day, and once a week weighs the patients. Every fortnight she takes each child to the hospital for examination. Dental treatment is arranged for, glasses are procured for defective eyes, and baths bespoken in settlement houses and public baths for patients lacking facilities at home. A social worker undertakes the education of parents in matters of fundamental hygiene, and keeps her eye upon patients after discharge to guard against relapse. Although this year many cases in the third stage have been accepted, a vast proportion of the children have shown swift improvement, some of them changing almost beyond recognition within a month of entrance. Temperatures go down, the characteristic nervousness of the consumptive relaxes, weight increases, color comes. There is a steady flow of arrested cases going back to the regular schools. In view of the modern belief that infection with tuberculosis is nearly always acquired during school life, the importance of such success as has attended the work of the Boston and Providence Outdoor Schools can hardly be overstated. Although the emphasis of the work is laid upon life-saving, the educational results have been enormously suggestive. The most marked first effect of open-air life seems to be mental quickening. Almost without exception these tubercular children come from the regular schools with a reputation for dullness; and yet with all the drawbacks of the ungraded hospital school—meager equipment, distractions in the line of clouds and birds and squirrels, the necessary breaks for exercise and sleep, the limitations of disease—the children uniformly go back to their classes in better mental form, and are usually able to keep step. So striking has been the demonstration of the mental tonic of fresh air that outdoor class-rooms are being set apart in the regular schools of Boston, in order that anæmic children from all grades may be set to work with windows wide open in all weathers.

❖

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

The National Vacation Bible School Association was formed in 1901. Its appeal in 1910 affords an opportunity to review its history. It was formed because three opportunities for community service had been neglected. In the first place, there were idle children. In the second place, there were idle church buildings. In the third place, there were idle students. The children were crowded in the streets close by the silent church buildings. The students were enjoying their summer vacations, yet many students would have been willing to do some service for society and religion. By establishing a daily Vacation Bible School, the Rev. Robert G. Boville gave them the chance. By the summer of 1909 he had established, or caused to be established, no less than ninety such schools. This meant that he had opened ninety formerly closed churches surrounded by dense populations. Last year about twenty-seven thousand boys and girls, gathered from the crowded districts of eleven cities, attended the schools. The cities were New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Providence, Albany, Baltimore, Washington, Newark, Pittsburgh, and Kansas City. This meant that more than three hundred college men and women from sixty institutions of learning were satisfying their desire for social and religious service. The benefit to the children is even greater than would appear, for not only were they exposed, as are all children in needy districts, to special perils of city life, but, being mainly of foreign parentage, they represented all creeds and races; the resultant influence was thereby proportionately extended. To the churches, representing many different denominations, the benefit is also greater than would appear, for Christian unity is emphasized. Finally, the benefit to the students is greater than would appear. This benefit has been in an unexpected social and religious training. Though selected from over five hundred college applicants because of evident special fitness to interest children of the street, it was soon seen that training conferences must be held. And they were held in four centers—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Instruction was given in the conduct of model schools, illustration of the Bible stories, training in the singing of hymns and songs and in various manual activities. Thus, both a high standard and a common spirit have been created. This year at least fifty additional schools should be provided. They should be held, not only in the cities already interested, but in such places as Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. A hundred and sixty additional college women and sixty college men are required.

❖

A LEAGUE FOR JUSTICE

The union recently effected in New York of Roman Catholics, Jews, and Protestants in the "Individual and Social Justice League of America" is both commendable and open to sympathetic criticism. It is commendable in that it effects a highly desirable union of religious men much more inclusive than the federated Evangelical Protestant Churches, and intent on the same ends of individual and social justice to which those churches stand committed by the recent action of their Federal Council. The Council of the League, in which Roman Catholic archbishops, Jewish rabbis, Methodist bishops, and eminent pastors of other churches appear with distinguished laymen of those religious denominations, including representatives of some trade unions and other interests, declares laudable purposes. Conserving the American faith in personal initiative as the mainspring of all progress, and inculcating just conditions of industrial and commercial competition, it will resist the encroachments of private interest on public welfare, uphold the workman's demand for a just return for his labor, and will stand for the home, the family, the love of country, and "the everlasting reality of religion as the basis of American civilization." So catholic a union for such interests is indeed auspicious for the hope of an orderly and peaceful social evolution in this time of social tension. Whether the League is equally wise in heading such a programme with an indiscriminate proscription of "Socialism" as revolutionary is doubtful. True of the more aggressive type of political Socialism, this is not true of all Socialism, and is more likely to excite the resentment than to attract the sympathy of desirable allies. Eminent bishops of the Church of England declare themselves "Christian Socialists," whose aim is simply to promote the application of the principles of Christ to social life. The influential school of "Fabian Socialists" professedly aims at a gradual social evolution on the line of an opportunism resulting from education. Between the Socialism which is a Christian spirit, a fraternal principle, and an evolutionary tendency, and the Socialism involved in the political programme of Mr. Debs there is a wide gulf. Churchmen should be careful to draw the line accordingly while so many are accusing the Church of lacking social sympathy with laborers. The project of political Socialism for the National ownership of the machinery of production encounters such barriers in the Constitution that a religious league to combat it does not seem urgently needed. In no other free State are property-holders protected by such guarantees as here—"the forces of democracy on one side," says President Hadley, "and the forces of property on the other side, with the judiciary as arbiter between them." Nevertheless, considerations of public welfare have induced the Supreme Court, in cases involving railway corporations and the police power of the State, to modify the original rigorous conception of Constitutional property rights. Professor Munroe Smith, of Columbia, says of this that, in place of the individualist views with which the founders of the Constitution were imbued, the Court "has distinctly accepted what may be termed, in the literal and proper sense of the word, the Socialist view." It is the view propounded in Bishop Stubbs's "Creed for Christian Socialists:" "We believe that society exists not for the sake of private property, but private property for the sake of society." Such a broadening of the interpretation of the Constitution is the practical and prudent way of checking the revolutionary Socialism against which the League for Justice has been formed.

NEWSPAPER ACCURACY

There is scarcely an American in either public or private life who has not at some time had a provoking experience owing to the inaccuracy with which conversations or interviews are reported in the daily press. The inaccuracies themselves are quite easily explained. Newspaper interviews as a rule are not stenographically reported. The correspondent holds his conversation with the person he is interviewing, and after the interview is concluded endeavors, as well as he can, to write out a report of the conversation. If this is presented merely as a report, well and good. But unless a man has a stupendous memory, it is naturally impossible, even with the best intentions in the world, to quote verbatim words and sentences which have been uttered an hour before. A good example of this kind of inaccurate quotation is found in the following editorial which we find in the New York "Times" of June 14:

> WHAT HE WANTS
>
> My position in regard to the Governorship this fall is this: I want to find the best man for the office; the man who is most acceptable to the rank and file of the Republican party and the independent voters. I intend to do everything in my power to see that such a man is elected.—Statement by Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, after the departure of Governor Hughes.
>
> Are we to understand, then, that the Republican party in the State of New York is in such a condition of helplessness and servility that Mr. Roosevelt and none other must pick out its candidate? "I want to find the best man!"
>
> After the public has come to a realizing sense of the meaning of this amazing statement, if the Democrats cannot elect their candidate for Governor this fall they may as well go out of business forever.

If Mr. Roosevelt had really said "*I* want to find the best man for the office," there would be some justification for the severe criticism of the "Times." As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt made use of no such expression. What he did say will be found by consulting the columns of the New York "Evening Sun" for July 13, with whose representative he held the conversation upon which the statement of the "Times" is based. It was: "My position in regard to candidates for the Governorship is that *we* must find the best man for the office." As an active member of the Republican party, no one doubts the propriety of Mr. Roosevelt's saying: We, the Republicans of the State of New York, must set about finding the man best fitted for the office of Governor, a man at the same time whom the great body of Republican and independent voters want. The change of the pronoun "we" to the pronoun "I," whether accidental or willful, gives not only an inaccurate but a totally false impression of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude. Moreover, some portions of the conversation were omitted by the newspaper correspondent who reported it, not, we are assured, from any wish to omit them, but because it is physically impossible for a man to carry in his mind seventy-five or a hundred words expressed in a rapid conversation and write them down with literal exactness a half-hour later. All who heard the conversation agree that Mr. Roosevelt's statement was really substantially as follows:

"I do not know whether I shall be consulted about the nomination of Governor; if consulted, I do not know yet whether I shall take any active part in the campaign; but if I am consulted, my position in regard to the candidates for the Governorship is, that we must find, not only the man best fitted for the office, but the man most desired by the great bulk of the Republican and independent voters. And if I decide to take an active part in the campaign, I intend to do everything in my power to see that such a man is elected."

Those who will consult in its entirety (and not merely detached sentences) the rather full report in the New York "Sun" of the morning of July 14 will see that this was not only what was substantially said but was what was substantially reported to have been said.

So far from regarding this as an "amazing statement" which ought to be, as the "Times" thinks, resented by every right-minded independent voter in the State, we believe it to be the kind of statement that every man, of whatever party, who has a vote and has enough patriotism to exercise the suffrage, ought to make and act upon. In other words, every citizen of the State of New York, whether he is a Theodore Roosevelt or a comparatively unknown citizen of a small community, ought to do everything in his power to see that our next Governor is the man best fitted for the office and most closely in sympathy with the needs and the rights of all the people of the State.

*

THE SCOUT IDEA

Who invented human aerial flight? Was it the maker of the first balloon several generations ago? Was it Lilienthal, who lost his life in his experiments with gliders? Was it Santos-Dumont with his dirigible balloon? Was it Langley, whose flying-machine fell into the Potomac? Was it the Wright brothers, who first demonstrated the triumph of the human intelligence and will over the unstable air? Or was it some unknown, whose ridiculed and apparently fruitless efforts have had no other recognition than is vouchsafed in that satire on all the early man-birds, Darius Green? The fact is that the art of flying through the air was not the creation of any one man; it was the achievement of the race. Humanity had reached a point in its progress when it became intent on conquering the air, and the race produced the individuals who, obeying, as it were, a common impulse, worked out the race's will.

So it is with such a moral and social movement as that which has culminated in the Boy Scouts. Mr. Blumenfeld writes, in an article on page 617, of Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell's share in the development of this movement; Mr. Seton writes in a following article of the movement as it was inspired and guided by himself; and Mr. Dan Beard, in a letter printed in the correspondence columns of this issue, tells how he originated certain essential ideas and molded them into practical form. To this list we might well add the name of the Rev. William Byron Forbush, the founder of the Order of Knights of King Arthur. These and others doubtless have made essential contributions to what is, after all, a creation of the race—the transformation of the boy gang into a force for education and for human service.

The movement is the outward expression of an idea; and that idea is a product of the times. We do not mean to say that the idea was first formulated, and then an organization was based upon it. We mean rather that out of common experience there has arisen what is virtually a new mental attitude on the part of adults toward younger people; and this mental attitude is expressed in the home, in the school, in the community. It is not by any means dominant; but it is prevalent enough to make possible and even practicable such a movement as the Boy Scouts.

The old idea was that children were miniature men and women. If a child did what would be counted wrong in an adult, he was visited with the same kind, though not always with the same degree, of condemnation as an adult would be. Overflow of unregulated animal spirits would be counted reprehensible lack of self-control in an adult; it was so treated in a child. Disregard for the suffering of animals would be regarded as brutality in an adult; it was so treated in a child. So the disregard for fact in the sayings of a child was not attributed to inexperience coupled with a vivid imagination, but was interpreted as it would be in an adult, and called falsehood. Under such a general view of the boy and girl the dominating attitude of the adult toward the immature was one of repression.

Now the people of civilized nations are recognizing that the child, that even the well-grown young person, is not an adult on a small scale. They are recognizing the fact that the human creature is a changing creature; and that what he needs principally in all his stages is not repression but guidance. Repression, of course he does need; but it is repression, not in place of guidance, but as a part of guidance.

It is this revolution in human thought, and to no small degree in human practice, regarding the young that has made possible so beneficent an organization as the Boy Scouts. The Outlook hopes that the publication of the articles by Mr. Blumenfeld and Mr. Seton and the letter by Mr. Beard will not only aid in the spread of the Boy Scouts but also even more emphatically help to plant firmly the idea that in education the primary aim should be, not repression, but guidance.

*

WHO ARE THE INVADERS?

Every city that values its parks must be watchful against invaders. The open spaces in the city invite encroachment. The man who looks on everything from the point of view of money-making reckons the real estate value of a park in a city and deplores the commercial waste of idle land in a valuable situation. The short-sighted public official who knows that the city must find the site for a new public building suggests that the city take for the site some of its own vacant land in the parks. Even enthusiastic and public-spirited citizens, eager to encourage popular education, have been known to suggest that park land be appropriated for the occupancy of an art museum. So, against the greed of the private interest, the short-sightedness of the public official, and even against the plausible proposals of the enthusiast, the city's parks must be constantly guarded.

What Mr. Montgomery Schuyler tells elsewhere in this issue about the repeated assaults on City Hall Park in New York is but a variant of the story that is told of all parks in all cities. It requires struggle on the part of the city, not only to increase its park area, but even to keep what it has.

Those, therefore, who are resisting the movement to blot out one more part of City Hall Park by the erection of a new Court-House are fighting the battle, not only of the people of New York, but also of the people of every city. They are asserting the right of the people in every city to keep their parks inviolate.

Here, then, is a fundamental question, Shall the parks be preserved? It is that question which is raised in the proposal to build a Court-House in City Hall Park. But New York is at the same time dealing with another park question. One is confused with the other; but the two are, in fact, quite distinct.

A committee consisting of President Mitchel of the Board of Aldermen, President McAneny of the Borough of Manhattan, and Park Commissioner Stover made recommendations regarding Central Park which were approved by the Board of Estimate. They recommended the construction of a playground for younger children, equipped with a nursery and shelter, sand-piles, and a wading-pool; the equipment of the playground for older children with tennis courts, ball-fields, running-track, etc., and a swimming-pool; and the establishment of a further playground for older children and adults, to be equipped with shower and locker rooms, and the like.

Against this plan there has also been an outcry. It has been termed an attack on the park; and those who propose the plan have been called invaders. In other words, this plan has been treated as if it were like the plan to build a Court-House in City Hall Park. In fact, it is entirely different. In the one case the question raised is, Shall the parks be preserved? In the other case the question raised is, To what use shall the parks be put?

In Boston there are side by side two famous parks. The Common is a recreation ground. Its earliest National distinction was earned because it was in winter a coasting resort for boys. Adjoining the Common and separated from it only by a city street are the Public Gardens. There is no playground there. Instead there are flower-beds, stretches of lawn, a winding miniature lake, and pleasant pathways. Here, then, are the two types of park—one, the city Common or playground; the other, the city landscape or garden. Each is valuable; both are desirable. A city may keep them separate, as Boston does, or it may combine the two, as New York does in Central Park. Or it may have some parks of a single type and some parks of the two types combined. Those who object to enlarging the playground area in Central Park have no right to say that they are repelling an invasion of the park. They are seeking rather to preserve the existing proportion between the two types.

It may be wise to prevent an increase of playground territory in Central Park; it may be unwise. Perhaps the hordes of children and young people who dwell within easy reach of Central Park have as much opportunity for wholesome play in the open air as they ought to have; though we doubt it. Perhaps they have as much opportunity as they can without interfering with the legitimate demand for an undisturbed stretch of city landscape; which is more likely. Whether Central Park should be abandoned to the use of commerce, of dwelling-houses, or of public buildings is one question. Whether it should be devoted more largely to play and active recreation is quite another. The first is a question on which we believe public sentiment is overwhelmingly in the negative. The second question is one on which public sentiment may, and probably will, change with changing population. A public official who lends aid to the invasion of the park by commerce, or even by public buildings, is not defending the public interest; but a public official who believes that the best use of a park will be promoted by changing its type, though he may be mistaken, is acting on behalf of the public interest. It is possible that a larger use of Central Park as a playground can be secured without injuring its features as a city landscape and garden. That is a matter for the experts to decide. But whether it can or cannot, it is perfectly legitimate for anybody to argue that one type of park is more urgently needed than the other.

One New York newspaper calls those who want to enlarge the playground facilities in Central Park enemies of the park. By doing so it lends no aid to the cause of park preservation against invaders. Let the term invader be confined to those who are willing to divert park land to other than park purposes.

THE ETHICS OF JESUS

If we were to attempt an answer to Mr. Upton Sinclair's letter on another page we should be in doubt which of the two contradictory counsels of the Wise Man to follow:

Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him.

Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.

As we certainly have no inclination to be like Mr. Sinclair, and as it is quite clear that he does not need encouragement in order to be wise in his own conceit, we leave his letter unanswered to carry what weight it may with our readers, indifferent whether they admire its satirical scintillations, wonder at its transparent superficiality, or are irritated by its naïve assumption of superior knowledge. They may take it at their own estimate of its value. We simply make it the occasion for a reiterated statement of certain familiar principles to be applied in the interpretation of the Bible—that is, of the literature of the Hebrew people.

The fundamental principle is that the Bible is not a book of laws to be interpreted by a court on principles of strict construction; it is a book of literature, and is to be interpreted as literature. The intelligent student considers the time in which the speaker lived, his temperament, the occasion of the speaking or writing, its literary nature, other writings or speakings of the author, and out of this entire consideration he deduces the meaning. He thus applies to the interpretation of the Book of Job the same method he would apply to "Il Paradiso" of Dante, to the Book of Esther the same method he would apply to a historical novel of Walter Scott, and to the teachings of Jesus Christ the same method he would apply to the aphoristic teachings of Marcus Aurelius. In the last case no disinterested scholar would think of picking out a single sentence, or part of a sentence, separating it from its context, and basing a comprehensive system of ethics upon the fragment. It is no more rational to take a fragment from the teaching of Jesus Christ—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth"—dissociate it from the qualification which is attached, and draw the conclusion that Jesus condemned the acquisition and possession of wealth.

In fact, Jesus Christ did nothing of the sort. He condemned the *hoarding* of wealth; but never its possession, nor its acquisition, nor its use in beneficial service to the community. The man who did not know what to do with his harvests, and could think of nothing better than to build bigger barns to store them in, Jesus called a fool. The man who used his wealth in purchasing fine linen and sumptuous fare while the poor lay neglected at his door Jesus thought worthy of hell. But he never condemned the rich merely because they were rich, or flattered the poor because they were poor. He was equally ready to accept an invitation to the rich man's feast and to share his barley loaf with peasant companions. He was equally ready to condemn the deceitfulness of riches, which is the vice of the wealthy, and the care of this world, which is the folly no less than the burden of the poor. The man who was too lazy or too thriftless to use his money, and therefore dug a hole in the ground and buried it, Jesus condemned as an unprofitable servant. The man who so invested five talents that they became ten talents and the man who so invested two talents that they became four Jesus praised as faithful servants. Something can be said for the doctrine that there should be no individual capitalists, that all capital—that is, all the implements of production—should be owned in common. But nothing can be said for the doctrine that no individual should possess wealth, that all wealth should be owned in common. It is the doctrine of incompetence and inefficiency. To attribute it to Jesus Christ is to attempt by false interpretation to buttress by the authority of a great name a theory which has no support in either the reason, the enlightened conscience, or the experience of mankind.

What Jesus meant by laying up treasure in heaven he made clear by a curious and often misinterpreted story. A certain fraudulent steward was about to be discharged for his dishonesty. He took the few remaining days of his stewardship to use his master's money in currying favor with his master's tenants. The moral of the story is sufficiently obvious. If an unscrupulous rascal from mere policy will purchase the friendship of his neighbor by using the money intrusted to him by his master for a different purpose, the scrupulous steward should have the good sense to put to a similar use the money which has been intrusted to him for that very purpose. The use of money in public service in the process of acquiring it and the use of money in public service after it has been acquired are both methods of laying up treasure in heaven.

The same broad principle is to be applied in the interpretation of the teachings of Jesus Christ respecting the appetites and the passions. He was not an ascetic. He said of himself that he came eating and drinking; and the record does not report a single instance of his declining an invitation to a feast. He condemned not the pleasures of the table; he added to the stock of wine at a wedding feast simply to prolong the joyous festivity. To him temperance meant self-control; making the body the servant, not the master, of the spirit.

Jesus did not condemn all anger. It is doubtful whether literature contains any expression of more fervid wrath than is expressed in Christ's condemnation of the Pharisees who devoured widows' houses and for a pretense made long prayers. He was not always the "gentle Jesus" who has been portrayed in song and story. He was of heroic mold. History records no story of greater heroism than his going up at the last Passover to the capital, where his enemies were in power, that he might throw down the challenge to them there. It is as if Luther had affixed his theses, not to the doors of the cathedral at Wittenberg, but to those of St. Peter's in Rome.

Jesus did not forbid all use of force. He told his disciples when smitten on the one cheek, to turn the other also; when sued at law for the coat, to give the cloak;

when drafted by the government, to yield to it a generous service. To interpret these aphorisms as statutory rules of conduct is wholly to misapprehend the spirit of the Master. That spirit is exemplified by his own conduct: who was smitten but smote not; who in violation of Jewish law was called on by the Court to testify against himself, accepted the oath administered, and declared his Messiahship; who when arrested forbade his disciples to attempt a rescue. To share his spirit is not to give blow for blow, not to meet the litigious spirit with a litigious spirit, and not to refuse obedience to the demands of government even though its demands appear to us unjust. But this did not prevent Jesus from using force for the protection of others: in the opening of his ministry by the expulsion of the traders from the temple; at the end of his ministry by the protection of his disciples from arrest. Whether this was moral force or physical force, natural force or supernatural force, it is wholly immaterial to inquire. He who would not employ force to protect himself employed it without hesitation to protect others. The Christian householder may refuse to shoot the burglar, when the policeman would be no follower of Christ if he did not shoot.

Literalism in interpretation is always a deadly folly. The letter killeth, said Paul; and from that time to this the literalists have done what they could to kill the immortal instructions of the Master. In interpreting those instructions literalism is a peculiar folly. For we cannot interpret the letter if we have not the letter to interpret. Christ taught in Aramaic, and there are not a dozen Aramaic words in the New Testament. That is, not a dozen words of the Master have been preserved. His disciples recorded his sayings, as well as they could, in Greek; and later scholars have translated the Greek into English. A literal interpretation of the translation of a translation has been sometimes attempted by Christian commentators; but in the main this literalism has been left to Tolstoian interpreters, some of whom are apparently unaware that any other method of interpretation has ever been practiced, or is indeed possible.

THE SPECTATOR

"The valley that hides" is a fair translation of the musical Spanish name of the wide valley among the foothills of Southern California where the Spectator was recently the guest of an old friend, now the promoter of a big land project for transforming thousands of profitless acres into small farms productive of something besides coyotes, rattlesnakes, and jack-rabbits. It was the "cutting up" of a famous old Mexican ranch into small lots, some of five acres and less; the new town to surpass in residential attractions anything known on the Pacific coast.

◆

The name for the new town had not yet been decided upon; it must be a Spanish name, and eminently appropriate. Would the Spectator suggest a name? Appreciating the honor conferred upon him, he promised to give the subject serious consideration, his attention to what his companion was saying from that moment, as their auto sped through the beautiful valley on the borders of which the new town was to appear, growing less and less. "Montezuma"? No, that would never do—it called up the big swamp of old York State at once. Perhaps some one of the Franciscan fathers who were once missionaries in the locality would give the very name wanted. The Spectator would consult the history of the Spanish Missions, hearing little of what his companion was saying of the marvelous increase in real estate values throughout the section and the amazing changes in that locality within the last decade. "These bare grim hills are not much like those of New England; but irrigation is going to work marvels out here, and there's no telling the wealth that will be dug out of those hills—oil and gold and precious stones." There was a gold mine a mile or two from the new town—one of the old abandoned Mexican mines that the Eastern company developing it had unshaken faith in. "When you come to the Canal Exposition, you won't know this valley." The town site was below the plateau where the auto had stopped. "Right there," pointing to a grove of big oaks on the old San Diego trail, " you will then find the Pasadena of San Diego, its Chamber of Commerce perhaps, or its public library, built where you now see all that is left of the old adobe ranch house that must have been like the one described in ' Ramona ;' it had a chapel, they say, and a rose garden with a fountain, and the Mission fathers had an Indian school on the ranch presumably. Zealots, no matter what their religion, are the best of stuff for opening up a new country. Now those Mennonites," turning in his seat and looking off to the northern boundary of the valley, " they've come in here as the Hebrews did into the Promised Land, and they've come to stay—to Christianize Southern California "—laughing softly—" and to make money in doing it." Would the Spectator like to attend their service that Sunday morning ? That would be seeing the Mennonite at his best. They were a queer lot; no, he did not want them in his new town. They would run out everybody else; yes, pay them for going. The leading doctor of the section couldn't say enough in praise of the Mennonites. They never disputed his charges and always paid their doctor's bills, and, as a rule, before he left the house.

*

Like a white oasis in a broad expanse of vineyards and citrus orchards, the Mennonite chapel could be seen from a great distance. " Looks like a Yankee meeting-house," said the promoter, " that has lost its steeple in running away; it always looks homesick to me—homesick for snow-drifts, sleigh-bells, and the Sabbatic fragrance of the bean-pot that I have longings for myself." All that California can give in the way of sunshine in January was falling upon that little meeting-house, looking so grimly solemn and unresponsive to the singing of birds upon its very ridgepole—but where in California are the birds not always singing wondrously ? It stood apart, shadeless and plain (that word " plain " is most significant in the Mennonite vocabulary); the humble bungalows of the neighborhood did not presume, seemingly, upon drawing too near. The two doors, the Spectator learned, were to insure the separation of the sexes—the males upon the right hand, the females upon the left; a separation maintained in the seating of the congregation. It was then ten-thirty; the Sunday-school, including the whole congregation, had been in session a half-hour; there would be no intermission before the regular service began at eleven. The open space around the chapel was filled with vehicles of a homely sort. One of the brethren welcomed the strangers; " world's folk " were plainly unusual visitors, their entrance into the crowded assemblage followed by a brief lull in the hum of teaching and recitation, the pastor leaving one of the classes to extend a welcoming hand and escort the strangers to a front seat. But the interruption was hardly noticeable; the strong, stolid German faces even of the little children preserving the fixed, serious expression that the demurely questioning eyes did not lessen in the least.

*

The Spectator confesses to a genuine disappointment when he saw that there was nothing unusual in the *tout ensemble* of a Mennonite congregation—nothing " peculiar " in the way of a distinctive garb; and that the rite of feet-washing takes place only twice a year, with that of baptism, and would not be observed that morning. The little church was crowded to its utmost capacity; but perfect order was maintained, with strict attention to the lessons, and no sign of decrease when the sermon began. Had the Spectator been left to guess what manner of people they were, he might have thought they were German Lutherans, or almost any other sect of evangelicals, whose congregational singing, led by a choir of young women (nothing exceptionally " plain " in their dress), was most inspiring. There were three short sermons (German used throughout the service), the first by the pastor—a simple, scholarly exposition of the Sermon on the Mount and its relations to leading questions of the day.

*

But the name for the new town—that was the undercurrent of the Spectator's thoughts, and when those German voices uplifted an old German hymn with fervor, he was transported back a century and more to the hiding-places of the Vaudois in the Alps. He must look to the annals of the Vaudois for the fitting name he wanted; then, amused at his blunder—his thinking of finding there a name for the new town—he listened attentively to a good sermon. The service was about to close when one of the brethren arose and announced his marriage that coming week, giving the name of the bride, whereupon she arose and calmly indorsed his statement (her composure that of a veteran club woman), adding a cordial invitation for all present to the wedding, including the strangers present, the pastor thereupon addressing his guests personally, expressing the wish that they would accept. How can the Spectator or his friend after that ever believe again that the Mennonites are too clannish for ordinary courtesy? In fact, the Spectator lost several fixed impressions concerning the Mennonites that Sunday. Another was that they are utterly devoid of the sense of humor. "What will happen to us Perizzites, and Girgasites, and Hittites, and all of the other 'ites,' when you Mennonites get full possession here in this valley?" the promoter had asked in friendly conversation with the brethren after the service. "Oh, we'll see you running round barefooted," was the reply.

* * *

Now any good reference library, the Spectator is well aware—or any good encyclopædia—furnishes ample information about the Mennonites. But what he wanted most was to be gained only in social converse with the brethren (they belonged mostly, they told him, to the branch *Des Bundes Conferenz der Mennonites Brüdergemeinde*). Many of them were from Kansas. The pastor came to the United States with the large Mennonite immigration from Russia following Russia's annulment in 1870 of her pledge to exempt the sect from military and civil service—the immigrants mostly Germans, their second exile for conscience' sake; the Mennonites of the United States contributed generously in paying the cost of the transportation of their brethren, who were soon settled in our Western States and Canada. Three emigrations in a lifetime because of loyalty to religious faith make any man exceptionally interesting—the pastor of a devoted people supremely so. "We Mennonites are progressionists," said one of the young business men, "as well as separatists. There is as much difference in the branches of Mennonites as there is in those of the Protestants; those Mennonites that try their hardest to be orthodox are advancing all the same. My grandfather was an old hooks-and-eyes; with him wearing buttons and to have buttonholes was a sin. My mother wears the Amish cap and cape; but my sisters! well, you saw them in our choir." . . . "Oh, no, they never read novels," most emphatically; nor did they ever dance or play cards. The discipline of the Church was very strict; rectitude of conduct more important than knowledge of doctrines; suspension or excommunication a not infrequent penalty for violation of the severe exactions of the code. Did the Mennonite boys go to the Sunday ball games? The question shocked the brethren to an extent unanticipated.

* * *

What a contrast between the two settlements meaning so much to the future of the valley! Would there ever be "a unification," as Hegelians would say, in the conflicting notions of each? Which of the two was likely to prove the greater blessing? The Spectator's friend had resumed describing the attractions of the new town-to-be: a picnic grove, a dancing pavilion, a ball-ground—

"And, of course, a church," rather faintly suggested the Spectator.

"Perhaps," after a pause. "But there are churches enough in this valley already if the support they get means anything. There'll always be a Mennonite service, you see, and that will be an attractive novelty—a good thing on the Sunday programme. How those Mennonites do sing!"—the hilarious greetings from a passing tally-ho on its way to the ball game interrupting his low, sweet rendering of the old German hymn that the Spectator will not soon forget. And did the Spectator find a name for the new town?

He has not as yet. Selah.

English Song Birds

By Theodore Roosevelt

LIKE most Americans interested in birds and books, I know a good deal about English birds as they appear in books. I know the lark of Shakespeare and Shelley and the Ettrick Shepherd; I know the nightingale of Milton and Keats; I know Wordsworth's cuckoo; I know mavis and merle singing in the merry green wood of the old ballads; I know Jenny Wren and Cock Robin of the nursery books. Therefore I have always much desired to hear the birds in real life; and the opportunity offered last June. As I could snatch but a few hours from a very exacting round of pleasures and duties, it was necessary for me to be with some companion who could identify both song and singer. In Sir Edward Grey, a keen lover of outdoor life in all its phases, and a delightful companion, who knows the songs and ways of English birds as very few do know them, I found the best possible guide.

We left London on the morning of June 9, twenty-four hours before I sailed from Southampton. Getting off the train at Basingstoke, we drove to the pretty, smiling valley of the Itchen. Here we tramped for three or four hours, then again drove, this time to the edge of the New Forest, where we first took tea at an inn, and then tramped through the forest to an inn on its other side, at Brockenhurst. At the conclusion of our walk my companion made a list of the birds we had seen, putting an asterisk opposite those which we had heard sing. There were forty-one of the former and twenty-three of the latter, as follows:

*Thrush, *Blackbird, *Lark, *Yellow Hammer, *Robin, *Wren, *Golden Crested Wren, *Goldfinch, *Chaffinch, *Greenfinch, Pied Wagtail, Sparrow, *Dunnock (Hedge Accentor), Missel Thrush, Starling, Rook, Jackdaw, *Black Cap, *Garden Warbler, *Willow Warbler, *Chiff Chaff, *Wood Warbler, *Tree Creeper, *Reed Bunting, *Sedge Warbler, Coot, Water Hen, Little Grebe (Dabchick), Tufted Duck, Wood Pigeon, Stock Dove, *Turtle Dove, Peewit, Tit (? Coal Tit), *Cuckoo, *Nightjar, *Swallow, Martin, Swift, Pheasant, Partridge.

The valley of the Itchen is typically the England that we know from novel and story and essay. It is very beautiful in every way, with a rich, civilized, fertile beauty—the rapid brook twisting among its reed beds, the rich green of trees and grass, the stately woods, the gardens and fields, the exceedingly picturesque cottages, the great handsome houses standing in their parks. Birds were plentiful; I know but few places in America where one would see such an abundance of individuals, and I was struck by seeing such large birds as coots, water hens, grebes, tufted ducks, pigeons, and peewits. In places in America as thickly settled as the valley of the Itchen, I should not expect to see any like number of birds of this size; but I hope that the efforts of the Audubon societies and kindred organizations will gradually make themselves felt until it becomes a point of honor not only with the American man, but with the American small boy, to shield and protect all forms of harmless wild life. True sportsmen should take the lead in such a movement, for if there is to be any shooting there must be something to shoot; the prime necessity is to keep, and not kill out, even the birds which in legitimate numbers may be shot.

The New Forest is a wild, uninhabited stretch of heath and woodland, many of the trees gnarled and aged, and its very wildness, the lack of cultivation, the ruggedness, made it strongly attractive in my eyes, and suggested my own country. The birds of course were much less plentiful than beside the Itchen.

The bird that most impressed me on my walk was the blackbird. I had already heard nightingales in abundance near Lake Como, and had also listened to larks, but I had never heard either the blackbird, the song thrush, or the black cap warbler; and while I knew all three were good singers, I did not know what really beautiful singers they were. Blackbirds were very abundant, and they played a prominent part in the chorus which we heard throughout the day on every hand, though perhaps loudest the following morning at dawn. In its habits and manners, the blackbird strikingly resembles our American robin, and indeed looks exactly like a robin, with a yellow bill and coal-black plumage. It hops everywhere over the lawns, just as our robin does, and it lives in nests in the gardens in the same fashion. Its song has a general resemblance to that of our robin, but many of the notes are far more musical, more like those of our wood thrush. Indeed there were individuals among those we heard certain of whose notes seemed to me almost to equal in point of melody the chimes of the wood thrush ; and the highest possible praise for any song bird is to liken its song to that of the wood thrush or hermit thrush. I certainly do not think that the blackbird has received full justice in the books. I knew that he was a singer, but I really had no idea how fine a singer he was. I suppose one of his troubles has been his name, just as with our own cat bird. When he appears in the ballads as the merle, bracketed with his cousin the mavis, the song thrush, it is far easier to recognize him as the master singer that he is. It is a fine thing for England to have such an asset of the countryside, a bird so common, so much in evidence, so fearless, and such a really beautiful singer.

The thrush is a fine singer too, a better singer than our American robin, but to my mind not at the best quite as good as the blackbird at his best; although often I found difficulty in telling the song of one from the song of the other, especially if I only heard two or three notes.

The larks were, of course, exceedingly attractive. It was fascinating to see them spring from the grass, circle upwards, steadily singing, and soaring for several minutes, and then return to the point whence they had started. As my companion pointed out, they exactly fulfilled Wordsworth's description : they soared but did not roam. It is quite impossible wholly to differentiate a bird's voice from its habits and surroundings. Although in the lark song there are occasional musical notes, the song as a whole is not very musical, but it is so joyous, buoyant and unbroken, and uttered under such conditions as fully to entitle the bird to the place he occupies with both poet and prose writer.

The most musical singer we heard was the black cap warbler. To my ear its song seemed more musical than that of the nightingale. It was astonishingly powerful for so small a bird ; in volume and continuity it does not come up to the songs of the thrushes and of certain other birds, but in quality, as an isolated bit of melody, it can hardly be surpassed.

Among the minor singers the robin was noticeable. We all know this pretty little bird from the books, and I was prepared to find him as friendly and attractive as he proved to be, but I had not realized how well he sang. It is not a loud song, but very musical and attractive, and the bird is said to sing practically all through the year. The song of the wren interested me much, because it was not in the least like that of our house wren, but, on the contrary, like that of our winter wren. The theme is the same as the winter wren's, but the song did not seem to me to be as brilliantly musical as that of the tiny singer of the north woods. The sedge warbler sang in the thick reeds a mocking ventriloquial lay, which reminded me at times of the less pronounced parts of our yellow breasted chat's song. The cuckoo's cry was singularly attractive and musical, far more so than the rolling, many times repeated, note of our rain-crow.

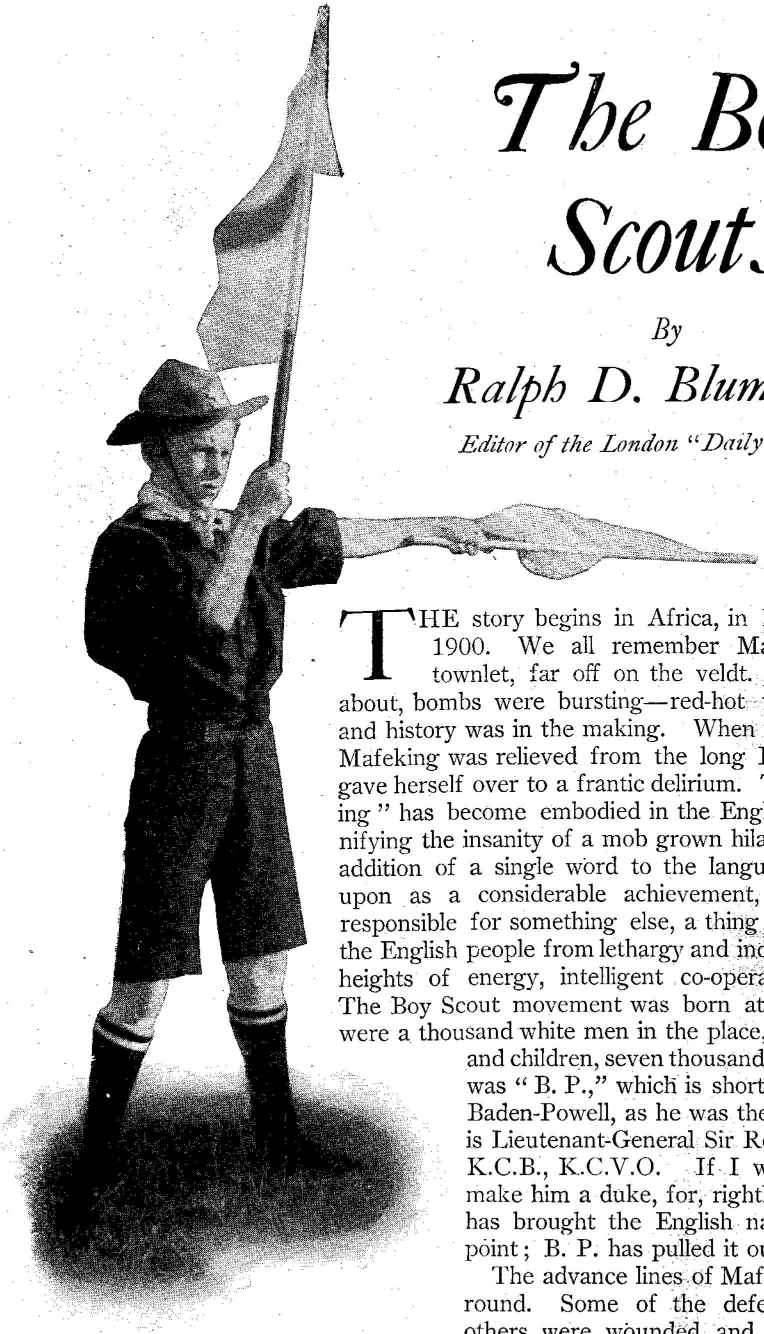
We did not reach the inn at Brockenhurst until about nine o'clock, just at nightfall, and a few minutes before that we heard a nightjar. It did not sound in the least like either our whippoorwill or our night hawk, uttering a long-continued call of one or two syllables, repeated over and over. The chaffinch was very much in evidence, continually chaunting its unimportant little ditty. I was pleased to see the bold, masterful missel thrush, the storm cock as it is often called; but this bird breeds and sings in the early spring, when the weather is still tempestuous, and had long been silent when we saw it. The starlings, rooks, and jackdaws did not sing, and their calls were attractive merely as the calls of our grakles are attractive; and the other birds that we heard sing, though they played their part in the general chorus, were performers of no especial note, like our tree creepers, pine warblers, and chipping sparrows. The great spring chorus had already begun to subside, but the woods and fields were still vocal with beautiful bird music, the country was very lovely, the inn as comfortable as possible, and the bath and supper very enjoyable after our tramp; and altogether I passed no pleasanter twenty-four hours during my entire European trip.

Ten days later, at Sagamore Hill, I was among my own birds, and was much interested as I listened to and looked at them in remembering the notes and actions of the birds I had seen in England. On the evening of the first day I sat in my rocking-chair on the broad veranda, looking across the Sound towards the glory of the sunset. The thickly grassed hillside sloped down in front of me to a belt of forest from which rose the golden, leisurely chiming of the wood thrushes, chanting their vespers; through the still air came the warble of vireo and tanager; and after nightfall we heard the flight song of an oven bird from the same belt of timber. Overhead an oriole sang in the weeping elm, now and then breaking his song to scold like an overgrown wren. Song sparrows and cat birds sang in the shrubbery; one robin had built its nest over the front, and one over the back door, and there was a chippy's nest in the wistaria vine by the porch. During the next twenty-four hours I saw and heard, either right around the house or while walking down to bathe, through the woods, the following forty-two birds:

Little Green Heron, Quail, Red Tailed Hawk, Yellow Billed Cuckoo, Kingfisher, Flicker, Hummingbird, Swift, Meadow Lark, Red Winged Blackbird, Sharp Tailed Finch, Song Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow, Bush Sparrow, Purple Finch, Baltimore Oriole, Cowbunting, Robin, Wood Thrush, Thrasher, Cat Bird, Scarlet Tanager, Red-Eyed Vireo, Yellow Warbler, Black-Throated Green Warbler, King Bird, Wood Peewee, Crow, Blue Jay, Cedar Bird, Maryland Yellow Throat, Chickadee, Black and White Creeper, Barn Swallow, White Breasted Swallow, Oven Bird, Thistlefinch, Vesperfinch, Indigo Bunting, Towhee, Grasshopper Sparrow, and Screech Owl.

The birds were still in full song, for on Long Island there is little abatement in the chorus until about the second week of July, when the blossoming of the chestnut trees patches the woodland with frothy greenish yellow.

I sent the companion of my English walk John Burroughs's "Birds and Poets." John Burroughs's life-work is beginning to have its full effect in many different lines. When he first wrote there were few men of letters in our country who knew nature at first hand. Now there are many who delight in our birds, who know their songs, who keenly love all that belongs to out-of-doors life. For instance, Madison Cawein and Ernest McGaffy have for a number of years written of our woods and fields, of the birds and the flowers, as only those can write who join to love of nature the gift of observation and the gift of description. Mr. Cawein is a Kentuckian; and another Kentuckian, Miss Julia Stockton Dinsmore, in the little volume of poems which she has just published includes many which describe with beauty and charm the sights and sounds so dear to all of us who know American country life. Miss Dinsmore knows Kentucky, and the Gulf Coast of Louisiana, and the great plains of North Dakota; and she knows also the regions that lie outside of what can be seen with material vision. For years in our family we have had some of her poems in the scrap-book cut from newspapers when we knew nothing about her except the initials signed to the verses. Only one who sees with the eyes of the spirit as well as the eyes of the body could have written the "Threnody," curiously attractive in its simplicity and pathos, with which the little book opens. It contains many poems that make a similar appeal. The writer knows bluebird and robin, redbird and field lark and whippoorwill, just as she knows Southern rivers and Western plains; she knows rushing winds and running waters and the sights and sounds of lonely places; and, moreover, she knows, and almost tells, those hidden things of the heart which never find complete utterance.



The Boy Scouts

By

Ralph D. Blumenfeld

Editor of the London "Daily Express"

THE story begins in Africa, in Mafeking, in 1899–1900. We all remember Mafeking, that lonely townlet, far off on the veldt. Shells were flying about, bombs were bursting—red-hot work was going on and history was in the making. When it was all over and Mafeking was relieved from the long Boer siege, England gave herself over to a frantic delirium. The word "Mafficking" has become embodied in the English language as signifying the insanity of a mob grown hilarious. In itself the addition of a single word to the language may be looked upon as a considerable achievement, but Mafeking was responsible for something else, a thing that is transforming the English people from lethargy and indifference to the very heights of energy, intelligent co-operation, and chivalry. The Boy Scout movement was born at Mafeking. There were a thousand white men in the place, six hundred women and children, seven thousand natives. And there was "B. P.," which is short for Colonel Robert Baden-Powell, as he was then known. Now he is Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. If I were King, I would make him a duke, for, rightly or wrongly, B. P. has brought the English nation to the turning-point; B. P. has pulled it out of the slough.

The advance lines of Mafeking ran five miles round. Some of the defenders were killed, others were wounded, and many crowded the temporary hospitals, so that every man's value was more than trebled. In this extremity Lord Edward Cecil, chief of the staff and son of the great Lord Salisbury, collected the boys of Mafeking, talked to them, drilled them, and put them into uniform. They became messengers, carrying despatches from fort to fort on the lines; they kept a lookout, they acted as orderlies, and so relieved from these duties the grown-up men who were so badly needed in the firing line. Throughout the hail of Boer bullets these young heroes, mounted mostly on bicycles, carried on their duties without wavering. At the end of the war they received their medals like the grown-up soldiers.

One day a boy came through rather a heavy fire with a letter. B. P. said to

THE BOY SCOUTS HELP THE POLICE KEEP BACK THE CROWD

him, "You will get hit one of these days, riding round like that when the shells are flying." The boy replied, "I pedal so rapidly, sir, they would never catch me."

These were the first of the Boy Scouts, and that boy's spirit is the spirit which now actuates hundreds of thousands of similar boys in England.

About two and a half years ago B. P., then become a General, made a little experiment. He collected some English boys in Surrey, talked to them just as the Mafeking boys were talked to, put them into uniform, and drilled them just a little. Then he showed them how to play at Indians and Knights of King Arthur. He took them into camp, and taught them woodcraft, and how the birds could be distinguished one from the other, and what great secrets Nature revealed to those who would study her. He worked out a scheme, and wrote a book under the title "Scouting for Boys." The idea was to lead boys, by the attractive practices called Scouting, to teach themselves character. The boys of England caught the idea in a moment. Every boy of mettle grew wild to become a Scout. All over the country they began to form themselves into patrols and troops of Scouts. They began to teach themselves character. Before a year was out a hundred thousand boys had ceased to be boys, and had become Boy Scouts. In another year there were more than two hundred thousand Boy Scouts in Britain. Now there are—nobody knows how many. But the Scouts are seen everywhere—in the slums of East London, in the loneliest country parishes, in towns and hamlets from Land's End to John O'Groat's. Whenever anything happens—when there is a railway accident, or a horse runs away, or a house catches fire, or a man falls into the river—Boy Scouts seem to appear on the scene as if by magic, to

LONDON BOY SCOUTS MARCHING IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE

make themselves useful in any and every way. They are trained to deal with emergencies, to give first aid to the sick and wounded, stop runaways, put out fires, revive the suffocated, and to rescue and resuscitate the drowning. Go where you will in England, Scotland, or Ireland, you will meet Boy Scouts. And if you are in any trouble, you may trust them to help you out of it if they can, for every Boy Scout is pledged to do a good turn whenever the chance comes.

The idea grows and spreads. Like a wave of enthusiasm it has swept all over Europe. It has found its way into far colonies and continents, it has overspread the islands of the Seven Seas. In Malta, Singapore, or Calcutta you will find Boy Scouts. In Canada there are thousands of them. The Defense Department of Canada, as of New Zealand and Africa, has adopted the Scouts' handbook for training cadet corps. In Australia the Governor-General is the Chief Scout. In Germany, France, Russia, Servia—everywhere the idea has taken hold. Scouts of one country are beginning to pay calls on Scouts of other countries. And so a new way has been found for cementing the brotherhood of man.

It is all so simple and yet so wonderful that I am surprised every day to think that no one ever thought of it before. All you have to do is to collect, say, a dozen boys, ragamuffins, young ruffians, boys of blue blood and boys of red blood, anything so long as it is a boy, teach him the Scout Law, which I shall explain presently, put him on his honor, stick him into uniform, and you have at once transformed the urchin into a blazing-eyed young knight errant, a chivalrous, honest, honorable, and zealous patriot. If it has done nothing else, this Boy Scout movement may be exalted above all things for having brought shoulder to shoulder, side by side, the son of the duke and the son of the coster. In my own village I have a troop which is composed of four patrols. My gardener's son is leader of one of these patrols, and my own son is in the ranks, obeying cheerfully the orders of the youth who ordinarily addresses him as "Sir" and touches his hat to him; and so it runs throughout the length and breadth of the land, the pure idea of brotherhood.

"The whole object of our scheme," says B. P., who is the Chief Scout, "is to seize the boy's character in its red-hot stage of enthusiasm and to weld it into the right shape and encourage and develop its individuality, so that the boy may become a good man and a valuable citizen for our country."

The scheme is simple, elastic, and free from red tape. There is a headquarters—but its mission is to encourage, not to interfere. You may start Boy Scouts in any place, and develop the scheme on your own lines. If you become a Scoutmaster, and are a man of character, high ideals, and winning and commanding personality (many Scoutmasters are all this and more), you may make almost anything you please of the boys. The scheme is so attractive, so full of romance and fascination, that boys throw their whole hearts into the business of Scouting—they give you of their best. So you may shape their destiny. This scheme of Scouting is the magician's wand that gives you the power to turn boys into upright, honorable, chivalrous, patriotic, kindly, self-reliant, and useful men. There is no better service that a young man of the right sort can do for his country at the present time than to turn Scoutmaster and build citizens.

Let me try to show the scheme in working.

Look at this little country village in England—a peaceful Old World hamlet, happy in its feudalism, dull, unenthusiastic, droning through the ages. The boys grow up and are sent to work in the fields, and when they are old enough they go away, mostly stupid, mostly unambitious, and mostly useless to fight the world's battle. Nothing has ever been done for them except that they have been taught the three R's (Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic) in school, and have had their regular and unvaried Sunday admonitions from the parson in the Sunday-school. For the rest, out of school hours, when they are not at work, they are left to drift about and to grow up round the village pump like vegetables. Their only diversion, when they are old enough, is to drink. And now we apply the scheme—we start a troop of Boy Scouts.

Any boy between the ages of ten and eighteen may join our troop. We take the boys as they come, sort them out into patrols of seven boys each, appoint patrol leaders and assistant patrol leaders, and (for the sake of argument) turn Scoutmasters ourselves. We find a barn, a snug shed, an empty loft or coach-house, or even the school-room by permission of the parson, and this we convert into our local headquarters, endeavoring to make it rather into a cozy sort of a club than a formal drill-hall. We explain our objects to local people of good standing in the place, and ask for their support. We raise a fund so that we may help the boys to buy uniform and equipment. It is against the spirit of Scouting to beg for money. Scouts are expected to earn such money as they require. Their expenses are low, and, when once started, our troop should be self-supporting. With every boy in the place crazy to become a Scout, with local sympathy behind us, a good start is assured.

But before we begin to put our army into uniform we must instill into it the elements of Scouting. A Scout cannot become a Scout until he has made the Scout's promise; and he must not make the promise until he has passed a test—the test of the tenderfeet. He may then wear uniform and the Scout's badge. The first subject of the test is the Scouts' Law.

On Scouts' Law depends the whole force and glory of the Scout idea. It is a simple creed of honor and chivalry, comparable to the code of the Knights of the Round Table. It is the Ten Commandments made fascinating. There are nine points in Scouts' Law:

A SCOUT'S HONOR IS TO BE TRUSTED.

If a Scout says, "On my honor it is so," that means that it *is* so, just as if he had taken a most solemn oath.

A SCOUT IS LOYAL.

Loyal to King and country, parents, employers, and Scoutmasters. He must stick to them through thick and thin, against any one who is their enemy.

A SCOUT'S DUTY IS TO BE USEFUL AND TO HELP OTHERS.

The Scout must try his best to do a good turn to somebody every day.

A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ALL, AND A BROTHER TO EVERY OTHER SCOUT, NO MATTER TO WHAT SOCIAL CLASS THE OTHER BELONGS.

Thus, if a Scout meets another Scout, even though a stranger, he must speak to him and help him in any way that he can. He must never be a snob. He accepts the other man as he finds him, and makes the best of him.

A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS.

He must not take any reward for being helpful and courteous. I will give you an instance. One thing that has always struck the traveler in England, particularly the American traveler, is the obsequiousness and the almost cringing habit of poor people, men, women, and children, when performing some little service, always, of course, with the inevitable tip in view. The Scout law "A Scout is courteous" is killing this noxious habit. The first thing the Boy Scout learns is that he must not accept tips for little services done, such as pointing the way to a traveler, opening a gate, or giving a hand. We had organized our local troop only a few weeks when I found how magnificently the boys responded. A boy little more than a child came to my house on an errand. Ordinarily he would have been tipped. In fact, he was called up to receive his pennies, when he straightened himself up, looked me in the eye, put up his hand to the salute, and said, "No, thank you, sir, I am a Boy Scout." I very properly felt ashamed. Now that boy will grow into a self-respecting, honest, upright man. It means a great deal to me to think that I, for one, have been able to assist in helping this boy on the way to become a real man instead of a shifty, penny-cadging loafer.

A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS.

He must not pain or kill any creature unnecessarily, even if it is only a fly. Recently, when examining a boy for his

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, CHIEF SCOUT

THE BOY SCOUTS PITCHING CAMP

"tenderfeet," we came to this law, "A Scout is a friend to animals," and the boy, being confused and anxious to pass, answered, "A Scout is a friend to animals, no matter to which social position it belongs."

A SCOUT OBEYS ORDERS.

And without question. But after he has carried out an order he may state his reasons against it.

A SCOUT SMILES AND WHISTLES UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

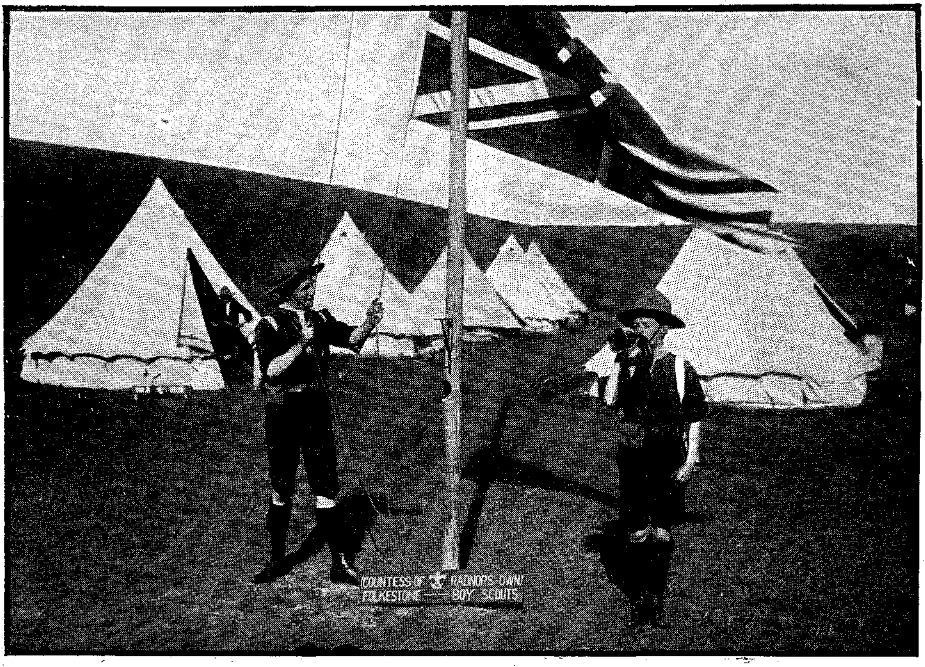
He goes about his duties cheerily, not in a hang-dog sort of way. If some one steps on his foot, he smiles and whistles, and is right again in a moment. The punishment for swearing or using bad language is, for each offense, a mug of cold water, to be poured down the offender's sleeve by the other Scouts. It was the punishment invented by the old British scout, Captain John Smith—he of Virginia and Pocahontas—three hundred years ago.

A SCOUT IS THRIFTY.

He opens a savings bank account.

Nine laws—and the chief of them is to do a good turn daily. People do good turns daily, but Scouts are trained to think of doing them—and to do them. They go out of their way to do them. If no chance of a good turn comes along, Scouts go off singly or in pairs or in patrols to find and seize an opportunity. They wash the baby for mother. They chop wood for poor neighbors. They pick flowers for cripples. They bring pails of water for old women. They fetch and carry, each doing his little best to sweeten the life of others. I have seen the most wonderful things that Boy Scouts have done. Last week I was walking down a hill near my village when I saw an old woman with a small girl struggling up with a great heavy box between them. Suddenly—where they came from I could not perceive—two Boy Scouts appeared, picked up the box by the ends and brought it up the hill. The old woman—she was poor and threadbare—thanked the boys. They merely gave the Scouts' salute and trudged off, quite happy in the thought of having done a good turn. I am certain that a year ago, when they were not Scouts, they would have looked on and let this old woman trudge up the hill alone.

With Scouts' Law our new boys are taught the Scout Signs. These are mysterious marks with meanings. All boys love to make chalk-marks, but Scouts are trained to rub them out when made. An arrow mark points the way of the trail



REVEILLE IN THE CAMP OF THE FOLKESTONE BOY SCOUTS

to be followed. A cross means "This road not to be followed." A circle within a circle means "I have gone home." At night, sticks with a wisp of grass round them, or stones, are laid on the road in similar forms so that they may be felt with the hand.

We teach the boys not only how to make the signs, but how to put a signature to them. Each patrol has its name and its call. Foxes bark, Bears growl, Stags roar, Storks cry "Korrr," Plovers whistle "Pee-wit," Hyenas make a laughing cry, Boars grunt, Cobras hiss, and Owls hoot. All Scouts in a patrol practice the patrol call, and so may communicate with each other when in hiding. The patrol leaders carry little flags, with the head of the patrol animal or bird shown in red cloth. We teach each Scout to draw his patrol animal's head. Then when he makes a Scout sign on a road he can put his signature to it: the outline head to show his patrol, and a number to show his place in the patrol. Then his friends, finding the sign and the signature, know who made it.

Next the theory and the practice of the Scout Salute must be mastered. The theory is that a salute shows you are a right sort of a fellow and mean well to the other. The salute is a sign between men of standing. Scouts must salute each other on meeting for the first time. They must salute the flag and King's officers and their own officers. They must salute a passing funeral, and stand at the salute when they hear the strains of "God Save the King." In practice, the right hand is raised level with the shoulder, palm to the front, thumb resting on the nail of the little finger, the other three fingers upright, pointing skywards. In the full salute the hand is raised to the forehead.

The signs and the salute are mastered in two minutes. Then we teach the boys how to tie a few useful knots—the reef, sheetbend, clove hitch, bowline, fisherman's, and sheepshank. They love to learn this science of knot-tying, and a quick boy will learn his knot lesson in half an hour. After one or two meetings, the boys are qualified to be enrolled as tenderfeet, and the Scout Law has a lasting place in their minds and their hearts.

We proceed to swear them in and give out uniforms. The occasion is one of some little ceremony. A special meeting is set apart for it, and a speech or two, and a popular president on a platform. Then each boy is called forward to make his solemn Scout promise:

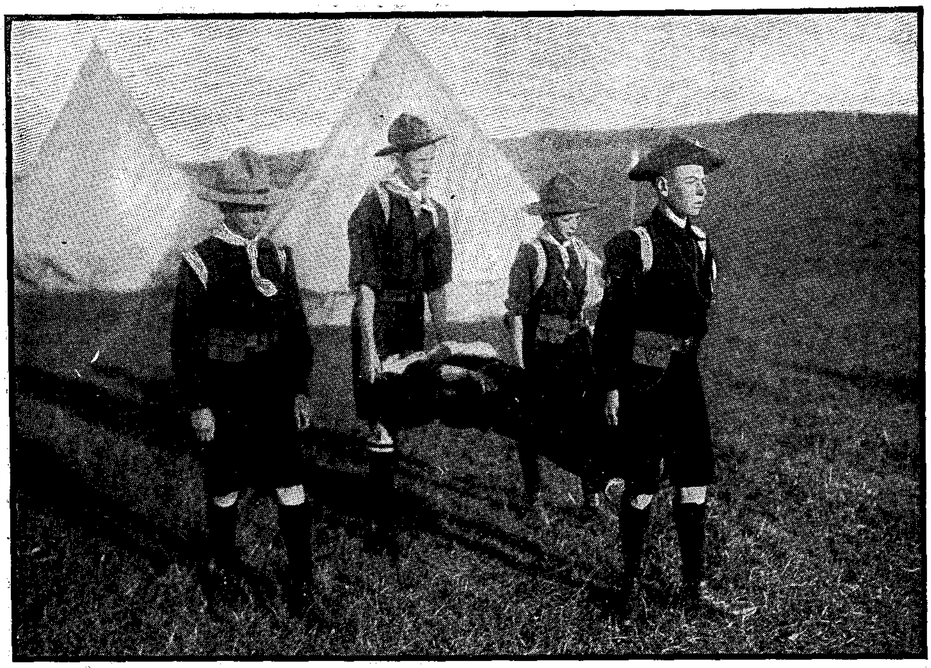
"On my honor I promise that I will do my best to do my duty to God and the King; to help other people at all times, and to obey Scout Law."

Saying these words, he stands at the salute—and the three upraised fingers are to remind him of the three points of his promise. We give him a little metal arrow badge to wear in his buttonhole, and give him what he has been longing for with a great longing—his Scout uniform.

It is the most fascinating boy's uniform in the world, at once picturesque and serviceable, dignified and free-and-easy. Putting it on, the boy becomes twice the boy he was before. He is worth looking at, and he will be looked at wherever he goes, though as a mere boy he would have passed unnoticed. His dull workaday clothes he changes for a uniform of harmoniously blended colors. His tweed cap is replaced by a rakish wide-brimmed hat of felt, the top of the crown pinched into a point. In place of his ragged, often dirty little coat, that may have belonged to half a dozen brothers before it passed to him, he wears a colored shirt of flannel or thin serge, khaki or brown, green or dark blue. Around his neck is a gay, loosely knotted kerchief of his patrol's colors. He wears blue shorts, or "knickers" cut short above the knees, leaving his knees bare. A leather belt goes around the waist, with buckles of dull metal, two swivels, and a coat strap. The stockings are turned down below the knees, and from the invisible garters depend visible tassels of green braid. On the back is a haversack, containing a billy-can, drinking-cup, and other equipment to taste. Over the shoulder is slung a light wooden water-bottle; and on the shoulder is a knot of colored ribbons, denoting the patrol to which the tenderfoot belongs. He has also a whistle and a knife, and in his right hand is his Scout's staff, of strong ash marked off in feet and inches—his only weapon. It gives him a fine air, this staff. He leans upon it in picturesque attitude; at night it helps him to feel his way; he trusts it to help him over ditches and stiles, and out of two staves and with a couple of belts he will fashion a stretcher at a moment's notice. So he stands, a fully equipped tenderfoot, good to look at, clean, wholesome, every inch a young knight of chivalry.

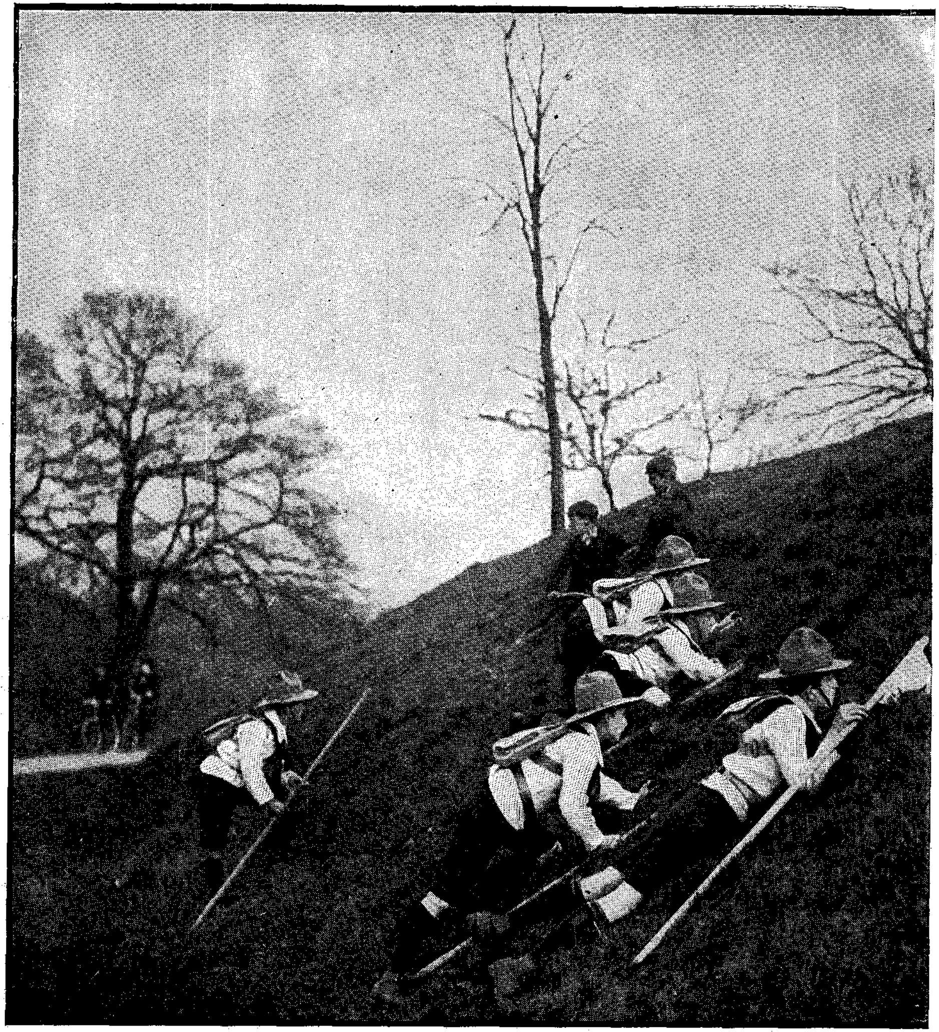
We find we can fit out a Scout in all the essentials of uniform for about two dollars and a half a head. The order for uniforms goes to the local tailor, who takes the measurements and undertakes all the trouble of securing samples and finding best value for money. As our Scouts are mostly poor boys, and can hardly afford to pay the full price, we make a grant in aid to each one. He pays so much down on receiving the uniform, and may pay any balance by installments. Many of the boys are so poor indeed that they cannot even afford a few pence to pay for as much as a part of the uniform. But then there is the Scout Law. And the boy feels that he must do something to pay for his uniform. In my troop, for instance, we have adopted this plan: Those boys who are too poor repay me by putting in so many hours a week in my garden; so that if you could at this moment be transported on the magic carpet to the County of Essex, you would see eight or ten or perhaps a dozen boys between 5 and 7 P.M. digging away, grubbing at weeds, sawing wood, or making themselves as useful as possible to the gardener, who swears that about a year ago he could not possibly have allowed them in the place. They are now most welcome assistants. They are paying for their uniforms and are under no obligation to me. As to the Scoutmasters, the uniform is simple and comfortable: Norfolk jacket, knee-breeches, stockings, gaiters or puttees, with a Scout's hat for the head, a stick for the hand, and for insignia a white bunch of ribbons on the left shoulder.

So we get under way. A definite course of training lies before us. There are many lessons to be learned before we can emerge from the tenderfoot stage, enter the next grade, and become second-class Scouts. We must coach our tenderfeet in elementary first aid and bandaging; the local doctor helps us here. They must learn to signal by semaphore or Morse, an art which boys pick up with wonderful rapidity. Then compass and map reading must be mastered. Each tenderfoot must know the sixteen princi-



THE BOY SCOUTS AT AMBULANCE DRILL

pal points of the compass. Most of the work is done out of doors. There we teach the Scouts all we know of nature—teach them about the stars and the moon and the sun, frost, snow, and rain, trees, flowers, birds, and butterflies. We study together the clouds, and the winds, and the weather. We explore the country, and find out every path and by-path. We learn to use our eyes properly, and our ears, noses, and senses of taste and touch. We study tracks and trackings. Each tenderfoot will have to prove presently that he can follow a track, not too obviously made, for half a mile in a space of twenty-five minutes. Sometimes we clamp tracking-irons to our feet and lay a trail of deer's feet marks over hill and dale. Sometimes we take the tenderfeet where there are shops. For one minute each one looks into four shop windows in turn, and then from memory must describe satisfactorily the contents of one of the windows. We play Kim's Game—displaying a number of small articles on a tray, then covering the things, and recalling from memory as many as possible. We go out on marches, build fires, and cook dinners and teas. Before he may pass out of the tenderfoot stage each young Scout must show that he can lay and light a fire in the open, using not more than two matches. He must be able to cook a quarter of a pound of meat and two potatoes without other cooking utensils than his billy-can. We do a few physical exercises, and a little drill, just enough to allow the Scoutmasters to handle the Scouts in a businesslike way and to maintain discipline. We hold that drill, if carried to extremes, dulls initiative and resource. Our object is to make our tenderfeet into self-reliant and resourceful men, able to look after themselves and

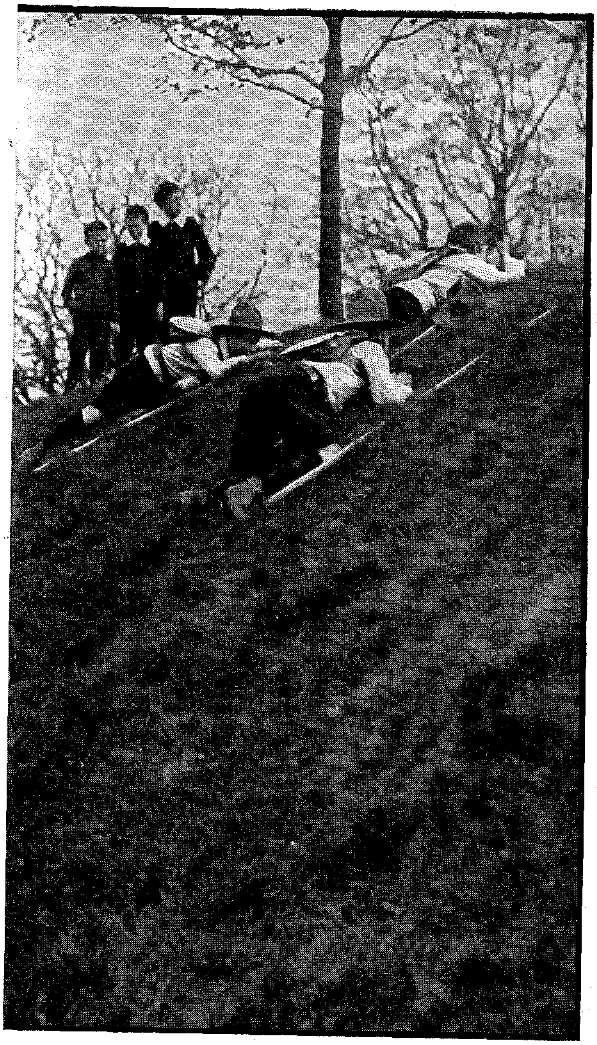


others in any emergency—to make real men of them, in short.

The teaching is given almost entirely through play. We play at being Indians and pirates, buccaneers, frontiersmen, and cowboys. While some of us guard a village from attack, others try to creep in unseen. One of us plays the part of an assassin and flies from justice, leaving a trail of Indian corn, each grain representing a drop of blood from his reeking dagger. The troop goes in pursuit, and, when the assassin is caught, he is tried by judge and jury.

The boys learn to dance the Scouts' War Dance and to sing the Scouts' War Songs. Music and dancing, even of the roughest and wildest sort, prove an immense attraction. They give a fair chance for wild spirits to be worked off. The patrol leaders carry bugles, one or two others play the drum, and when the Scouts go marching they march to music. When the drums are silent, they sing the fine Scout songs.

In due time we become second-class Scouts. Now it is our ambition to become first-class Scouts. We have much to learn. The Scout never comes to the end of his lessons. Having climbed one height, another height always rises before him. Before he may wear a first-class badge he must satisfy examiners in ten matters: First, he must be able to



PRACTICE

A FIRST-CLASS SCOUT

a swim fifty yards. He must have a shilling in the savings bank. He must be able to send and receive a message, either in semaphore or Morse, sixteen letters per minute. As a test in self-reliance he is sent off on a two days' journey by himself, or with only one other Scout. On returning, he must write an intelligible report of things seen. Then he must know how to deal with various accidents—ice-breaking, electric shock, drowning, runaway carriage, and so on. He must prove that he can make a damper, cook a hunter's stew, skin and cook a rabbit, or pluck and cook a bird. He must read a map and draw sketch maps; use an ax for felling timber; and judge distance, area, size, numbers, height, and weight within twenty-five per cent error. Finally, he must bring in a tenderfoot, trained by himself in the points required for a tenderfoot badge.

From a first-class Scout he may rise higher and ever higher by way of badges of merit. The King's Scouts win badges showing they have passed tests in such branches of Scoutcraft as seamanship, marksmanship, ambulance work, signaling, and the craft of the guide. Other badges of merit are given for proficiency in different kinds of work. The idea here is to encourage boys to do their work well. The boy with engineering instincts builds an aeroplane that will really fly, and so

A SCOUTMASTER TEACHING THE BOYS THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS

wins the aviator's badge. The explorer finds out every lane, by-path, and short cut for a distance of at least two miles in every direction around his local headquarters in the country, knows the general direction of neighboring towns for twenty-five miles, and can tell a stranger offhand the history of any old castles, churches, or mansions. He wins the Pathfinder's Badge. Others win badges because they are clever gardeners, cooks, surveyors, printers, plumbers, or pipers. Employers of labor recognize these badges. Seeking trustworthy boy service, they are beginning now to look first among the Scouts.

The highest of the honors are medals and badges for meritorious deeds—a bronze cross for saving life at great risk, a silver cross for saving life without risk, a medal of merit for the Scout who does his duty exceptionally well. Other fitting honors inspire and reward gallantry.

Scoutmasters, loving boys, find the Scouting work of surpassing interest. They have more than their reward as they watch the growing intelligence of their Scouts, see evidence of the flame of chivalry in their hearts, and know that they have changed boys who were fit for nothing into Scouts who are ready for anything. With the Scouts, the Scoutmasters find every day a new interest in the woods and fields as they watch and study the wild creatures, track *spoors*, and weave a story of romance or tragedy out of a stray feather or a bent blade of grass. They become great campaigners, swim rivers, hunt, kill, and cook their own food, build huts, put up tents, span rivers with bridges, and find their way about unknown country by sun, moon, and stars. In camp they rough it like backwoodsmen. At the seaside they row, steer, sail boats, make knots and splices, build and calk, sew sails, and chant nautical songs. A Scout ideal is that a Scout, when with others, is the first to see anything and to hear anything.

The movement is not yet three years old. Already its effect is seen throughout English national life. Many have said, "This movement is the greatest achievement of our age." Indeed, it has wrought a revolution in British manners and ways of thought. The discovery of the boy has not only changed the nature of the boy for the better, but has so improved him that he now sets a national standard.

There is the point of honor. "A Scout's honor is to be trusted." It is the old law of the knights newly revived, gloriously resurrected. There is the matter of day-by-day helpfulness. It was common to hear, in the days before the Scout movement, how people were drowned in rivers, ponds, or canals with crowds looking helplessly on. Now that all Scouts are taught to swim and to rescue the drowning, they have set a new fashion in life-saving. Every day in England the papers report some fresh deed of Scout gallantry or heroism, a deed to be traced back to the age-old ideal of chivalry newly set up before Britain's boyhood. In the first four months of this year eighty-four medals were awarded to Scouts for gallantry in saving life. How useful it may be to have at hand a trained and disciplined force of quick, intelligent boys in any emergency was seen recently at the time of a terrible railway accident on the London to Brighton railway. The local Scouts, who were playing football when they heard of the accident, rushed to the scene with their ambulance stretcher, and for many hours calmly and promptly performed noble and terrible duties of rescue among the killed and wounded, giving the most valuable help to doctors, police, and railway servants.

On the occasion of the late King's funeral procession through London a crowd of more than a quarter of a million people gathered in Hyde Park. The crush was terrific, the heat was tropical. Every minute a woman would faint. Thousands upon thousands of people stood for seven or eight hours, hemmed in and crushed on all sides, enduring the pitiless and burning sun, to see the pageant of the procession. At every ambulance center Boy Scouts were in attendance, to aid the work of revival, carry the patients, bring water, and keep back the crowd. And when all was over and the crowd dispersed, the Boy Scouts tidied the Park of rubbish and scattered papers. When a veteran member of Parliament met his death not long since in a steeplechase near London, Scouts at once appeared to carry the dying man to shelter on an improvised stretcher.

One is conscious also in England to-day of a new spirit of love for wild creatures, of pity for the helpless animals. All Scouts are trained to be merciful to beasts of burden, to be prompt in interfering if a man is working a lame horse, to respect the sanctuaries of the birds in tree and hedge. Scouts hunt for and *look* at birds' eggs—they do not take them, or destroy nests, or shoot at birds with catapults.

Wherefore, in building their own characters, in learning self-respect, the Scouts are slowly strangling that curse and that age-old menace of English liberty—the foul thing, Servility. The boy becomes a man. What he is taught in his impressionable age he carries with him through life; and so we see in this Boy Scout movement the reflection of the knight of chivalry, we see him going about the world looking for the chance of helping others.

The Boy Scouts in America

By Ernest Thompson Seton

EVERY American boy a hundred years ago lived either on a farm or in such close touch with farm life that he reaped its benefits. He had all the practical knowledge that comes from country surroundings: that is, he could ride, shoot, skate, run, swim; he was handy with tools; he could manage domestic animals; he knew the woods; he was physically strong, self-reliant, resourceful, well developed in body and brain. In addition to this, he had a good moral training at home. He was respectful to his superiors, obedient to his parents, and altogether the best material of which a nation could be made.

We have lived to see an unfortunate change. Partly through the growth of immense cities, with the consequent specialization of industry, so that each individual has been required to do one small specialty and shut his eyes to everything else, with the resultant perpetual narrowing of the mental horizon; partly through the decay of small farming, which would have offset this condition, for each mixed farm was a college of handicraft; and partly through the established forms of religion losing their hold, we see a very different type of youth in the country to-day. It is not the rule now for boys to be respectful to superiors and obedient to parents. It is exceptional when we see a boy who is handy with tools, and capable of taking care of himself under all circumstances. It is the rare exception when we see a boy whose life is absolutely governed by the safe old moral standards.

The personal interest in athletics has been largely superseded by an interest in spectacular games, which unfortunately tend to divide the Nation into two groups: the few overworked champions in the arena, and the great crowd, content to do nothing but sit on the benches and look on, while indulging their tastes for tobacco and alcohol.

It is this last that is turning so many thoughtful ones against baseball, football, etc. This, it will be seen, is a reproduction of the condition that ended in the fall of Rome. In her days of growth every man was a soldier; in the end a few great gladiators were in the arena, to be watched and applauded by the millions who personally knew nothing at all of fighting or heroism.

Degeneracy is the word.

To combat the system that has turned such a large proportion of our robust, manly, self-reliant boyhood into a lot of flat-chested cigarette-smokers, with shaky nerves and doubtful vitality, I began the Woodcraft movement in America. Without saying so, it was aimed to counteract the evils of the arena style of baseball, football, and racing by substituting the cleaner, saner pursuits of woodcraft and scouting.

After a year or two of planning, I began work in 1898, and in 1901 had several clubs formed. I soon discovered that an ideal figure was necessary. For it is a matter of history that no philosophy, however beautiful, has been established without a current example. I needed an ideal outdoor man who was heroic, clean, manly, brave, picturesque, master of woodcraft and scouting, and already well known. At first my thought turned to Robin Hood, but I found him neither ideal nor well known. Rollo, the Sea King, would have been nearly perfect if he were well known, but to the ordinary American he was as strange as Plato or Siddartha.

King Arthur was suggested, but he was not specially an outdoor man, and the pursuits for which he stood were not of practical application to-day. Besides, he is unknown to the vast majority.

Thus I was at last forced to take for my model the ideal Indian of Fenimore Cooper and Longfellow. I would have preferred a white ideal, but the Indian alone seemed to meet all the requisites, including the fact that he was already much established and well known to all. And I find the plan justified in the fact that every camp of boys has sooner or later adopted a plan of leading boy, older fellows, some grown man, and a flag-pole—that is, chief, council, medicine-man, and totem-pole—the only difference being that I gave the Indian names. And in all camps, no matter what the form, the Indian pursuits have been adopted.

While several tribes or clubs were formed in 1901 and 1902, the first considerable success dated from 1903, when we formed the Wildcat Band, under circumstances that were particularly fitted for a demonstration.[1]

My friend John Moale was a retired manufacturer of ample means. He had bought several hundred acres of abandoned farm lands not a thousand miles from Boston, in the year 1900. Here he proposed to gratify his tastes for outdoor life and pursuits in a little kingdom of his own. He put a twelve-foot fence around his domains, and removed all inner walls, etc., so that it was one big park, with all manner of delightful landscape features. His prospects of peace and happiness were excellent. But the neighbors resented his coming. He had fenced in a lot of open ground that had been the common cow-pasture of the adjoining village. He had debarred the boys from their nutting-ground, had shut off the supply of stolen firewood, and forbidden the usual summer picnics. He was an outsider, a rich man despoiling the very poor, and they set about making it unpleasant for him. They destroyed his fences; they stoned his notice-boards till they fell, covered with wounds and bruises. They painted shocking pictures on his gate, and contrived to keep his domestics in a state of terror by a succession of highly satisfactory ghost incidents. Moale might have laughed at this, but his servants did not; they resigned. Each month saw a fresh retinue installed, only to be driven away again by the ghosts. Moale is a plodder, unimaginative, pertinacious, and fearless, yet a peace-lover. He repaired the fence, restored the notice-boards, took no steps against the enemy, hoping to disarm them. But the natives were a manufacturing community, and they had lost that broad humanity that belongs to agriculture; they were vicious, and, mistaking his leniency for weakness, continued their attacks; at least the boys did; the grown-ups were too hard-worked for a living to indulge in many freaks at night.

All summer this had been going on; so I learned on visiting Moale in September. On the morning after my arrival I walked down to the park entrance with my host. He had been telling me of the trouble, so I was not much surprised to see the great gates desecrated with an array of most indecent pictures, with inscriptions deepened to give them unpleasant and personal point.

"For example," said he, and waved his hand towards the gate.

We set about repainting the gate at once. As we did so a band of village boys went by. Their faces showed interest in our proceedings. Moale turned to them and said:

"See here, boys, I don't know who has painted my gate, and I don't want to know; but if you know, I wish you would ask him to stop it. I simply have to paint the gate over again, and the gate has had as many coats now as will do it any good."

To this very conciliatory speech the boys made no reply. They merely looked sheepish and went on. Next morning not only the gates but the posts and adjoining trees were brilliant with the most shockingly improper pictures, all showing the same object, the same modes of thought, and the same master hand. Moale was in despair now. I had been thinking very hard over his troubles, and, inquiring, to understand the bottom of the matter, I was glad to find that it was the boys, not the grown-ups, that were active. I knew something of boys; in fact, I'm a bit of a boy myself. A boy is a small savage till he is sixteen or seventeen. I remembered how the British in India and the Romans everywhere had successfully controlled their savage neighbors *through their own chiefs.*

I said to Moale: "Let me try my hand on these boys. If you will help me with the necessary equipment, I will undertake to stop all these annoyances." He was ready for anything, and gave me a free hand. I bought two military tents and three old Indian teepees that had been left at the Sportsmen's Show. I got two canoes. There were already two boats on the lake in Park Moale. I got some bows and arrows and a target.

---

[1] For many reasons I have not given the real names.

Then I got a gang of men to work preparing an ideal camp-ground by the lake on my friend's grounds. On this I set up the tents and teepees in the form of an Indian village. Some of the boys managed to get in during the final operation, using various pretexts—"They were sent on messages," etc. But no unfriendly notice was taken of them.

When the village was made, the teepees and tents, too, gorgeous with pictures of warriors and buffaloes, the canoes drawn up on the beach, and every civilized feature suppressed, I paid one or two of the worst of the village boys to carry a letter to the Moale foreman at our Indian village. His report on their behavior was satisfactory. "They looked kind of mesmerized, didn't want to go away."

Now I went to the local school-house and got permission to talk to the boys for five minutes. I asked all the boys of ten years old and upwards to stand. There were twelve.

"Now, boys," I said, "Mr. Moale invites all of you to come to the Indian Village on his land next Friday, after school, to camp with him there till Monday morning. We will have all the grub you can eat, all the boats and canoes necessary, and everything to have a jolly time in camp. You need bring nothing with you but two blankets each; and also it is forbidden to bring firearms, matches, tobacco, or whisky. Now, will you come?"

I paused for a reply, but there was none. The dozen boys standing up looked variously stolid, sulky, or suspicious.

I repeated the proposal and said, "Now, don't you want to come for a good time camping out?"

Still I got no sign in reply.

This was decidedly disconcerting. I could not comprehend their attitude. So at length I turned to a tall, bright-eyed boy near, and said, "Don't you want to come out into the woods for a camping-trip, with canoes and as much fishing as you like?"

His only reply was an energetic nodding. The next boy made the same response, and the next, so I accepted this as the sense of the meeting, and added, as I left them, "Remember, now, next Friday, after school, the Indian Village in Mr. Moale's Park."

Moale's foreman was instructed to act as cook and general provider. We stocked up with provisions enough to last not merely the twelve boys I had talked to, but half as many more, and all was ready at Friday, 4 P.M.

But no boys came.

We three waited five minutes, ten, fifteen, but nothing happened. I began to feel uneasy. The old rhyme kept running through my mind: "Mr. Smarty gave a party, and nobody came." Moale remembered how he had distrusted the plan at the outset, and the foreman gave a sigh of relief. The next ten minutes in silence made me unhappy, but at 4:30 there was a loud shout, a hubbub in the near drive, and the boys arrived all together—not twelve or fifteen, as expected, not the eighteen provided for, *but forty-two.* Every boy at school, every boy that had been to school, or had a sister or brother at school, invited himself to come; an ideal party—twelve invitations and forty-two acceptances.

Being Yankee boys, the bashfulness lasted less than ten minutes. They soon showed that they came there for fun.

"Say, Mister, kin we holler?"

"Yes, all you want to."

"Kin we take our clothes off?"

As the weather was warm, I said, "Yes, every stitch, if you like." And soon they were a mob of naked, howling savages, tearing through the woods, jumping into the lake, pelting each other with mud, or cowering over the fire.

Moale was appalled. He thought I had imported and turned loose a Frankenstein, but naked boys cannot set the woods afire or smash property to any great extent. I reassured him: "It is only part of a process. I want the animal energy worked off first."

By six it was getting dark. The boys were tired and hungry. A blazing camp-fire was going. The cook called in the savages with a loud cry of "Grub! Grub!"

The boys came trooping into camp, dressed, and went at the provisions. Oh, how they did eat! Such a chance was not to be neglected. The quality was better than the home stuff, and they gorged themselves like forty-two boa-constrictors, clearing up that night all the food provided to last till Monday. Fortunately next day was Saturday, and Moale is no niggard. The camp stuffed itself from six to seven, then, tired, gorged, and happy, they lay around the fire in the firelight, ready for some new and quieter amusement. I know something of savages—of boys, I mean; it is precisely the same—and said, "Now, shall I tell you a story?" Their reply had more of force than politeness, but was obviously sincere.

"You bet; go ahead."

I told them of Indians and Plains life, gauging my stories in a steady crescendo, till I had renewed the Fenimore Cooper glamour of romance and heightened it to a blaze of glory about the red man. Meanwhile I was watching my material. I wanted them all interested and subdued, but not sleepy Near eight o'clock the bickerings and rude practical jokes of the farthest boys had ceased. The group had tightened up about me. The eyes of those about me I could see had that tense, magnetized look when I told the dramatic story of the spy in the enemy's camp, and how he covered himself with glory by his exploits. As I finished the tale I could feel the thrill of intense interest; I could feel that they sympathized with the thought of glory, their regret that the noble red men were gone before their day. Their resentment of me—a stranger—was gone. In my judgment, the right psychological moment had come. After the proper pause that follows a good climax, I said, reflectively: "Say, fellows, how are we going to do this camping out—just tumble around any way, or shall we do it in the *real Indian fashion?*"

There was, of course, only one reply—"Oh, Injun; you bet your life we're Injuns."

"Good; that will suit me," I said. "Now, remember, we are the tribe. Each warrior has one vote. First, we must elect a Head War Chief."

"Well, I reckon we'll take you," was the quick response, born, no doubt, of the recently established bond of sympathy.

"No, you won't," I replied; "I am not a Chief, neither is Mr. Moale. We are Medicine-Men. For Chief I want one of yourselves."

Now there were forty-two claimants for the job, and each had the most convincing reasons why he should be Chief. The wrangle grew into a riot, till I said: "Hold on, we can soon settle this; what boy here can lick all the others?"

"Oh, that ain't fair!" came an aggrieved chorus. "Hank Martin can. He's older and bigger and stronger nor any of us."

Oh, how my heart sank at the mention of Hank Martin, a square-shouldered, square-jawed, gray-eyed boy of fifteen, strong as a young bull, energetic, self-reliant, and fearless, but the worst boy in "the county." Into every kind of mischief, and always leading; his exploits were already past being merely funny boyish pranks; they were developing into crime. Hank was surely pointing toward the penitentiary and leading a score of boys behind him. His father kept cows, and Hank's morning job was to go round with the milk. This gave him many opportunities for mischief, which he failed not to utilize. I knew quite well that Hank was the artist of the gate. I was afraid of Hank Martin. Still, he was unquestionably the leader of the gang, and in strict pursuance of my policy I must win him.

"Good," I said. "Now is there any fellow here thinks he can lick Hank Martin?"

And there was. Another stripling lad, but of different cut, offered his services; he was evidently willing to risk it in view of the possible honor.

"Very good," I said; "I am glad to know it. We won't try just now, but may have to do so some other time."

Now I put these two up for popular election. Martin got it quite easily, and his leadership was beyond question.

It generally happens that bad boys are simply over-energetic or misdirected good boys profoundly disguised, and if you can get hold of them you can probably persuade them to drop their mask.

Hoping it might be so, I took Hank aside, and said:

"See here, Hank, the fellows have elected you Head Chief of the Tribe, and, remember, it isn't simply for to-day or to-morrow and the next day. We are going to keep this up the year round, indoors and outdoors, in a sort of club, as long as the fellows take any interest in it. Remember, then, you are going to lead all these little boys. I hope you will not lead them into anything that you will be ashamed of."

I could not tell how it was going to strike, but the great fundamental fact was that his nature was good. The responsibility of power is another form of the love of glory, quite the strongest passion of all in savages—and in boys. There is nothing they will not try to do under pressure of that magic influence; there is nothing they will not shun under its converse, the fear of ridicule. Hank faced his new responsibilities like a man.

This, however, was later. We were meanwhile busy with our election. An extraordinarily fat boy now caught my eye. He was evidently about fourteen, but weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds. I turned to the boy next me and asked, "Who is that?" He replied, "That's Tom Sewit." I thought, "That is a name I shall remember, with such a shape behind it." Now I called for nominations for Second War Chief. At once there were loud cries of "Tom Sewit, Tom Sewit!" We certainly did not want the fat boy. We needed an athlete, so I took no notice till a feeble voice near said, "Tom Barney." Tom Barney wasn't much, but he was better than the fat boy; "any port in a storm."

I said: "Now you are talking. Tom Barney is the fellow for the post. Now all in favor of Tom Barney, hands up." Five hands went up. "All in favor of Tom Sewit"—thirty-eight hands appeared—a perfect forest. I counted them in some perplexity. Then I discovered one boy holding up two hands. "Here," I said; "you are cheating—stuffing the ballot-box. You have queered this whole election. Now we must try over."

I now made a strong speech for Tom Barney, giving all the reasons I could think of, or invent, for his election, but of course could not denounce the enemy as he sat there. I then put my own candidate first, to catch the independents. "Now," I said, "fair voting. All in favor of Tom Barney for Second War Chief, hands up." To my amazement, only two hands (Barney's and his brother's) went up. "All in favor of Tom Sewit." Forty hands appeared now. Not the least doubt of it. Very unwillingly I announced that Sewit was elected. "Tom Sewit, come forward and take the oath of office as Second War Chief of the Wildcats." Tom stepped out. To my amazement, it was not the fat boy at all. That was an error that I fell into by chance. Sewit was the sturdy young chap who was willing to lick the Head Chief, if need be, and just the right one for the post. We now elected a Third Chief and a Council of Twelve. Among them we selected one for Chief of the Council Fire, who alone kindles a fire; a Chief of the Tally (a Secretary); and a Chief of the Wampum (Treasurer). Finally, I got myself and Mr. Moale in as Medicine-Men.

The rest, of course, were mere braves. With the organization complete, I gave them an impromptu code and constitution, prepared previously with the help of an expert lawyer. In this I provided for all things not covered by the law of the land. The laws forbade: Rebellion against the council, firearms in camp, wildfire, smoking, whisky, destruction of song-birds or squirrels, breach of game laws, pointing of weapons at any one; and made chivalry, kindness, courage, and honor the cardinal virtues.

And now we set out on what was destined to be an epoch-making outing for the village boys, for Moale and myself, and for thousands of other boys.

Our motto was, "The best things of the best Indians." Whatever is picturesque, good, and safe in Indian life, that we used. The boys wanted to wear feathers. I said, "Certainly, but remember, after the manner of the Indians. The good old Indian did not wear just any feathers he could steal and stick in his hair; each feather was conferred by the council, as the decoration for an exploit. I will give you a hundred exploits, each of which will entitle the doer to a feather."

It was essential that my standards should be *national* and *absolute*, not competitive. So, taking the interscholastic athletic for the standard, I allowed a feather for all who were obviously in the highest class, thus: All who could walk four miles in an hour, or run 100 yards in eleven seconds, were entitled to the decoration. The only cheap one was for swimming. All who could swim 100 yards, no matter how slowly, got the swimming feather. This for athletes. In a second department, called Camper Craft, I allowed honors to all who could light a camp-fire with rubbing-sticks, could measure the width of a river without crossing it, etc. The third department was nature study, and honors were allowed to all who could name correctly twenty-five trees, fifty flowers, fifty birds, etc.

I had already invented a game called Deer-Hunting, in which a dummy was pursued by its tracks of paper (or corn) or, later, with a steel tracking-iron on the turf, and shot with arrows; a Hostile Spy Hunt, a Bear Hunt, a Rabbit Hunt, a Man Hunt, Spearing the Big Beaver, Trials of Quicksight and Farsight, were all prepared and lying in wait with their insidious appeal to the primitive nature of these very primitive young persons. There was sanity in every part of the scheme; because it had *picturesqueness;* it made the boys *govern themselves*, and it gave them definite *things to do;* but, above all, it never failed to play on the master power of the savage—the love of glory that was always kept in mind. It was used as the lure, the lash, and the motive power to get these boys into different ways of life and thought.

There was no harm done to boats, teepees, or outfit other than fair wear and tear during that camping, and before it was over Moale, instead of having a gang of bandits to combat the year round, had now a guard of stanch friends, ready to fight his battles and look out for his interests when he was away.

That was the beginning of it. Moale writes me regularly, to report progress. Every boy in the village is now in the tribe, and three other bands have been formed in the neighborhood. The fence and gate are now thoroughly respected. One day a painted warrior brought to Moale a wild rabbit he had caught when visiting his distant relative, saying: "Say, Medicine-Man, I killed one of your rabbits last summer with a catapult, and I brung this one to take its place."

It was a turning-point for the Head Chief. He had never before been treated as a person of importance, and he loved the taste of it so well that he *tried to live so that it might continue.*

Other workers became interested, and the scheme has spread since then, till now there are several thousand bands—a hundred thousand boys. I tried to call them Woodcraft Indians, but the boys have voted me down, and each band, though it has a local name of Indian origin, considers itself a branch of the Nation of Seton Indians.

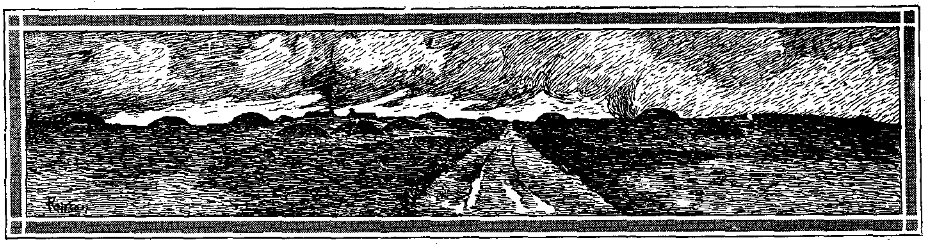
I had always objected to their being called Seton Indians. It seemed like pushing myself forward unduly, but the public did not take at all to the name "Woodcraft Indians." Next I discovered that the word Indian was a serious handicap. Many people considered the Indian a loathsome tramp and as far as possible from being a safe ideal for boys. Thus I was looking about for another possible name, when an unexpected suggestion was made.

In 1904 I took the movement to England, giving public and private addresses on Woodcraft and Scouting for boys, and distributed the little Red Book, as the Birch-Bark Roll was then called. In 1906 I got the help of General Baden-Powell, then the Chief Scout of the British Army. He worked with me for two years, and in 1908 gave the movement a great popular boom by changing the name from Woodcraft Indians to Boy Scouts, and still further enlarging the field by adding several purely civic departments, including a savings bank law for the encouragement of thrift.

Divested of the incubus of unacceptable names, and pushed by a man of world-wide fame as a scout and a war hero, the movement has spread far and wide. We have adopted the name of Boy Scouts in America, and have now an organization that is expected to become a National movement in the widening service for the development of manly character in the rising generation.

ENRICO DALGAS

Denmark's Hero of Conservation



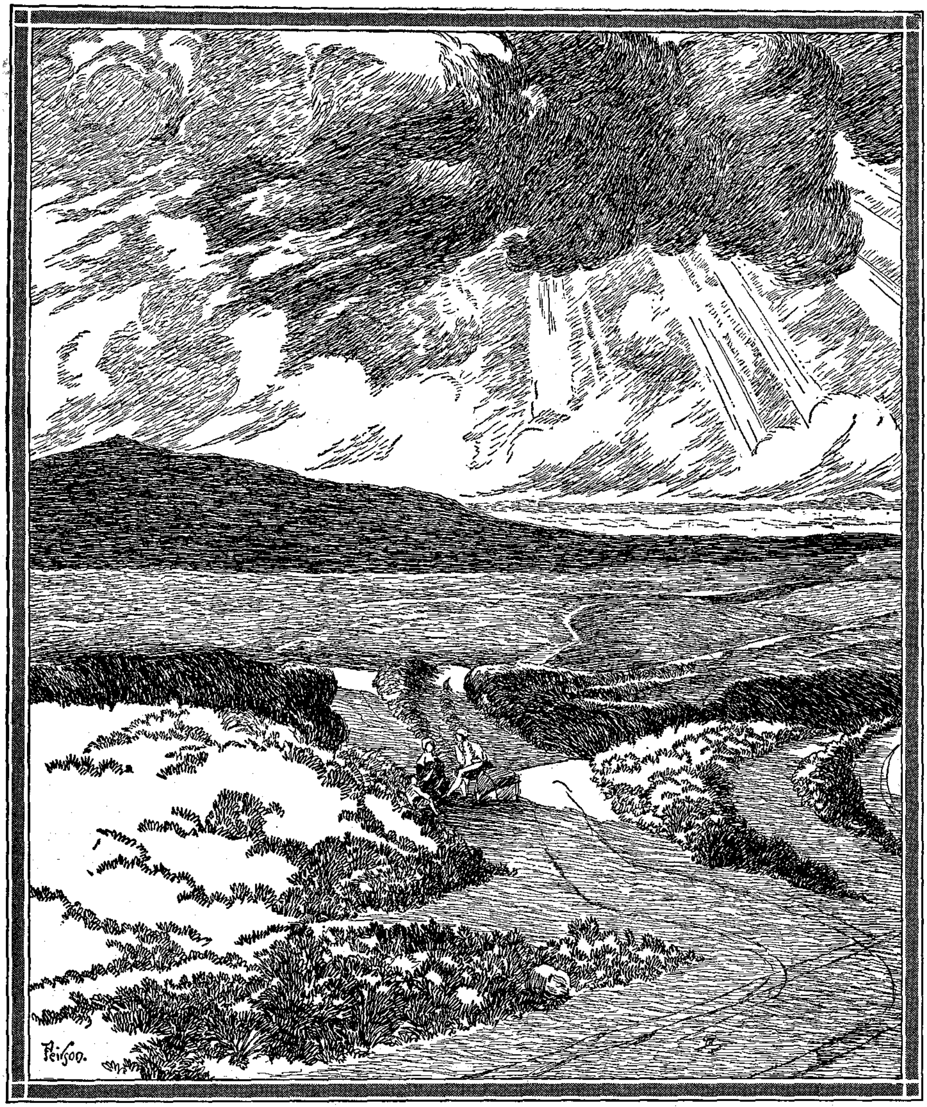
The Ghost of the Heath

By Jacob A. Riis

Illustrated by Alden Pierson and Katharine Gassaway

ON the map of Europe the mainland of Denmark looks like a beckoning finger pointing due north and ending in a narrow sand-reef, upon which the waves of the North Sea and of the Kattegat break with unceasing clamor and strife. The heart of the peninsula, quite one-fourth of its area, was fifty years ago a desert, a barren, melancholy waste where the only sign of life encountered by the hunter gunning for heath fowl and plover was a rare shepherd tending a few lonesome sheep and knitting mechanically on his endless stocking. The two, the lean sheep and the long stocking, together comprised the only industries which the heath afforded and was thought capable of sustaining. A great change has taken place within the span of a single life, and it is all due to the clear sight and patient devotion of one strong man. The story of that unique achievement reads like the tale of the Sleeping Beauty who was roused from her hundred years' sleep by the kiss of her lover prince. The prince who awoke the slumbering heath was a captain of engineers, Enrico Dalgas by name.

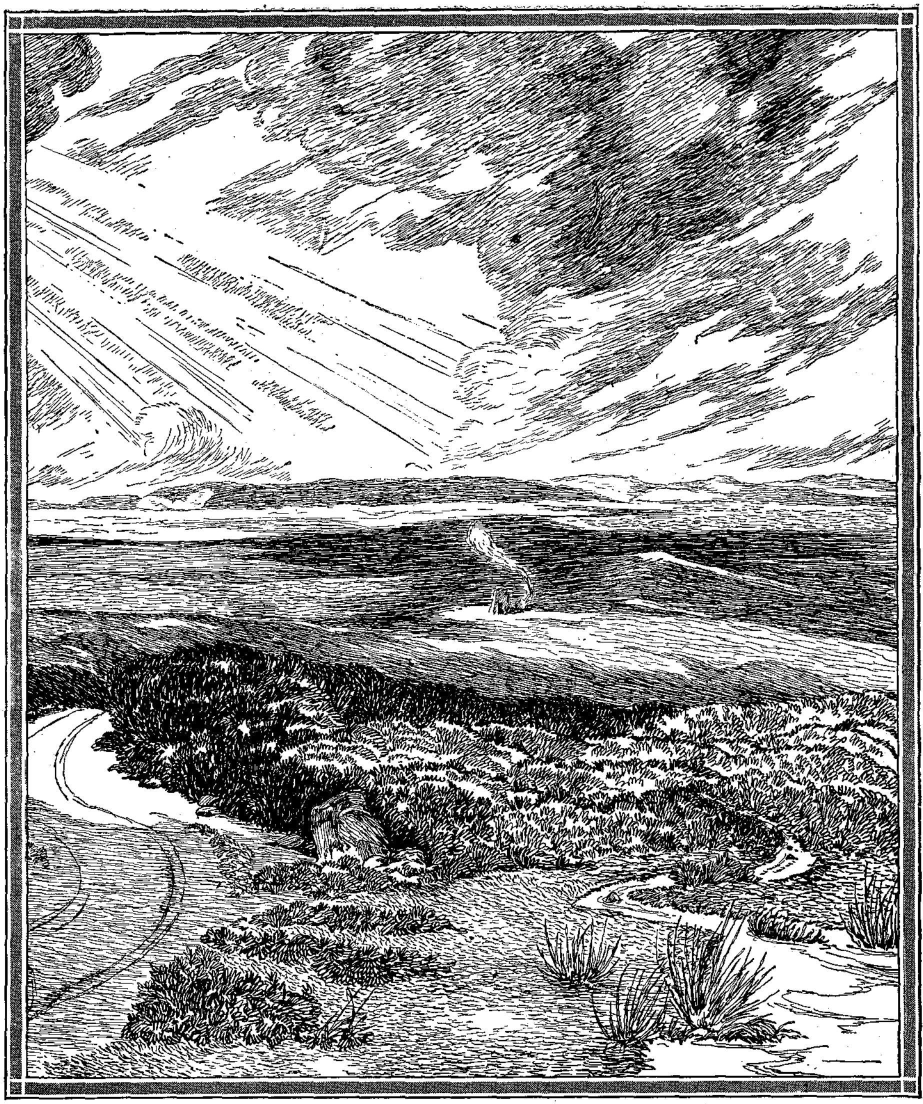
Not altogether fanciful is the conceit. Barren, black, and desolate, the great moor gripped the imagination as no smiling landscape of field and forest could—does yet where enough of it remains. Far as eye reaches the dun heather covers hill and plain with its somber pall. Like gloomy sentinels, furry cattail nod in the bog where the blue gentian peeps timidly into murky pools; the only human habitation in sight some heath boer's ling-thatched hut flanked by rows of peat-stacks in vain endeavor to stay the sweep of the pitiless west wind. On the barrows where the vikings sleep their long sleep, the plover pipes its melancholy lay; between steep banks a furtive brook steals swiftly by as if anxious to escape from the universal blight. Over it all broods the silence of the desert, drowsy with the hum of many bees winging their swift way to the secret feeding-places they know of, where mayflower and anemone hide under the heather, witness that forests grew here in the long ago. In midsummer, when the purple is on the broom, a strange pageant moves on the dim horizon, a shifting mirage of sea and shore, forest, lake, and islands lying high, with ships and castles and spires of distant churches—the witchery of the heath that speaks in the tales and superstitions of its simple people. High in the blue soars the lark, singing its song of home and hope to its nesting mate. This was the



THE BARREN HEATH

heath which, denying to the hardest toil anything more than the barest living, gave of its poetry to the Danish tongue some of its sweetest songs.

But in this busy world day-dreams must make way for the things that make the day count, castles in the air to homes upon the soil. The heath had known such in the dim past. It had not always been a desert. The numberless cairns that lie scattered over it, sometimes strung out for miles, as if marking the highways of the ancients, which they doubtless do, sometimes grouped where their villages stood, bear witness to it. Great battles account for their share, and some of them were fought in historic times. On Grathe Heath the young King Valdemar overcame his treacherous rival Svend. Alone and hunted, the beaten man sought refuge, Saxo tells us, behind a stump, where he was found and slain by one of the King's axmen. A chapel was built on the spot. More than seven centuries later



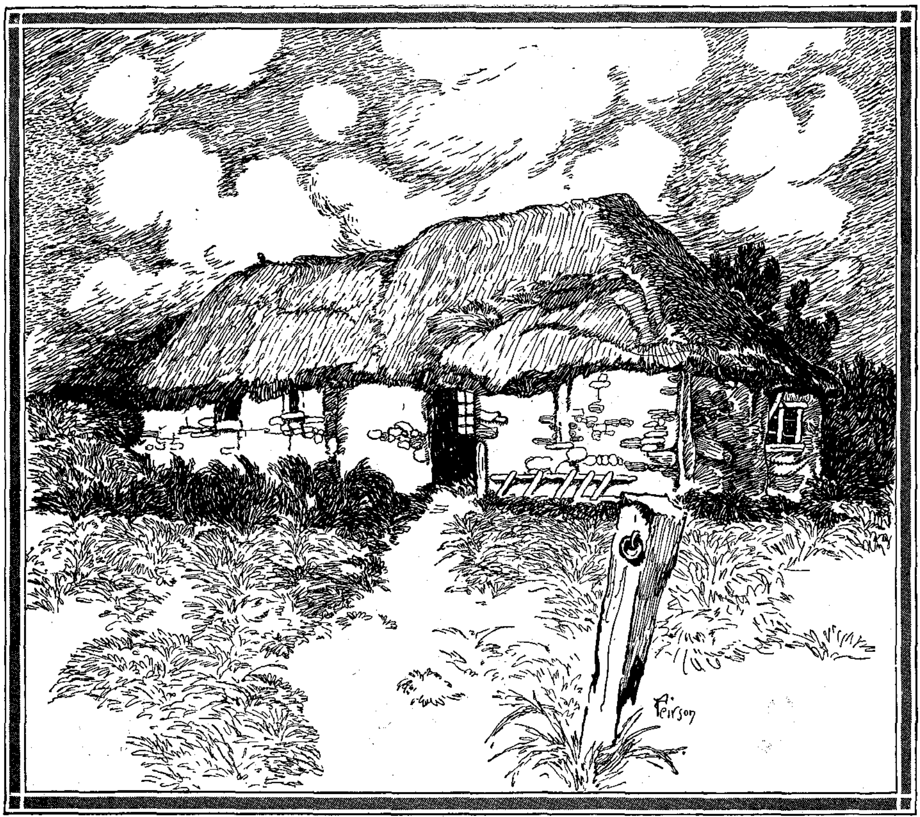
OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

(in 1892) they dug there, and found the bones of a man with skull split in two. The stump behind which the wretched Svend hid was probably the last representative of great forests that grew where now is sterile moor. In the bogs trunks of oak and fir are found lying as they fell centuries ago. The local names preserve the tradition, with here and there patches of scrub oak that hug the ground close to escape the blast from the North Sea. There is one such thicket near the hamlet of Taulund—the name itself tells of long-forgotten groves—and the story runs among the people yet that once squirrels jumped from tree to tree without touching ground all the way from Taulund to Gjellerup Church, a stretch of more than five miles to which the wild things of the woods have long been strangers. In the shelter of the old forests men dwelt through ages and made the land yield them a living. Some cairns that have been explored span over more than a thousand years. They were built in the stone age, and served the people of the bronze and iron ages successively as burial-places, doubtless the same tribes who thus occupied their homesteads from generation to generation. That they were farmers, not nomads, is proved by the clear impression of grains of wheat and barley in their burial urns. The seeds strayed into the clay and were burned away, but the impression abides and tells the story.

Clear down to historic times there was a thrifty population in many of the now barren spots. But a change was slowly creeping over the landscape. The country was torn by long and bloody wars. The big men fought for the land and the little ones paid the score, as they always do. They were hunted from house and home. Next the wild hordes of the Holstein counts overran Jutland. Its towns were burned, the country laid waste. Great fires swept the forests. What ravaging armies had left was burned in the smelteries. In the sandy crust of the heath there is iron, and swords and spears were the grim need of that day. The smelteries are only names now. They went, but they took the forests with them, and where the ground was cleared the west wind broke through and ruin followed fast. Last of all came the Black Death, and set its seal of desolation upon it all. When it had passed, the country was a huge graveyard. The heath had moved in. Rovers and smugglers found refuge there; honest folk shunned it. Under the heather the old landmarks are sometimes found yet, and deep ruts made by wheels that long since ceased to turn.

In the eighteenth century men began to think of reclamation. A thousand German colonists were called in and settled on the heath, but it was stronger than they, and they drifted away until scarce half a hundred families remained. The Government tried its hand, but there was no one who knew just how, and only discouragement resulted. Then came the war with Germany in 1864, that lost to Denmark a third of her territory. The country lay prostrate under the crushing blow. But it rose above defeat and disaster, and once more expectant eyes were turned toward the ancient domain that had slipped from its grasp. "What is lost without must be won within" became the national slogan. And this time the man for the task was at hand.

Enrico Mylius Dalgas was by the accident of birth an Italian, his father being the Danish consul in Naples; by descent a Frenchman; by choice and training a Dane, typical of the best in that people. He came of the Huguenot stock that left France after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 and scattered over Europe, to the great good of every land in which it settled. They had been tillers of the soil from the beginning, and at least two of the family who found homes in Denmark made in their day notable contributions to the cause of advanced, sensible husbandry. Enrico's father, though a merchant, had an open eye for the interests which in later years claimed the son's life-work. In the diary of a journey through Sweden he makes indignant comment upon the reckless way in which the people of that country dealt with their forests. That he was also a man of resolution is shown by an incident of the time when Jew-baiting was having its sorry day in Denmark. An innkeeper mistook the dark-skinned little man for a Jew and set before him a spoiled ham, retorting contemptuously, when protest was made, that it was "good enough for a Sheeny." Without further parley Mr. Dalgas seized the hot ham by its shank and beat the fellow with it till he cried for mercy. The son tells of the first school he attended, when he was but five years old. It was kept by the widow of one of Napoleon's generals, a militant lady, who every morning marshaled the school, a Lilliputian army with the teachers flanking the line like beardless sergeants in stays and petticoats, and distributed rewards and punishments as the great Emperor was wont to do after a battle. For the dunces there was a corner strewn with dried peas on which they were made to kneel with long-eared donkey caps adorning their luckless heads. Very likely it was after an insult of this kind that Enrico decided to elope to America with his baby sister. They were found down by the harbor bargaining with some fishermen to take them over to Capri *en route* for the land of freedom. The elder Dalgas died while the children were yet little, and the widow went back to Denmark to bring up her boys there.

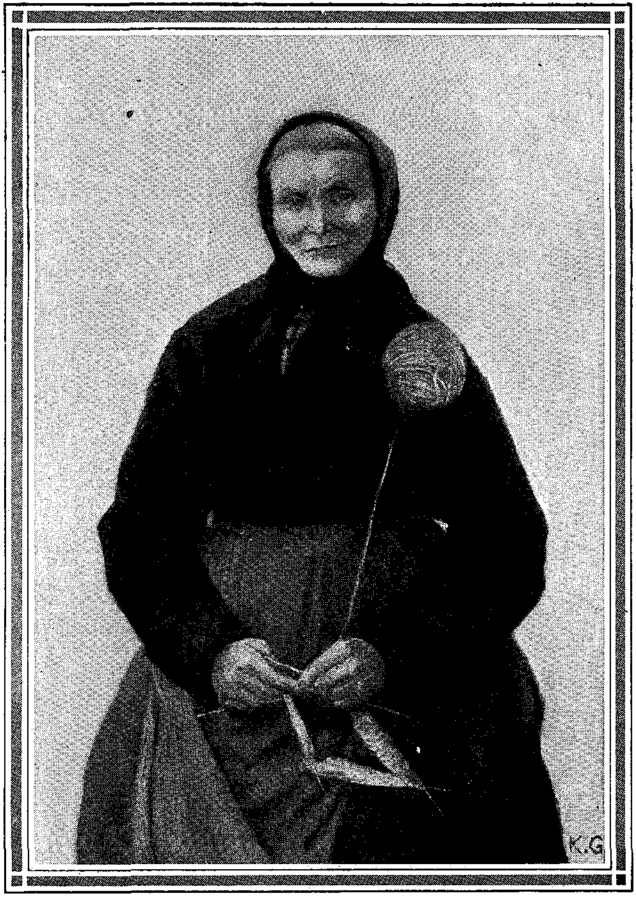


THE LING-THATCHED HUT OF THE HEATH BOER

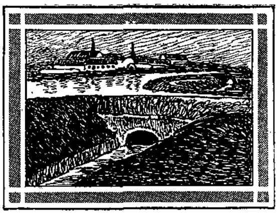
They were poor, and the change from the genial skies of sunny Italy to the bleak North did not make it any easier for them. Enrico's teacher saw it, and gave him his overcoat to be made over. But the boys spotted it, and squared accounts with their teacher by snowballing the wearer of the big green plaid until he was glad to leave it at home and go without. He was in the military school when the war with Germany of 1848 broke out. Both of his brothers volunteered and fell in battle. Enrico was ordered out as lieutenant, and put on the shoulder-straps joyfully, to the great scandal of his godfather in Milan, who sympathized with the German cause. When the young soldier refused to resign, he not only cut him off in his will, but took away a pension of four hundred kroner he had given his mother in her widowhood. If he had thoughts of bringing them over by such means, he found out his mistake. Mother and son were made of sterner stuff. Dalgas fought twice for his country, the last time in 1864, as a captain of engineers.

It was no ordinary class, the one of 1851 that resumed its studies in the military high school. Two of the students did not answer roll-call; their names were written among the nation's heroic dead. Some had scars and wore the cross for valor in battle. All were first lieutenants, to be graduated as captains. Dalgas had himself transferred from the artillery to the engineers, and was detailed as road inspector. So the opportunity of his life came to him.

There were few railways in those days; the highways were still the great arteries of traffic. Dalgas built roads that crossed the heath, and he learned to know it and the strong and independent, if narrow, people who clung to it with such a tenacious grip. He had a



KNITTING FOR THE TAXES



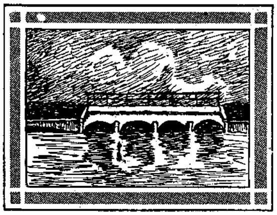
natural liking for practical geology and for the chemistry of the soil, and the deep cuts which his roads sometimes made gave him the best of chances for following his bent. The heath lay as an open book before him, and he studied it with delight. He found the traces of the old forests and noted their extent. Occasionally the pickax uncovered peat deposits of unsuspected depth and value. Sometimes the line led across the lean fields, and damages had to be discussed and assessed. He learned the point of view of the heath farmer, sympathized with his struggles, and gained his confidence. Best of all, he found a man of his own mind, a lawyer by the name of Morville, himself a descendant of the exiled Huguenots. It is not a little curious that when the way was cleared for the Heath Society's great work, in its formal organization with M. Mourier-Petersen, a large landowner, as their associate in its management, the three men who for a quarter of a century planned the work and marked out the groove in which it was to run were all of that strong stock which is by no means the most common in Denmark.

With his lawyer friend Captain Dalgas tramped the heath far and wide for ten years. Then their talks had matured a plan. Dalgas wrote to the Copenhagen newspapers that the heath could be reclaimed, and suggested that it should be done by the State. They laughed at him. "Nothing better could have happened," he said in after years, "for it made us turn to the people themselves, and that was the road to success, though we did not know it." In the spring of 1866 a hundred men, little and big landowners most of them, met at his call and organized the Heath Society,[1] with the object of reclaiming the moor. Dalgas became its managing director.

To restore to the treeless waste its forest growth was the fundamental idea, for until that was done nothing but the heather could grow there. The west wind would not let it. But the heath farmer shook his head. It would cost too much, and give too little back. What he needed was water and marl. Could the captain help him to these?—that was another matter. The little streams that found their way into the heath and lost it there, dire need had taught them to turn to use in their fields; not a drop escaped. But the river that ran between deep banks was beyond their reach. Could he

---

[1] Danske Hedeselskab.



THE HEATH BOER

show them how to harness that? Dalgas saw their point. "We are working not for the dead soil, but for the living men who find homes upon it," he told his associates, and tree-planting was put aside for the time. They turned canal-diggers instead. Irrigation became their aim and task; the engineer was in his right place. The water was raised from the stream and led out upon the moor, and presently grass grew in the sand which the wiry stems of the heather had clutched so long. Green meadows lined the water-runs, and fragrant haystacks rose. To the lean sheep was added a cow, then two. The farmer laid by a little, took in more land for cultivation. That meant breaking the heath. Also, it meant marl. The heath is lime-poor; marl is lime in the exact form in which it best fits that sandy soil. It was known to exist in some favored spots, but the poor heath farmer could not bring it from a distance. So the marl-borer went with the canal-digger. Into every acre he drove his auger and mapped out his discoveries. At last accounts he had found marl in more than seventeen hundred places, and he is not done yet. Where there was none, Dalgas's Society built portable railways into the moor far enough to bring it to nearly every farmer's door.

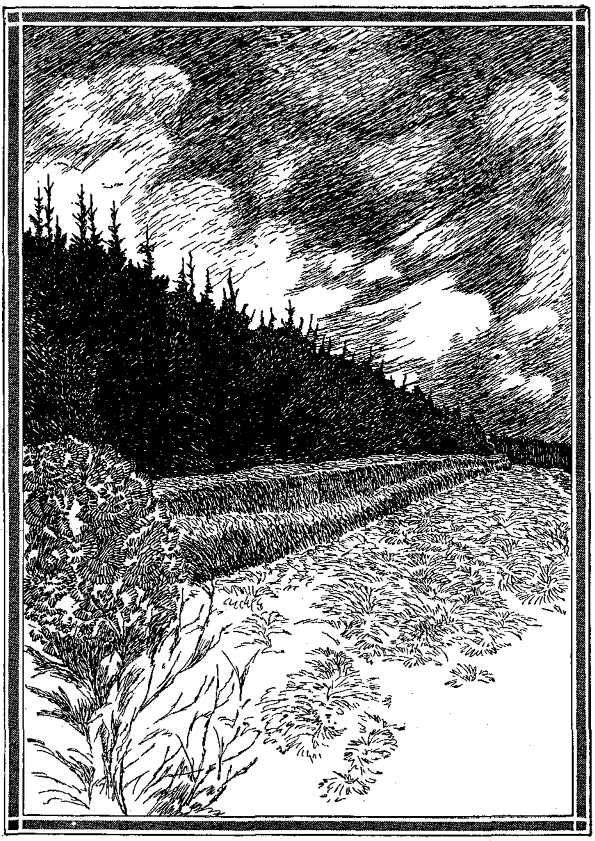
It was as if a magic wand had been waved over the heath. With water and marl, the means were at hand for fighting it and winning out. Heads that had been low in discouragement were raised. The cattle keep increased, and with it came the farmer's wealth. Marl changes the character of the heath soil; with manure to fertilize it there was no reason why it should not grow crops—none except the withering blast of the west wind. The time for Dalgas to preach tree-planting had come.

While the canal-digger and marl-seeker were at work there had been neighborhood meetings and talks at which Captain Dalgas did the talking. When he spoke, the heath boer listened, for he had learned to look upon him as one of them. He wore no gold lace. A plain man in everyday gray tweeds, with his trousers tucked into his boots, he spoke to plain people of things that concerned them vitally and in a way they could understand. So when he told them that the heath had once been forest-clad, at least a large part of it, and pointed them to the proofs, and that the woods could be made to grow again to give them timber and shelter and crops, they gave heed. It was worth trying at any rate. The shelter was the immediate thing. They began planting hedges about their homesteads; not always wisely, for it is not every tree that will grow in the heath. The wind whipped and wore them, the *ahl* cramped their roots, and they died. The *ahl* is the rusty red crust that forms under the heather in the course of the ages where the desert rules. Sometimes it is a loose sandstone formation; sometimes it carries as much as twenty per cent of iron that is absorbed from the upper layers of the sand. In any case, it must be broken through; no tree root can do it. The *ahl*, the poverty of the sand, and the wind together make the evil genius of the heath that had won until then in the century-old fight with man. But this time the man had backing and was not minded to give up. The Heath Society was there to counsel, to aid. And soon the hedges took hold and gardens grew in their shelter. There is hardly a farm in all west Jutland to-day that has not one, even if the moor waits just beyond the gate.

Out in the desert the Society had made a beginning with plantations of Norway spruce. They took root, but the heather soon overwhelmed the young plants. Not without a fight would this enemy let go its grip upon the land. It had smothered the hardy Scotch pine in days past, and now the spruce was in peril. Searching high and low for something that would grow fast and grow green, Dalgas and his associates planted dwarf pine with the spruce. Strangely, it not only grew itself but proved to be a real nurse for the other. The spruce took a fresh start and they grew vigorously together—for a while. Then the pine outstripped its nursling and threatened to smother it. The spruce was the more valuable; the other was at best little more than a shrub. The croaker raised his voice: the black heath had turned green, but it was still heath, of no value to any one, then or ever.

He had not reckoned with Dalgas. The captain of engineers could use the ax as well as the spade. He cut the dwarf pine out wherever the spruce had got its grip, and gave it light and air. And it grew big and beautiful. The Heath Society has now over nineteen hundred plantations that cover nearly a hundred thousand acres, and the State and private individuals, inspired by the example it set, have planted almost as large an area. The ghost of the heath has been laid for all time.

Go now across the heath and see the change forty years have wrought. You shall seek in vain the lonely shepherd with his stocking. The stocking has grown into an organized industry. In grandfather's day the farmer and his household "knitted for the taxes;" if all hands made enough in the twelvemonth to pay the tax-gatherer, they had done well. Last year the single county of Hammerum, of which more below, sold machine-made underwear to the value of over a million and a half kroner. The sheep are there, but no longer lean; no more the ling-thatched hut, but prosperous farms backed by thrifty groves, with hollyhock and marigold in the dooryards, heaps of gray marl in the fields, tiny rivulets of water singing the doom of the heath in the sand; for where it comes the heather moves out. A resolute, thrifty peasantry looks hopefully forward. Not all of the heath is conquered yet. Roughly speaking, thirty-three hundred square miles of heath confronted Dalgas in 1866. About a thousand remain for those who come after to wrestle with; but already voices are raised pleading that some of it be preserved untouched for its natural beauty while yet it is time. Meanwhile the plow goes over fresh acres every year—once, twice, then a deeper plowing, this time to break the stony crust, and the heath is ready for its human mission. From the Society's nurseries that are scattered through the country come thousands of tiny trees which are set out in the furrows, two of the spruce for each dwarf pine, till the nurse has done her work. Then she is turned into charcoal, into tar, and a score of other things of use. The men who do the planting in summer find chopping to do in winter in the older plantations, at good wages. Money is flowing into the moor in the wake of the water and the marl. Roads are being made, and every day the mail-carrier comes. In the olden time a stranger straying into the heath often brought the first news of the world without for weeks



A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD SPRUCE PLANTATION

together. Game is coming, too—roebuck and deer—in the young forests. The climate itself is changing; more rain falls in midsummer, when it is needed. The sand-blast has been checked, the power of the west wind broken. The shriveled soil once more takes up and holds the rains, and the streams will deepen, and fish leap in them as of yore. Groves of beech and oak are springing up in the shelter of their hardier, evergreen kin. "Make the land furry," Dalgas said, with prophetic eye beholding great forests taking the place of sand and heather, and in his lifetime the change was wrought that is transforming the barren moor into the home-land of a prosperous people.

To the most unlikely of places, through the very prison doors, the gospel of hope has made its way. For the last dozen years the life prisoners in the Horsens penitentiary have been employed in breaking and reforesting the heath, and their keepers report that the effect upon them of the hard work in the open has been to notably cheer and brighten them. The discipline has been excellent. There have been few attempts at escape, and these have come to nothing through the vigilance of the other prisoners.

While the population in the rest of Denmark is about stationary, in west Jutland it grows apace. The case of Skaaphus farm, in the parish of Sunds, shows how this happens. Prior to 1870 this farm of three thousand acres was rated the "biggest and poorest" in Denmark. Last year it had dwindled to three hundred and fifty acres, but upon its old land thirty-three homesteads had risen that kept between them sixty-two horses and two hundred and fifty-two cows beside the sheep, and the manor farm was worth twice as much as before. The town of Herning, sometimes called "the Star of the Heath," is the seat of Hammerum County, once the baldest and most miserable on the Danish mainland. In

1841 twenty-one persons lived in Herning. To-day there are more than six thousand in a town with handsome buildings, gas, electric lighting, and paved streets. And this is not the result of any special or forced industry, but the natural, healthy growth of a center for an army of industrious men and women winning back the land of their fathers by patient toil. All through the landscape one sees from the train the black giving way to the green. Churches rear their white gables; bells that have been silent since the Black Death stalked through the land once more call the people to worship on the old sites. More churches were built in the reign of "the good King Christian," who has just been gathered to his fathers, than in all the centuries since the day of the Valdemars.

Bog cultivation is the Heath Society's youngest child. The heath is full of peat-bogs that only need the sand, so plentiful on the uplands, to make their soil as good as the best, the muck of the bog being all plant food, and they have a surplus of water to give in exchange. With hope the keynote of it all, the State has taken up the herculean task of keeping down the moving sands of the North Sea coast. All along it is a range of dunes that in the fierce storms of that region may change shape and place in a single night. The "sand flight" at times reaches miles inland and threatens to bury the farmer's acres past recovery. Austrian fir and dwarf pine now grow upon the white range, helping alike to keep down the sand and to bar out the blast.

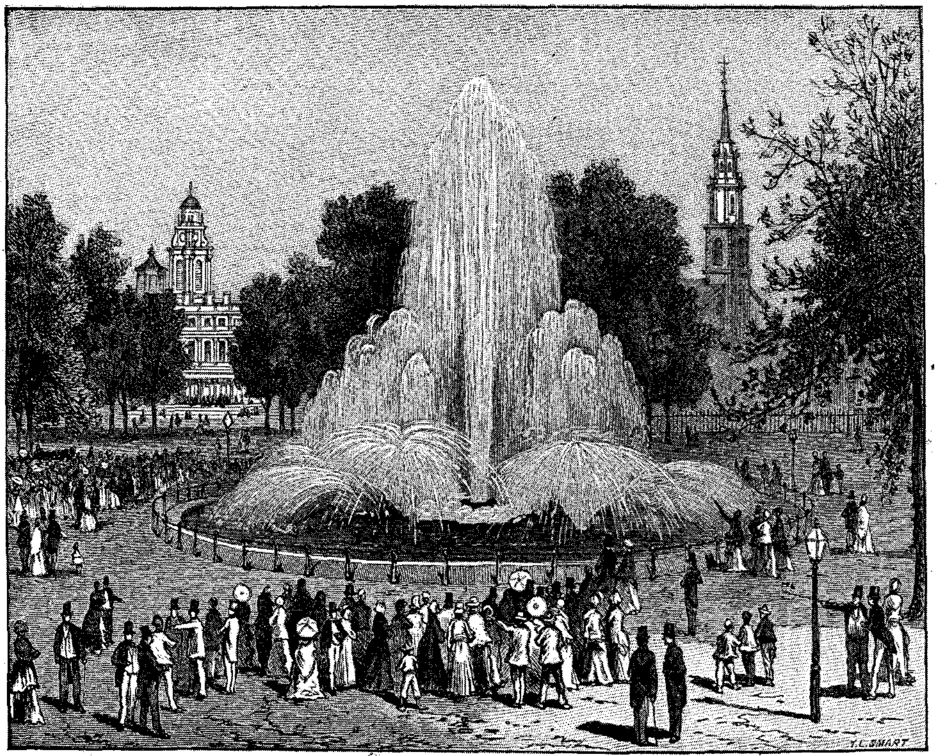
With this exception, the great change has been, is being, wrought by the people themselves. It was for their good, in the apathy that followed 1864, that it should be so, and Dalgas saw it. The State aids the man who plants ten acres or more and assumes the obligation to preserve the forest intact; the Heath Society sells him plants at half-price and helps him with its advice. It disposes annually of over thirteen millions of young trees. The people do the rest and back the Society with their support. The Danish peasant has learned the value of co-operation since he turned dairy farmer, and associations for irrigation, for tree-planting, and garden-planting are everywhere. They even reach across the ocean. This year a call was issued to sons of the old soil who have found a new home in America to join in planting a Danish-American forest on a most picturesque stretch of heath land that has been picked for this purpose, and is to be preserved as a sort of national park.

Soldier though he was, Enrico Dalgas's pick and spade brigade won greater victories for Denmark than her armies in two wars. He literally "won for his country within what she had lost without." A natural organizer, a hard worker who found his greatest joy in his daily tasks, a fearless and lucid writer who yet knew how to keep his cause out of the rancorous politics that often enough seemed to mistake partisanship for patriotism, he was the most modest of men. Praise he always passed up to others. At the "silver wedding" of the Society he founded they toasted him jubilantly, but he sat quiet a long time. When at last he arose, it was to make this characteristic little speech:

"I thank you very much. His Excellency the Minister of the Interior, who is present here, will see from this how much you think of me, and possibly my recommendation that the State make a larger contribution to the Heath Society's treasury may thereby acquire greater weight with him. I drink to an increased appropriation."

On the heath Dalgas was prophet, prince, and friend of the people. In the crowds that flocked about his bier homespun elbowed officialdom in the grief of a common loss. Boughs of the fragrant spruce decked his coffin, the gift of the heath to the memory of him who set it free.

To Dalgas apply the words of the seer with which he himself characterized the society that was the child of his heart and brain: "The good men are those who plant and water," for they add to the happiness of mankind.



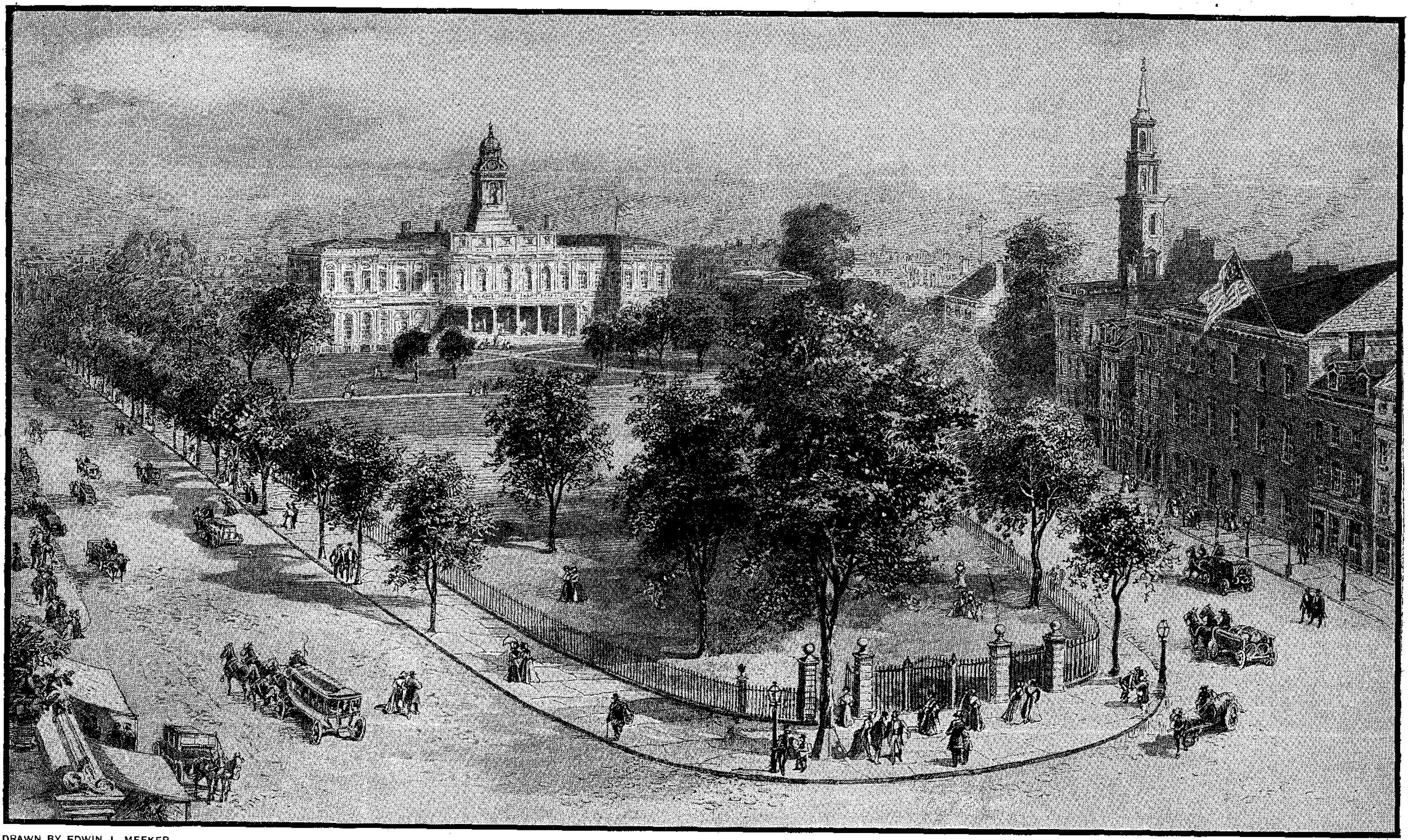
THE OLD FOUNTAIN IN CITY HALL PARK FROM AN OLD WOOD ENGRAVING

New York's City Hall Park Problem

By Montgomery Schuyler

FOR the "*n*th" time a proposal is pending to occupy the scanty space north of the City Hall in the City Hall Park of New York with a huge and towering building. Previous proposals to the same effect have been repelled, sometimes by merely local opposition, sometimes by invoking legislation from the government of the State of New York. What makes the present proposal especially formidable is that it is made by the official commission of Bench and Bar appointed to find a site for a new court-house, unquestionably and urgently needed, and that that commission in effect reports that its recommendation is a "counsel of desperation." Also, the Mayor, whose personal influence is even beyond his official power in the premises, has committed himself in favor of the proposal, though happily he has shown himself, in this matter as in others, of an open mind and accessible to reason.

The situation at least shows how difficult and tedious has been, and even is, the "campaign of education" in the uses of public parks. It can never be said to have succeeded beyond the possibility of a reverse. Even now we see that a number of educated men and good citizens are not convinced by experience that, when the question of site for a public building arises, the line of least resistance does not lead through a public park. They are now, one trusts, in the way of being shown that that is precisely the line of most resistance. There are never wanting Gradgrinds who look upon a public park in a city as so much waste land, and raiders who even imagine themselves as "affected with a public interest" in demanding that it shall be "made useful" by being

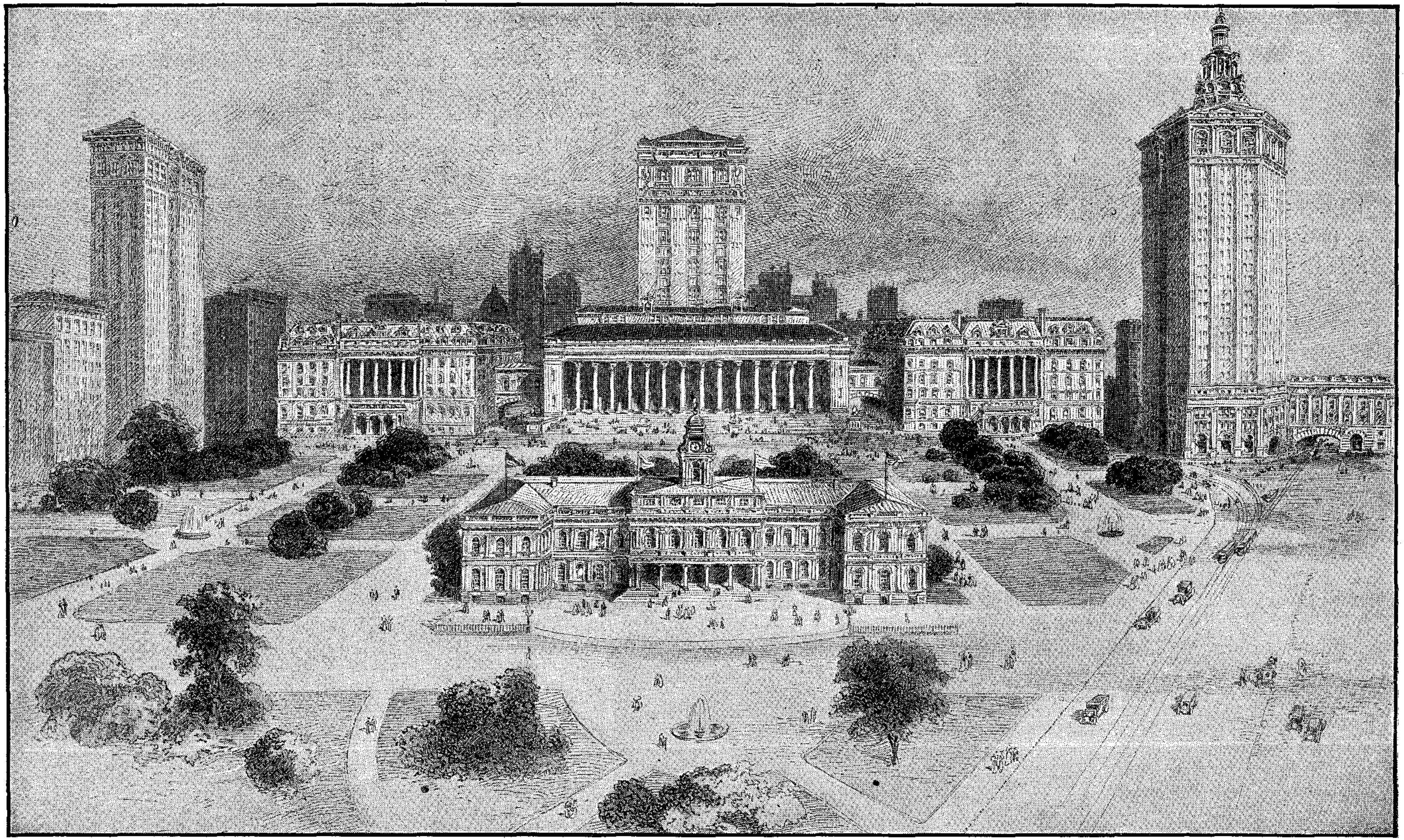


DRAWN BY EDWIN J. MEEKER

CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK, BEFORE THE POST-OFFICE WAS ERECTED covered with buildings or soiled with some ignoble use. The most monstrous of all the projects for the conversion of public property to private uses was, no doubt, the proposal, some twenty years ago, to drive a trotting course through Central Park. That awful project came perilously near succeeding. The raiders had laid their plans very thoroughly, and relied upon swiftness and secrecy to rush the necessary legislation through to enactment before the public indignation they were intelligent enough to apprehend could be organized in opposition. They perhaps did not know, they certainly did not care, that the success of their scheme would be the utter destruction of the great pleasure-ground for its proper and intended uses. They themselves have as much reason as anybody else to be thankful, from their special point of view as owners of fast horses, that they were baffled. For their exclusion from Central Park resulted in the discovery and utilization of a far better place for the purposes of a speedway in a strip of shore secure, by the lie of the land, from crossings at grade, and of suitable length and levelness, where they could speed horses to their content without exposing themselves to danger and without making themselves a public nuisance. The establishment of a race-course in Central Park would have been as destructive of its real uses as the execution of the avowed and formal proposal of destruction which has been made within the last few years. This proposal was to sell off the Park for building lots, excepting a strip through the center to be maintained as a wide avenue, a sort of cisatlantic Champs Élysées. But it may be questioned whether the execution of either project would have been more injurious to the Park as a *rus in urbe,* a place reserved for peace and quietness, than the change which has come over it through our mere laches following the introduction of the automobile. Nothing is further " from the purpose " of a rural landscape than a procession of gasoline-driven cars, honking and giving odor. New York has cause to envy the prompt prevision and precaution of London in banishing from Hyde Park during the hours of greatest frequentation all but electrically driven automobiles.

There is no lesson more forcibly inculcated by the history of any great city, by the history of New York in particular, than that—to put it on the most practical ground—parks pay, that their value as social antiseptics is reflected in the municipal revenue. The seat of fashion is always a park. From the Battery, as soon as the fort that gave it its name was demolished, just after the Revolution, the favorite residential quarter became in turn City Hall Park, casually left in the beginning as " Common " or cow-pasture. Thence to "Hudson Square," or St. John's Park, as we know it, a reservation made under the wise and provident management of the Trinity Church of the opening years of the nineteenth century. This became, and for a generation remained, as Dr. Dix calls it in his " History of Trinity Parish," " the court end of the town." After that, fashion, in the vicissitude of things, flitted to the northward. But St. John's Park might still have been, if not the seat of fashion any longer, a highly respectable and eligible quarter of residence, if the unwise and improvident administration of Trinity in the seventh decade of the century had not succeeded the wise and provident administration of the first, if the vestry had not sold their birthright for a mess of pottage from the New York Central and if Commodore Vanderbilt had not built his freight station. Thereupon the region which Trinity had reclaimed from a swamp lapsed promptly to the state of a slum, occupied only by the most needy and unprofitable tenantry, until apparently only outspoken public indignation prevented the stewards of the estate of Trinity from razing the church, which was, after the park, the most conspicuous monument of the wisdom of their predecessors.

While fashion in New York, driven out by trade, has made its successive migrations northward, its flittings have always been from park to park, induced by the attractiveness of open spaces. From " Hudson Square " to Washington Square, originally a potter's field and then reserved for a parade ground, from Washington Square to Madison Square, from Madison Square to Central Park East—these have been its stages. And meanwhile the value of parks as social anti-



DRAWN BY EDWIN J. MEEKER

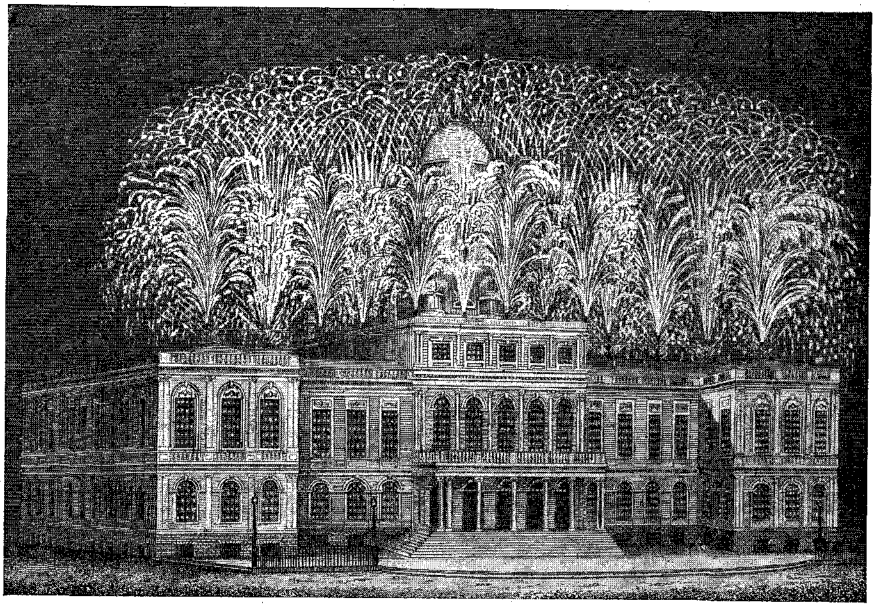
A PLAN FOR NEW YORK'S CIVIC CENTER

septics has been attested by such private reservations as those of Chelsea Square and Gramercy Park, which have paid for themselves over and over again by the class of occupiers they have attracted, and which still retain, as eddies and backwaters in the march of commercialism, so much of their old-fashioned charm.

Nor does the usefulness of a park cease when its surroundings change from domestic to commercial, as appears to be the assumption of the agitators for the erection of a huge court-house in City Hall Park. On the contrary, and very notably since the era of the sky-scraper began, the easements of light and air provided by the reservation from building on the open spaces become more valuable than ever. What would the sky-scrapers of the financial district be and do without the reservations, without Battery Park and the City Hall Park (which it is now proposed to invade with buildings), without Trinity and St. Paul's churchyards? Suppose Trinity were to conclude to sell out its churches and churchyards downtown and move northward, opening to building the spaces heretofore reserved from building. What a fluttering there would be among the owners of the towering buildings which are dependent upon these open spaces for the light and air which make the bordering buildings habitable and profitable! Yet the right of Trinity to inflict this injury is unquestionable. Trinity, to which the owners of the sky-scrapers around the two churchyards owe their possibility of profitable investment, has received no sort of equivalent for the "unearned increment" in the value of the surrounding land. That value has all gone to the owners of the surrounding land, to them and to the city, in the form of increased revenue from land thus increased in value. But is it not otherwise with the city itself? Would not there be an injustice and a breach of faith, whether or not cognizable and remediable by the courts of law it is proposed to establish on the ruins of City Hall Park, in the shutting up by the city of its own open spaces, when the buyers of the adjoining land have paid increased prices for their land and returned the city its share of the increase in the form of increased taxes, on the faith that the open spaces would be kept open? The question seems to be worth consideration.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the City Hall, fronted and flanked with marble, was backed with sandstone, upon the ground that the northern view was not important, the Broadway which was the pride and boast of New York, and which, in the judgment of Jefferson Brick, in 1842, "whipped the universe," was Broadway from the Battery to the City Hall Park. It was in 1835 that George P. Morris's "Mirror," the arbiter of elegancies for the New York of that period, complained that the sacred way was coming to be defiled, not only with "boarding-houses," but actually with "stores," and it was at the same time that the owner of the Astor House, then nearing completion, was severely chidden by the same authority for making its architecture so plain and so gloomy, a criticism in which posterity scarcely concurs, and which was even less warranted when the building was new than it is now, for since then the wreathed bull's-eyes in granite, which so long mitigated the asperity of the upper story, have been "reamed out" to mere rectangular holes.

City Hall and City Hall Park established a new civic center at the head of Broadway. The new City Hall supplanted Bellomont's City Hall of 1700, at the head of Broad Street, enlarged and embellished by L'Enfant in 1789 for the purposes of a Federal Hall, and demolished about 1830 to make room for the Custom-House, now the Sub-Treasury. The new City Hall went for very much in the attractiveness of the new quarter. It not only was when it was built, but it remains a century and more later, the most admirable building belonging to the municipality of New York. The more is the pity that, in spite of an obstinate tradition, confirmed by internal evidence, that the architect was a Frenchman, the architecture should have been, during the whole existence of the edifice, popularly attributed to the builder, John McComb. It was only the other year the present writer had the satisfaction of exploding McComb's architectural pretensions out of his own mouth—at least his own diary—and of vindicating the actual architect, Joseph F. Mangin, who was the City Surveyor of those years.



FROM AN OLD PRINT

NEW YORK CITY HALL ILLUMINATED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL

His name survives in a street that he named after himself in the Grand Street region, but ought to survive more illustriously by some inscription in the building which is his real monument.

For the first half of the nineteenth century, then, the Broadway which was the pride of New York was bounded by Bowling Green and the Battery on the south, and by City Hall Park on the north. The Park was planted and embellished to the utmost of the taste and skill of the Manhattan of the period. The lower end of it, that which is now occupied by the Post-Office, was given over to "the Park Fountain"—by no means the actual fountain on the east side, and about the middle of what is left of the Park, which was erected in partial replacement of the old, after the old had been demolished and its site dug out to make room for the Post-Office. The present fountain was erected after the designs of Calvert Vaux and Wrey Mould, architects of the Park Department, in the early seventies. It has never become by any means such a feature of the life of the city as its predecessor at the lower end, which began to operate with the introduction of Croton water, in 1842. In fact, the spurting of the (then) new fountain, finished for the occasion, was the official proclamation to "all New York" that the Croton water was "turned on." It was the central and cynosural point in that celebration of the Fourth of July, 1842, which was agreed to be the most imposing civic display which the municipality had up to that time furnished. As the first jet of water arose and fell back in cascades, the chorus of the Sacred Music Society, at the edge of the basin, sang the ode which George P. Morris had written "at the request of the corporation:"

"Water leaps as if delighted,
While her conquered foes retire!
Pale Contagion flies affrighted
With the baffled demon Fire!
Water shouts a glad hosanna!
Bubbles up the earth to bless!
Cheers it like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.

Round the aqueducts of story
As the mists of Lethe throng,
Croton's waves, in all their glory,
Troop in melody along.
Ever sparkling, bright, and single
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,
When posterity shall mingle
Like the gathered waters here."

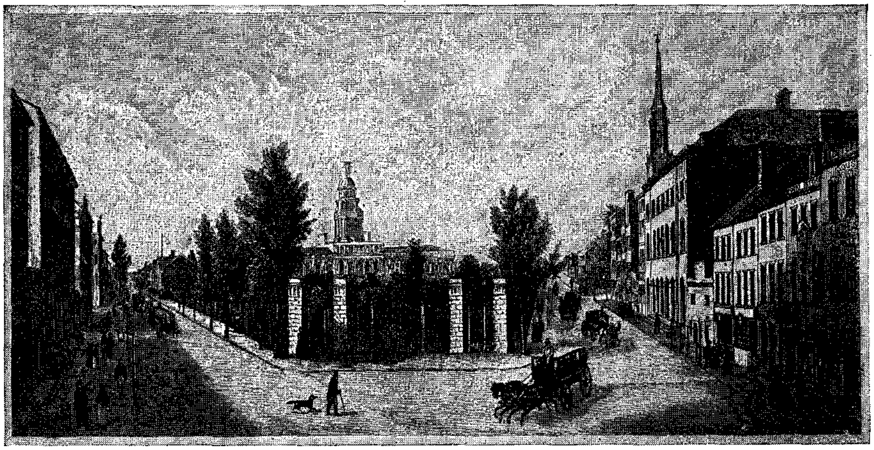
"Posterity" finds it impracticable to "mingle" at the Park fountain. That survives now only in old prints, and old memories, and old songs like that of Morris, which we have just quoted, and like the verse of N. P. Willis, the other "City

Poet" of the forties and fifties, and co-editor with Morris of the "Home Journal," which succeeded Morris's "Mirror" as the social chronicle and oracle of the town. Do you happen to remember "The Pity of the Park Fountain"?

> "'Twas a summery day in the last of May,
>   Pleasant in sun or shade,
> And the hours went by, as the poets say,
> Fragrant and fair on their flowery way,
> And a hearse crept slowly through Broadway,
>   And the fountain gayly played.
>
> . . . .
>
> With as fair a ray, on another day,
>   The morning will have shone;
> And as little marked, in bright Broadway,
> A hearse will glide, amid busy and gay,
> And the bard who sings will have passed away,
>   And the fountain will play on."

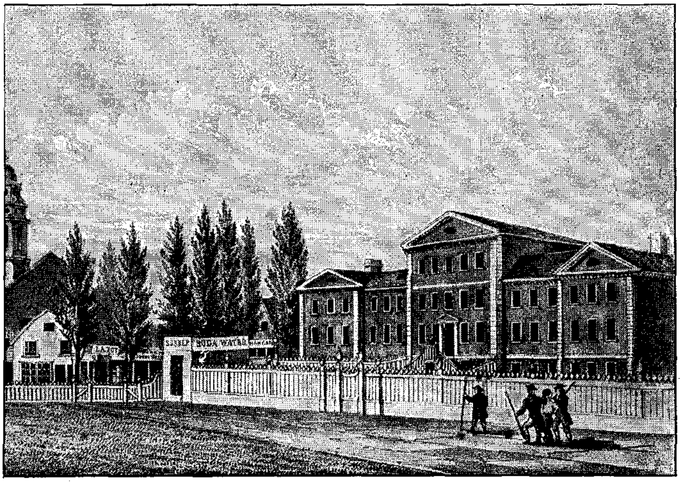
One knows not whether the prophecy was fulfilled. Probably not, since Willis died at his country place, Idlewild, up the Hudson (where he had lived for twenty years), in 1867, the very year in which the lower end of the Park, including "the Park Fountain," was made over by the municipality to the Federal Government, and the fountain ceased to play.

The public sentiment in favor of the preservation of parks was by no means as pronounced or as organized in 1867 as it is to-day. If it had been, it is doubtful whether the corporation of Trinity would have found the courage to sell its birthright in St. John's Park for Commodore Vanderbilt's mess of pottage. It is doubtful whether the Tweed Ring would have found the courage to hand over the



FROM AN OLD PRINT

CITY HALL PARK IN 1822



FROM AN OLD LITHOGRAPH

THE OLD BRIDEWELL IN THE PARK

birthright of the city to the Federal Government for far less than its market value. As a business transaction, the sale of St. John's Park for a million was far more creditable to the sellers than the sale of the Post-Office site for half a million. It is true, not only that opposition to the alienation of park space was a much weaker sentiment then than now, but that the Tweed Ring was more out of relation with decent sentiment than any municipal rule we have had before or since. But, in fact, there was no strong sentiment opposed when the lower end of the Park was ceded to the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, "because of his importunity." If Mr. Mullett had been as masterly an architect as he was a masterful man, the building with which he extinguished the Park fountain would have been more of a consolation. He had cast the eye of Ahab upon this particular vineyard and would take nothing else, threatening the mercantile community to leave them to the manifold inconveniences of continuing to do the postal business in the converted, and not thoroughly converted, Middle Dutch Church, in Nassau Street, if he could not have for the new Post-Office the one site on which his heart was set. The Tweed Aldermen were the last New Yorkers to offer any effective opposition to this sort of duress. But already, before yielding to the importunity of the Supervising Architect, the Tammany Ring had committed a greater spoliation of the Park on its own account and for the behoof of its own members. The Tweed Court-House, authorized in 1861, was under construction for most of the ensuing decade, and was the pretext for the most audacious of the robberies of the Tweed Ring. In fact, it was the publication of the enormous frauds that were perpetrated under this pretext that drove the Ring out of power and its sponsor into exile and finally to a death in jail. Architecturally the building has nothing valuable excepting the southern extension, built thirty years later, which manifests open contempt for the edifice to which it is attached. Morally it is the monument of a public scandal hardly paralleled by any building in the United States. The history and associations of the one Court-House in City Hall Park might well have seemed ominous to the projectors of another far larger and far more obstructive building for the same purposes and in the same place. Not the extension but the demolition of the Tweed Court-House is desirable, as the removal of a building architecturally worthless and a monument of municipal disgrace.

Nor is there any other building in the City Hall Park, that alone excepted from which it takes its name, the demolition of which is on any account to be deplored. The one building which antedated the City Hall, the old Hall of Records, or Register's Office, disappeared in 1903. It never had much architectural interest, and what it had it lost when it was enlarged, under the Tweed Ring, and the additional accommodation needed was obtained by the simple expedient of bricking up the portico. It had, or rather its site had, some historical interest, seeing that it was the site of the building occupied for a jail from 1757 until 1830, including the British occupation of New York during the Revolution. The only part of the actual building which partook of these historical associations was the basement, in which the dungeons of its former function were still visible. But as not one New Yorker in ten thousand had ever seen these dungeons or was likely ever to see them, the opposition to its demolition on historical grounds seemed rather fantastic and overstrained. There were not many dissentients upon sentimental grounds from the judicial order for its demolition issued in 1902 upon the extremely practical ground that it was in so dangerous a condition as to be a public nuisance. And of the remaining buildings in City Hall Park there will not be, as Cromwell said of the Long Parliament, "a dog to bark at their going." Nobody can pretend that they have any architectural or historical interest or any practical importance which makes their company better than their room. A clean sweep is what any enlightened municipal improver would have to recommend in their case.

Such a clean sweep, leaving the City Hall alone in its Park, would, in the first place, supply it with the frame and foreground which would exhibit it, in the view from the south particularly, but indeed from every point, to an advantage to which it has not been seen for a generation, or since the erection of the Post-Office in front of it. It was before that mistaken erection that the legendary Irish immigrant, arrested on his way from Castle Garden up Broadway by the fair proportions of the official home of the municipality, proved himself a better architectural critic than the generations which have gone on attributing its design to a New York builder of Scottish descent—" Bedad, that was never built in this country." And the demolition would effectually prevent the contemplated enormity of submerging and overwhelming the City Hall by a towering range of buildings immediately behind it, against the background of which it would be extinguished, while in turn it would effectually prevent the appreciation of whatever artistic merit they might possess, from what ought to be the most favorable point of view.

The project of further encumbering the City Hall Park with a huge building, instead of freeing it from the existing encumbrances, is especially objectionable as frustrating the opportunity now offered to establish a real civic center and as nullifying the beginnings which have already been made in that behalf. By clearing the surface of the City Hall Park, not only would the City Hall gain the detachment and isolation necessary to the conspicuousness which it deserves, but there would be space enough to enable the appreciation also of municipal buildings on the north side of Chambers Street, though by no means on the south side. A beginning has already been made, and, as most of us agree, a worthy beginning, in the erection of the Hall of Records. When he obtained the commission for that building, the architect, the late John Rochester Thomas, exclaimed in his joy, " This means ten million dollars' worth of work !" What he had in mind is clear enough. It was a range of municipal buildings extending along the north side of Chambers Street, from Center Street to Broadway. It was only the first of these upon which he considered himself to be immediately engaged, but that he had the whole range in mind is evident from his design for the first. For no instructed inspector of the Hall of Records can miss seeing that it is designed as a " wing building," to be counterparted at the west end by another, its like, on Broadway. Even if there were no central and dominating building, these two would make their effect, an effect curiously similar, more similar than can be seen anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic, to the twin palaces of Gabriel, dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century, the effectiveness of which has been felt by every tourist who has ever since seen the Place de la Concorde. The Hall of Records distinctly needs and demands such a balance to attain its own due and rightful effect.

The treatment of the space intervening between these two buildings is an open question, and it is left open in the tentative and suggestive sketch of a civic center which accompanies the appeal of the Fine Arts Federation to " Save the City Hall and the City Hall Park." It was under the Borough Presidency of Mr. Cantor, whose enlightened efforts for the civic betterment of Manhattan have hardly received so wide a popular recognition as they deserve, that Mr. Cantor took counsel concerning this particular problem with a citizen, who in turn took counsel with the late Charles F. McKim. Mr. McKim at once recognized that a building on Broadway counterparting the Hall of Records " imposed itself," suggested bridging Chambers Street in order to bring the new central building into connection with the Court-House (the demolition of which nobody was then audacious enough to advocate), and moreover that the city erect its own municipal office building on the comparatively cheap ground, cheaply occupied, opposite the Court-House and between Reade and Duane Streets. I think this was the first suggestion for utilizing that ground of which the utilization is a conspicuous element in the present project for establishing and embellishing a civic center of Greater New York in the neighborhood of what has for over a century been the civic center of Manhattan. Unfortunately, by some official misunderstanding or indiscretion, the tracing on the city map with which Mr. McKim illustrated his meaning was converted in next morning's papers into " Mr. McKim's plan for a new Court-House and City Hall," or description to that effect, to the horror and embarrassment of the architect, who was thus represented as bidding for professional employment.

That this scheme, which suggested itself to Mr. McKim so long ago, should have suggested itself anew to the artists who have undertaken to point out to the municipal authorities a more excellent way to acquire a new Court-House than through the destruction of a useful public park and the effacement of a beautiful public building, seems a good *prima facie* indication of the essential reasonableness of the scheme. The raid upon City Hall Park has been a discouraging event, in so far as it has shown that the war against the diversion of any portion of the open spaces now reserved for the purposes of public parks to other purposes, private or even public, is not, and perhaps never will be, definitively won, and that eternal vigilance is still the price of their preservation. At the same time it is encouraging to note that a general and enlightened opposition is sure to be made to any project of alienation so soon as such a project emerges from the privacy in which it is conceived into the publicity which develops opposition to it.

THE WIND IN THE LEAVES

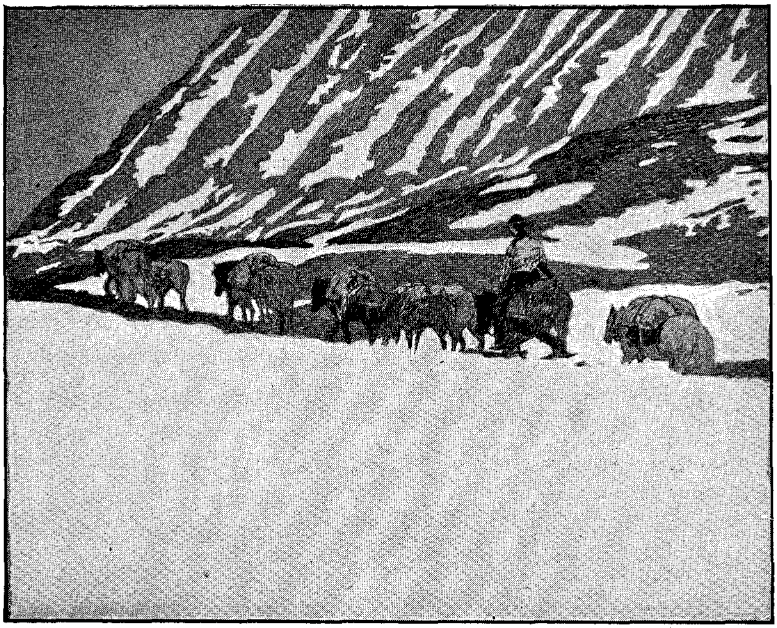
BY MADISON CAWEIN

The wind that moves among the leaves
Is some slim maiden none perceives,
Who evermore her magic weaves,
    And dances;
You hear her feet, as soft as thieves';
And then the silken swish of sleeves,
Fluttered along the forest's eaves,
    Entrances.

She leans and whispers in the ear
Of every wild-flower something dear—
How to protect their hearts from fear
    Of dying;
Then takes the thistle's feathery sphere
And glimmers it across the mere,
Or on a cobweb, trailing clear,
    Goes flying.

The butterfly, that comes and goes,
She tosses on the wildwood rose;
And, standing sly on elfin toes,
    She teases
The calyxed bee that whines; then blows
Into each bud till wide it grows;
And swift the musk that in it glows
    She seizes.

Then, faery-fair, away she trips,
Wild perfume on her wildwood lips,
To where, with twinkling finger-tips,
    Day's daughter,
Dusk, waits her where the silence drips;
There from her gown of light she slips,
And with the star of twilight dips
    The water.



THE CLOUD-GIRT PASS

Opening a New Empire

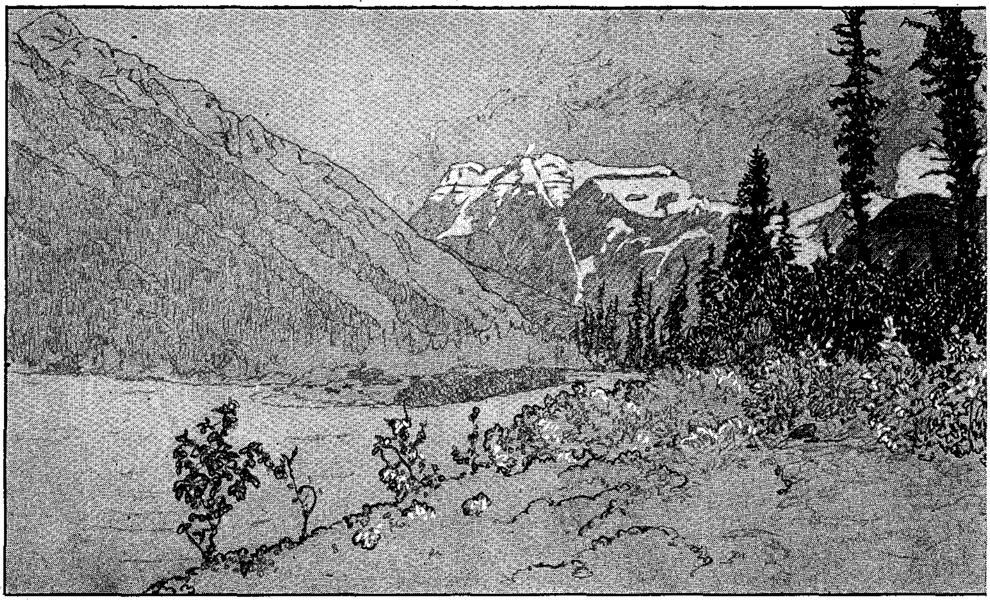
By Stanley Washburn

A FEW years ago a handful of conservative middle-aged English gentlemen were gathered about a directors' table in London. For months they had been listening placidly to the keen, intense arguments of the quiet, forceful American to whom had been intrusted the command in the field of their Canadian enterprise. The gentlemen were the Board of Directors of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. The American was Charles M. Hays. The point at issue was a transcontinental railway line. This impassive railway man from the Middle West was calling for a new all-Canadian line which should extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the total distance exceeding 3,500 miles. He was making this demand as unconcernedly as one of his own locomotive engineers might make a requisition for ten pounds of cotton waste or a gallon of lubricating oil. The new line, for convenience in organization and subdivision of responsibility, was to be known as the Grand Trunk Pacific. When completed, it was to give a line under one management, whose steel stretching between two oceans should open a route from England to the Orient hundreds of miles shorter than any existing line or combination of lines.

At last the American won. The consent was given, and the fiat went forth that the new line should be built. The cables flashed the news broadcast, and the general planned his campaign.

The man in the street now knows in a vague way that a road is building westward in Canada, but few even of the well informed are aware of the magnitude and comprehensiveness of the scheme that ranks next to the Trans-Siberian road in the vastness of its conception. When this road and all its tributaries and branches, as now planned, are completed and linked up with the parent Grand Trunk System, there will not be an important section of entire Canada that is not served between the two.

The charter and agreement with the Canadian Government call for the construction of a railway from the Atlantic to



MOUNT DOBSON AND THE WESTERN

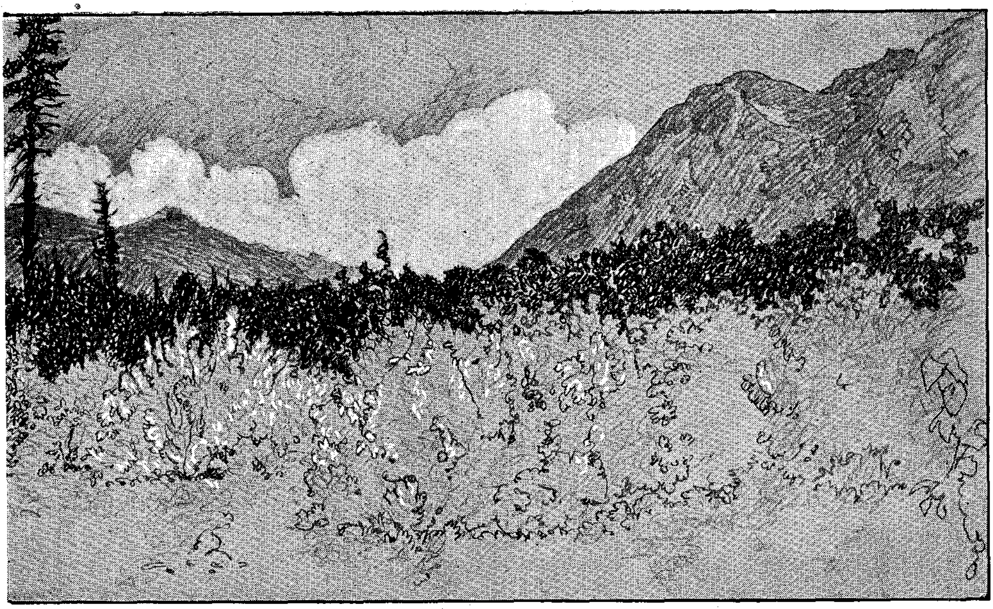
the Pacific wholly within Canadian territory. The estimated length of the main line alone will exceed 3,500 miles. Branch lines are proposed that shall reach north and south toward every important center not touched by the central spinal column, which, in its transcontinental journey, is aiming for the shortest practicable main line between oceans. So vast is the general scheme that the lines to Dawson in the Yukon Territory and to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay form the merest detail in the project.

The Eastern terminal is to be at Moncton, New Brunswick, with a branch line to St. John on the seaboard; the Western outlet, Prince Rupert, in British Columbia, near the southern boundary of Alaska.

The financing of this giant enterprise no doubt struck the placid directors aforementioned as an even wilder undertaking than the building of the road itself. But to the mind behind the conception difficulties only whetted the interest in the little problem under consideration, and out of the puzzle came the agreement between the projectors and the Canadian Government—an arrangement which made this great dream a reality.

The project was divided into two great parts, to be known as the Eastern and Western divisions, the former to reach from the Atlantic to Winnipeg, a distance of 1,800 miles, and the latter from Winnipeg to the Pacific, a distance of 1,756 miles. The Canadian Government agrees to build the main line of the Eastern division entire and lease it to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company for a period of fifty years, it being understood that no rental shall be charged for the first seven years, the company being subject only to operating expenditures. Thereafter the company is to pay the Government, by way of rental, an annual sum equal to three per cent of the cost of construction. Arrangements for renewal of the lease at the end of the first fifty years are provided for. The Western division is to be built by the railway company itself, the Government guaranteeing the first mortgage bonds of the company to the extent of $13,000 a mile on the prairie section, and of three-quarters of whatever the cost per mile may be in the mountain sections, while the parent company stands ready to back the bonds for the balance of the cost of construction.

The line of road between Winnipeg and Edmonton has been built and is now in full operation. It passes through a region which is now generally believed to be as fine a wheat country as there is in the world. The all but limitless prairies that lie adjacent to it and to the projected



ENTRANCE TO YELLOWHEAD PASS

branches are in extent four times the wheat-growing country in the United States.

So far, then, the vision has been realized. The wheat-fields and the flourishing new settlements are accomplished facts. To describe them and the other resources already opened up is but to relate what all may see by traveling over the new line. But the purpose of this article is not to treat of the country of the past, or even that of the present, but to pass on beyond the steel to the new vast empire of to-morrow. It is of the last lap from Edmonton westward that we would write—that final spasm of energy which is to carry the road for 978 miles through a country now known only to the trapper and the wandering Indian.

At one stroke it is proposed to throw a lariat of steel across an empire as vast as Texas and as little traveled as the Congo Free State—a country which for centuries untold has lain silent and vast, turning aside the invasions of the white man by its snow-capped wilderness of mountain guardians and its all but impassable forests and jungles; a country whose great rivers flowing through cañons and winding valleys challenge the intruder with their swift eddies and roaring rapids. What kindles the imagination is the glance at the wilderness of to-day, with its handful of hardy pioneers, as free and untamed as the game itself, as contrasted to the same country of to-morrow, when the roar of world traffic will drown out the gentle murmur of the winds in the pine tops. Let us have a last look at this vast domain as it lies to-day.

Now, reader, if you would journey forth from the haunts of men for a hundred days, come with us and meet the party and the outfit that are to be your hourly companions these next months. With them you will see the snows of spring fade away and the early blossoms peep above the moss. With them you will live and eat and sleep during the long, hot days of summer, and with them again you will urge your weary beast towards civilization, flying ahead of the first flurries of snow that foretell the coming of the long winter months. Our start is to be from Lacombe, Alberta, a small town located on the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a hundred miles north of Calgary.

It is the first day of June, and the air is like wine. These twenty-three fuzzy little horses, herded together in the corral, with heads lowered and half-closed eyes, basking in the sun, are to be your sole means of transportation. Everything you eat, wear, or need must go upon their hardy little backs, or on your own, for where we are going no wagon has ever been—aye,

ON THE FRASER RIVER, SEVENTY-TWO DAYS OUT FROM THE RAILWAY

and in some places no man or horse either.

This tall, raw-boned man with the kindly face and steady blue eyes, who, with lariat in hand, has just roped that little white snorting cajus to pack him for the first time, is Fred Stevens—possibly a new name to you, but as well known for a thousand miles throughout the wilderness as was the name of E. H. Harriman in Wall Street. Fred is a quiet, mild-mannered man who left Michigan twenty years ago, when the furs became scarce, and who year by year has been following the game as it retreated before the encroachments of the settler. Here we find him making his last stand in the wilderness that is so rapidly melting before the railway and the axes and saws of the lumbermen, whose greed for saw-logs has swept like a forest fire across the continent, until it is even now upon this last threshold. Fred is the unique type of the West, a type that is all but gone—the oak-hearted frontiersman, as tough as steel, yet gentle as a woman; a man who can fashion anything, from a log cabin to a child's toy, with no other instrument than an ax and a pocket-knife; one who knows the game and its habits as a scholar knows his books. He is as much at home in the mountains five hundred miles from a store as you are before your fireside. Wet or cold, fed or hungry, on foot or on horseback, you will always find him the same impassive companion, with a twinkle of kindly humor in his eye—a man who would go through fire to oblige a friend, and yet one whom untold wealth could not hire to serve.

This other tall man in the corral is Nick, Fred's brother, a prospector from Colorado, who came West more than thirty years ago with the name of being the best axman in the State of Michigan. Tom Ormsby, holding the piebald horse, is our cook; and that tall, red-headed youth yonder is Sawyer, who is to make the maps for our expedition.

For three weeks now we are traveling six days out of the seven. The first red ray of the sun that flashes across our camp sees breakfast finished and horses saddled. By eight the packs are on and the horses moving slowly up the trail, their noses pointing westward, ever westward. For six, seven, or eight hours they plod along, now struggling through the fallen timber and now floundering in some swamp or marsh. Seven days takes us to the Saskatchewan, the great river of southern Alberta, which, heading in the snow-clad silences of the Continental Divide, wends its way eastward towards Hudson Bay, its final destination, more than fifteen hundred miles distant.

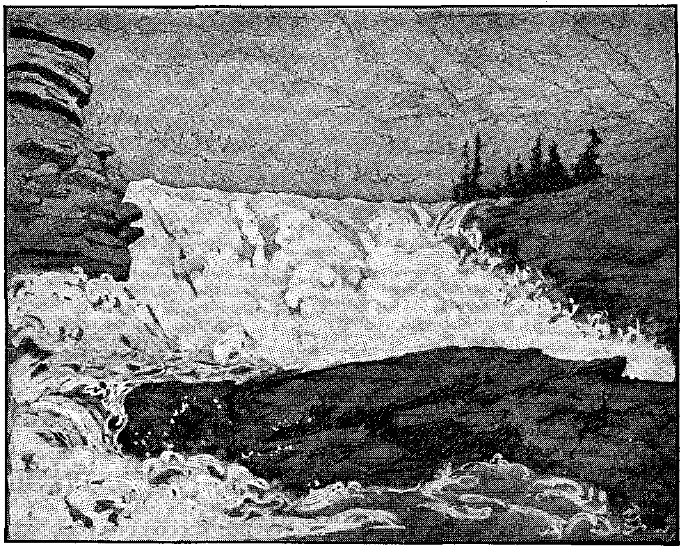
We have crossed over three summits in a week, and three weeks' travel finds us well up toward the head of the Brazeau River, and almost within sight of the backbone of the Continental Divide.

Long since the ranges we have passed have closed in behind us, and those before, rearing their heads in an endless vista of ranges and peaks, seem to hold us prisoners. We are heading for the source of the Athabasca River, which lies just to the north and west of that impassive barrier beyond. Fred knows of a gigantic cleft which nestles amidst those snowy crags—a pass cunningly hidden among the glaciers. Its entrance lies in a veritable abatis of timber, but our guide in his trapping excursions has picked out a way through the forest where our horses may travel upwards to this gateway between the valleys—a pass that lies more than seven thousand feet above the sea. It is the third day of July that we pack up our animals for the attempt. The cross rays of the sun are still the copper red of the early morning when we are on the trail, horses packed and cinches drawn to their uttermost for the mighty pull up into the cloud-girt pass above us. Up and up through the timber for three thousand feet we drag our horses, winding back and forth, and, as the railway builder would say, "developing distance" to permit the stubborn little pieces of horseflesh to get up the steepness of the slope. At last we leave the trees behind and strike our way into the narrow valley that lies before. At first a mountain wall seems to close us in, but three hours' plodding shows us that around a bend lies the way down into the Athabasca Valley, whose glorious peaks, silhouetted against the sky beyond, stretch away and away as far as the eye can follow. As we near the summit the snow reaches down in great white stripes that seem to throw themselves across our path and block our horses' progress. Again and again they sink to their bellies in the soft melting whiteness, and again and again we drag them out and urge them forward, though our hearts bleed for their enduring efforts. Yet this one day's work, as we hope, will save us a ten days' detour around another pass. Noon comes, and finds us at the summit and still struggling through the wet and sticky masses of the mountain snow. At last we see ahead the green against the white that tells of the timber and the more hospitable valley that lies below. We have to make it, as our horses must have food; for, like the mountain game, they live on the country, and only by their own efforts.

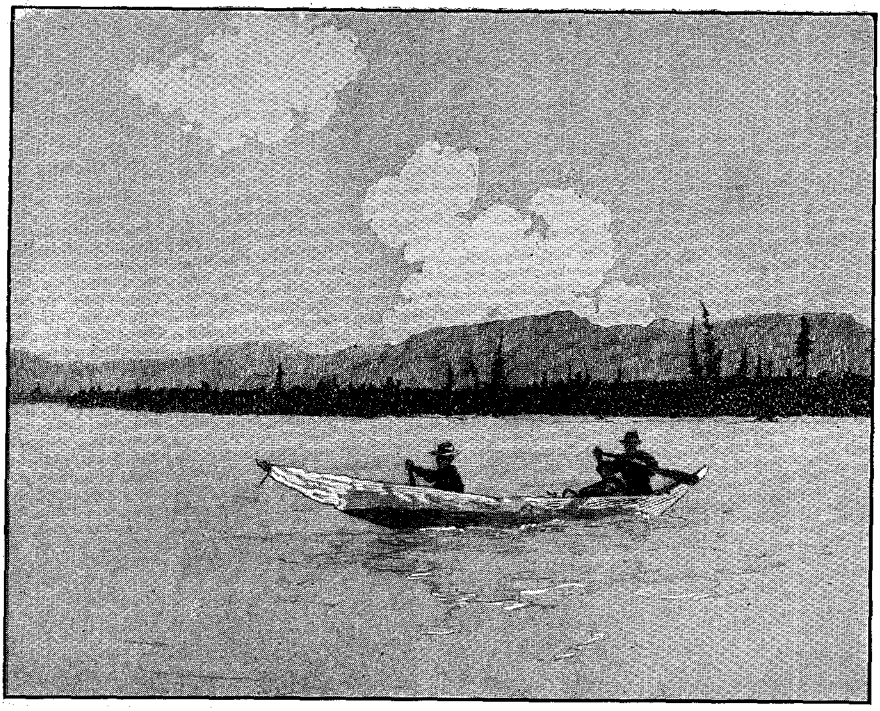
Finally we are in the timber, and down, down we wind our way, our hearts rejoicing in the lower level and the softer air.

We are in the basin of the Arctic now, and all our thoughts are of the Yellowhead Pass, which lies fifty miles north of us, and is the great cleft through the Rockies toward which is aimed the strip of steel that even now is worming its way across the plains from Edmonton. Fifty miles! What a short distance it sounds! At home one knocks it off in an hour on an express train, and then bewails the slowness of the railway schedules. Yet it takes us nearly two weeks of the hardest kind of work.

The route that we have traveled from Lacombe to the Yellowhead may yet be the line of some future railway to the coast. The writer lays no claim to the skill of the engineer, yet he dares venture the statement that the now-building Moose Jaw-Lacombe Branch of the Canadian Pacific might be extended to the great pass and not exceed a one-per-cent grade, providing the projectors would spend an initial outlay on two or three



FIFTY THOUSAND HORSE-POWER GOING TO WASTE IN THE ATHABASCA VALLEY



CROSSING THE ATHABASCA RIVER IN AN INDIAN DUGOUT

long tunnels. Piercing the main range as does the Grand Trunk Pacific, and thence down the North Thompson River in British Columbia to its present main line, might well give the Canadian Pacific Railroad a maximum grade of less than one-half that of its present route. But let us return to our journey in the wilds.

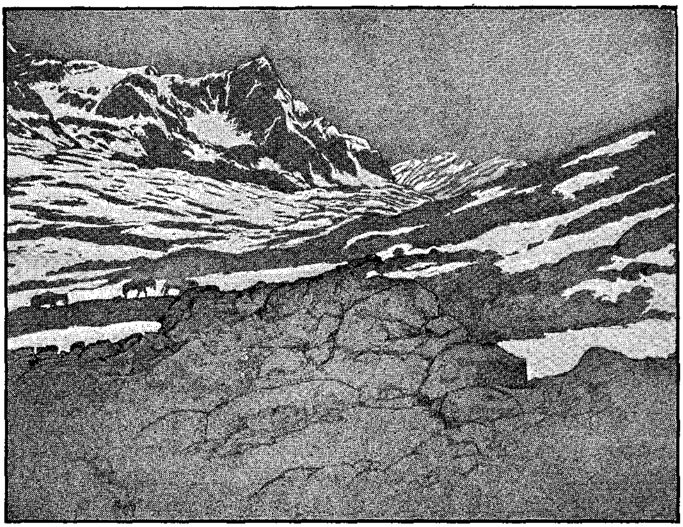
Two days we labor on the construction of a raft. The river is hopeless to ford, and swimming in the saddle is an enterprise too uncertain to justify the attempt. Six tall pines are felled and cut in thirty-foot lengths; cross-pieces lash them together with pack ropes and cinches. Sweeps are hewed out of the live trees and ingenious oarlocks fashioned with axes. When this is completed, the naked horses are driven into the stream. They take to the water grudgingly, for it is cold and swift, but stones and sticks keep them from returning to the shore they have left. In a moment they are out of their depths, and, with only ears and noses above water, are swimming for dear life. Their instinct teaches them to point their heads up-stream, and even as a ferry is crossed by the current so are they carried to the opposite shore. But so swift is the stream that they go down half a mile before, cold and exhausted, they crawl out on a sand-bar beneath the very shadow of the timber. We follow on the raft, now loaded with all our worldly possessions, and that night sees us camped snugly on the survey of the new transcontinental line from Quebec to the Pacific. We are now on the main trail from Edmonton, beaten deeply by the hoofs of the pack ponies of the surveyors who have been pressing through these jungles the last three years. One stumbles over the stakes of the engineers every few yards, with their curt directions in chalk to those that are to follow. Here we see "cut 3 ft." or "fill 7 ft.," and our minds' eye sees hewn through the forest the great highway that even now is headed westward.

The Yellowhead Pass is perhaps the most unusual in the world, certainly in America. In this northern country, where the mountains are piled in a confusion of peaks and glaciers from the international boundary to Alaska, they are three hundred miles across. These valleys generally run northwest and southeast, and for a hundred miles it is difficult to cross the continental backbone even on foot with the ice ax and rope of the mountain climber, but here there is a cleft through the main range of the Rockies so deep and cleanly cut that one might almost imagine that some giant hand had done the job with two quick strokes of a mammoth ax. Where other mountain passes reach their summits midst the snow and ice of the glaciers, this one is so low that its crest lies amidst the big trees of the soft coast climate. Above it the forests climb full three thousand feet. The approaches are so gentle that one knows of the divide crossed only by the flowing of the waters in opposite directions.

Centuries agone an old tow-headed French trapper used to travel this trail in the spring, bringing out his winter's catch of furs to Fort Edmonton, nearly three hundred miles eastward on the plains. He it was that told of the great pathway through the mountains. So in time it came to be known among the settlers as the Yellowhead's Pass. On the west of the mountains, where the old man used to make his base for his trapping excursions and leave his supplies or cache, his nickname may still be read on every map of British North America in the "Tête Jaune Cache," the French mission-taught Indians' way of describing the place where the yellow-headed man left his supply of flour and bacon brought in once a year from the settlements on pack-horses.

The fame of the pass attracted the early Canadian Pacific Survey away back in the seventies when they were searching for a line through the Canadian Rockies. In 1876 a hardy little party of engineers forced their way to the coast by this route, only to learn that this magnificent pass was to be abandoned in favor of the southern line, which is literally laid over the mountain peaks with such desperate grades that one often sees three giant locomotives coughing live coals up their smoke-stacks in their desperate effort to drag a meager train of cars over the summits. And all this, forsooth, because some wily politician back in the law-making section of eastern Canada owned property along the southern route, whereas the Yellowhead had no attraction save modest merit, which apparently in those days was an item unworthy of consideration.

But times have changed. The American who projected the new line was not of such stuff as those that had gone before, and with both hands he reached eagerly for an exclusive concession to run a railway through this pass. But the Government, while allowing gladly the right of way, declined the exclusive feature, and stated that four roads might have this route for the asking. The fame of the new pass had gone abroad—a pass which should afford a route to the Pacific whose easy grades would permit of a single locomotive hauling forty cars over the backbone of the continent as blithely as a horse pulls a rubber-tired racing sulky. Times had changed indeed since '76, and the pass which was spurned then did not go begging now, for the Canadian Northern, a road with transcontinental ambitions, made application for rights and promptly launched an engineers' party



A NAMELESS PASS HIDDEN AMONG THE GLACIERS: NOT KNOWN EVER TO HAVE BEEN CROSSED BEFORE with a survey to the coast. The Canadian Pacific followed next, and thus were the last to take rights for a road through the pass that they had been the first to turn down. So suddenly the searchlight of three great transcontinental systems fell upon this cleft in the mountains. Where the stately moose drank his fill with no sound to break the stillness save the splash of his own feet in the crystal waters of the mountain lakes, now were heard the ring of the ax and the shouts of the surveyors as the man at the transit called his directions to the dragger of the chain and he of the rod, as mile after mile they ran their lines through this defile. Now they cut off an angle of a mountain ledge with the motion of a hand, and again the stroke of a pencil throws a future bridge of steel across this roaring chasm.

And thus from its silence the wilderness is awakened, and so it is that these primitive old forests are so thickly studded with surveyors' stakes that we can go out and pull them for tent pegs, if we are so inclined.

Before passing farther westward a word or two of dry facts as to what other North American railways have had to encounter in getting over the Rockies may not be out of place. It is only by comparison that the advantages of this wonderful route may be fully realized. The Grand Trunk Pacific in its journey from the plains across the mountains passes over but one summit, and that with an altitude of but 3,712 feet, with a maximum rise eastbound of 21 feet to the mile and of 26 feet to the mile westbound. The total ascent in feet overcome will be less than 7,000 feet in either direction. As opposed to this, the Canadian Pacific has a maximum grade eastbound of 237 feet to the mile and westbound of 116 feet. The total ascent that must be overcome is more than 23,000 feet, or over three times that of the new road.

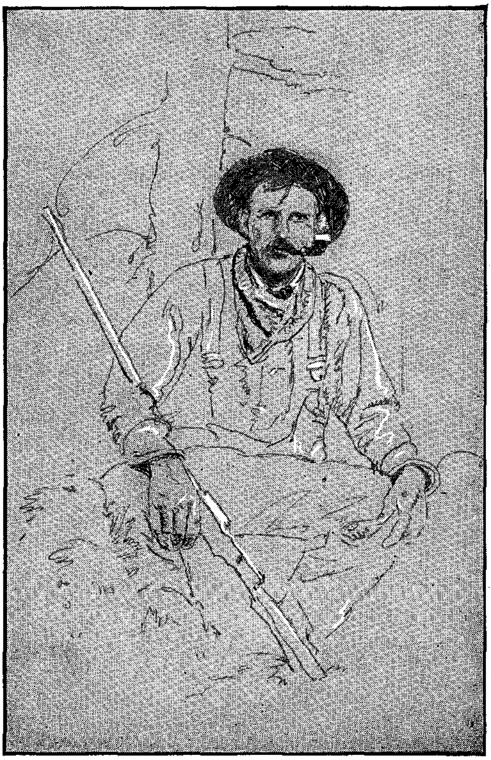
The Great Northern forces three divides with a maximum grade of 116 feet to the mile, with 15,000 feet of ascent to overcome. The Northern Pacific is a shade heavier still. The Union Pacific line to Portland, Oregon, passes five summits and overcomes 18,000 feet eastbound and 17,000 feet westbound. The Sante Fé system is still worse, as its line carries the steel over six divides, three of which are more than 7,000 feet in altitude. Its total ascent to be conquered is about 34,000 feet, or nearly five times that of the Grand Trunk Pacific with its one easy summit.

The enormous advantage in low cost of operation must inevitably make this new line the greatest factor for all transcontinental freight rates, and it may well be expected to revolutionize the cost of transportation in Canada certainly, and possibly in the United States as well.

The Miette River rises on the east of the Continental Divide, and, flowing deeply, pours its mouth into the Athabasca from the east end of the pass. We cross the summit into the dense vegetation of British Columbia, which is as heavy and wellnigh as luxuriant as a tropical jungle; immense ferns, creepers, alder brush, and willows crowd the nether woods, while far above the towering fir and spruce shut out the sky. Great giants of the forest these, that are marshaled in superb regiments of immense tree trunks for hundreds of miles along these western valleys. Here we first strike the great Fraser River as it sweeps in from a southern valley, already a thriving stream that bustles merrily over the boulders. In two places in the pass clear crystal mountain lakes fill the valley to the mountain's edge; as blue as a stone of turquoise, they reflect the passing cloud and snow-capped peak within their azure depth.

After six days of travel over a trail crowded with tedious delays and heart strains for man and beast, we emerge from the pass as suddenly as a train from a tunnel. We camp for the night on the banks of a roaring little torrent that sweeps around the base of that great mountain just to the north. This is Robson rising abruptly above us, with an altitude of nearly fourteen thousand feet. Its head is ever encircled by the passing clouds that hang about its peak and rugged sides as smoke from a cigar clings to velvet.

Another day of travel, and we are out into the great Fraser Valley and camp at the Tête Jaune Cache, now naught but an old untenanted cabin. The trail from Kamloops, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, comes in from the south, and here it is that the Indians come in the fall from the neighboring mountains to spear the great red salmon. The river along which the railway now runs for two hundred miles is a great silent stream that flows with scarce a murmur between the dense forests of cedar, fir, and lesser trees that crowd its very banks. Just below the Cache the trail ends, for no man has yet been found with sufficient hardihood to attempt the task of cutting out even the narrow pathway required by horses. The forest floor is so covered with the fallen relics of centuries ago, all overgrown with the dense under jungle, that two husky men with axes might work a day and not cut a hundred yards of trail. Here we take to a great canoe that has been dragged up the Columbia River and its northern tributary, the Canoe, and so over a summit portage into the basin of the Fraser. For seventy-five miles we drift down the placid bosom of this silent-flowing stream. At night we camp in a vegetation so dense that a man must have his ax in hand to get out of the boat and up the banks. On one side of us rise the Selkirks, and on the other the Rockies march northward in an endless vista of disappearing crags.



FRED STEVENS, BEAR TRAPPER AND PIONEER IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

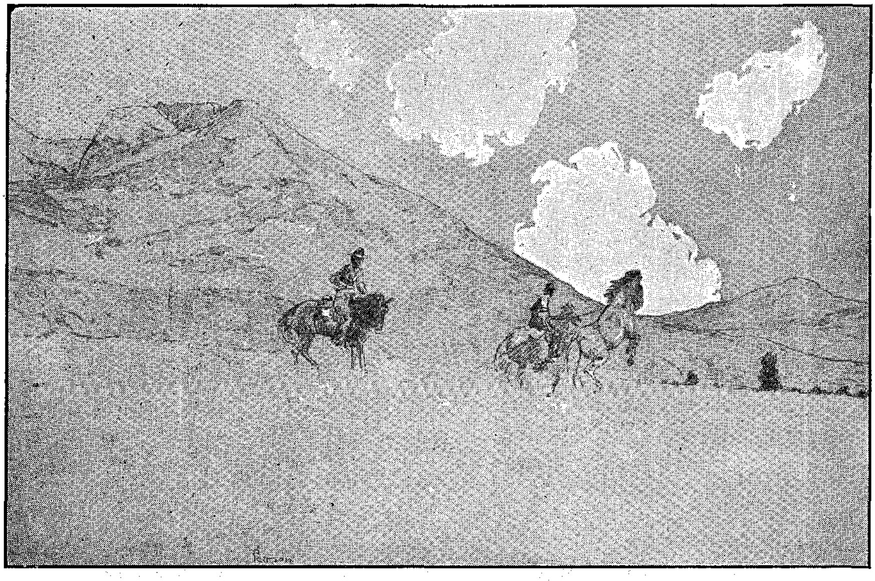
It is too soon, perhaps, to forecast the future of the Fraser Valley. It has been generally supposed that its northerly longitude precludes its being a farming country, but it is the opinion of the writer that the coldness of the winters has been exaggerated. Horses have actually been wintered in the open, times without number, at the east end of the pass, and the climate in the west end and on the Fraser may be assumed to be even milder on account of its nearness to the Pacific and the Japan current. The valley is now overgrown with timber, and the nature of the soil is a matter partly of speculation, but where the river has undercut the banks the earth, in places at least, seems to be of a quality that will nourish variegated farming. When cleared of its forests and matted undergrowth, it may develop fertility as great as some of the southern valleys in British Columbia, where fruit is now being grown to great advantage.

It is no far reach of the imagination, then, to say that in fewer years than one has fingers on one hand this valley will be crowded with the activities of man. Timber, minerals, and a dozen varied resources lie awaiting the coming of the steel. Where now the grizzly unaffrighted takes his lazy course along the valley's way, farms soon will flourish. The shrill whistle of the locomotive will displace the plaintive cry of the melancholy loon as he soars over the waste which sees not half a dozen men a year in all its tens of thousands of square miles of forest, stream, and mountain. And yet the river is as nothing compared with the country that lies about, for it, at least, is traveled now and then, but the mysteries that lie to east and west are yet unveiled. Rivers coming in every fifteen or twenty miles disclose valleys that open new ranges of mountains and fields of ice that still await the coming of the white man to give them names. We follow one of these for a day with packs on our backs, breaking our way through the jungle and stumbling over creepers hour after hour.

Each turn in the valley only serves to reveal the fresh wonders in store for him who cares to push his way farther into the unknown.

But for us the hour of our return has sounded, for our stock of provisions is running low, and five hundred weary miles of trail lie between us and the railway. And so, toward the last of August, we turn our backs to the myriad wonders of the unknown that still would lure us on.

Four heartbreaking days of exhausting effort follow, as, poling, rowing, and dragging with ropes, we force our boat against the current up the stream. At last, with aching muscles, we are back at the place where we have left our horses. We travel lighter now, as our supplies of food are all but gone, and the knowledge of a certain scarcity keeps us on the trail both early and late. Up at dawn, rain or shine, we are in the saddle until well toward night, often making our camp long after dark. We are not wasting time to explore the tempting valleys that flank the pass, and so in eight days we are out of the Yellowhead's cleft in the mountains and back on the banks of the Athabasca. But this time we turn north instead of south (the way we came), for it is our intent to follow the survey back towards civilization until we meet the steel stretching its head towards the mountains. It is but eight miles from the eastern entrance of the pass to Swift's place.



BREAKING A WILD HORSE FOR USE IN THE PACK-TRAIN

Good old Swift! Who could write of the Yellowhead Pass and omit his name? Surely the play of Hamlet with that distinguished Dane omitted would be more proper. Space forbids the book that is his due, but a few words must be accorded him in passing. Stage-driver, cattleman, prospector, and trapper, Swift came up into Canada seventeen years ago. At home was he wherever forest sheltered game or rock held lure of precious metal. With a small string of horses he worked his way up the Columbia River Valley, and, after hardship and vicissitude incredible, over into the Fraser basin. Here he learned from an Indian of the Yellowhead Pass and an alleged trail to Edmonton, and so, following the instinct of a lifetime, he kept moving on. Weeks of cutting trail and dragging his horses over obstacles brought him, late in the fall, to the Athabasca. Here just below the pass the valley widens out. On a bench some fifty feet above the river is a grove of firs, and on these the eyes of the lonely, exhausted trapper fell longingly. Here he unpacked his horses and camped for the night, and here he has been ever since, like a chip in an eddy. He built a rude cabin that first winter, and never since has he gotten up the desire to move on again. At that time there was not a settler nearer than Edmonton, three hundred miles away, but the trapper waited patiently, and at last his sojourn was rewarded, for, when the survey party came, the line they ran passed over the roof of his house. Here he has lived these many years, a solitary sentinel at the great gateway westward, and here for seventeen years no man, irrespective of color, class, or previous condition of servitude, has ever been turned hungry away. Half of Swift's all has ever been at the stranger's call. He feeds the hungry and helps the weary, accepts pay if one has it, but gives as freely to the penniless prospector in rags and starvation as he does to the millionaire hunter. Such is "old Swift of the Yellowhead," a man that but a handful have known, but whose hospitality and genuine goodness are as wide as the vast country in whose wild heart he has taken up his abode.

Again our horses swim the river, and again we ourselves cross, this time in Indian dugouts. Another two days' travel and we are in the Jasper Pass, the last gap that is to admit us to the open prairies that lie beyond. In a great S the river flows with sheer mountains crowding to its rims. When we wind around the last ledge of rock, we face the opening that lies beyond. Even as a harbor mouth affords the first glimpse of the sea beyond, so now do we see the prairie rollers that even as the majestic ocean seem to break against the mountain wall. Another day, and we are out "at sea," and the mountain barrier looms grandly behind us, growing dimmer each day, and for the first time in months we camp upon the plains.

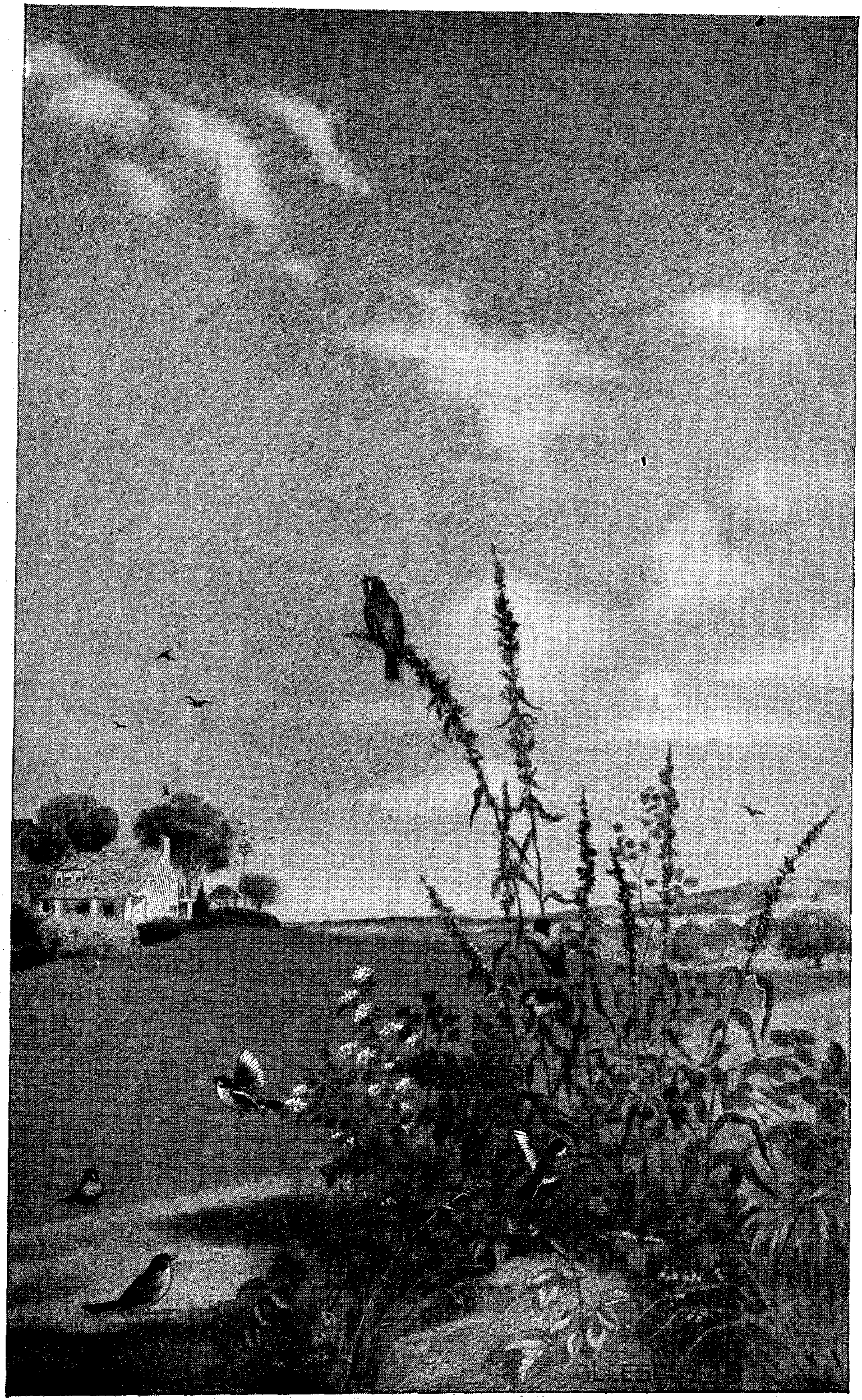
Swift has given us food to last us to the first settlement, and so we do not linger on our way. One more day's travel, and we encounter the first forerunner of civilization, a handful of surveyors marking out the right of way. And now each day as we approach the East the activity increases. Here we find the first clearing of the railway men. They are hewing out a great pathway a hundred feet wide through willow brush and groves of poplar. Fires here and there reveal the location of their camps. Soon now we encounter the builders of the wagon road, that like a skirmish line is being pushed ahead of the construction; but last of all we reach the grade itself. Here hundreds upon hundreds of men and horses are tearing avenues through hills and building embankments across the valleys. Great camps peep out of the forest at frequent intervals, and the roads are blocked with supplies and tools going to the front. Each day finds the grade a little nearer finished, and now we begin to see the tiny frontier townlets that spring up at each railway camp. When we reach the Pembina River, we see standing on the prairie a line of freight cars and a great consolidated locomotive puffing as complacently as though it were back amidst the haunts of its fellows instead of being seventy-odd miles beyond the settlements at the end of the steel, the extreme front in the battle between man and the wilds.

And so we are home again. We have followed the survey from where the sole signs of man for a hundred miles were the stakes driven in the ground, and we have come at last to where the great engine stands upon the rails. It is the contrast between the past and the future—nature as God made it and as man intends it to be.

In four months we have traveled nearly fifteen hundred miles. For days at a time we have seen no human creature, no life save that of the wild animals that peacefully roam their pastures old with no thought of the tempest of progress that is already battering at their mountain walls.

We have traversed in these weeks a domain whose resources are "beyond the dreams of avarice," a kingdom that holds in its treasure-house untold millions for the pioneers who will sweep in behind the steel, even as the water surges in the wake of a steamer. Of this vast country at present little is known—save, indeed, that it is vast. To-morrow we may wake to find the searchlight of public interest flooding its valleys and mountain peaks with limitless columns of enthusiastic comment, even as Alaska, Cape Nome, and the Cobalt Country leaped in a day from obscurity to world-wide fame.

We have seen it as it lies to-day, vast, mysterious, silent, a dissolving romance before us, almost the last of the great wildernesses—an empire just before the trumpet sounds that calls it to its own.



OUR INSECT POLICE FORCE

The Conservation of the Birds

By Omar H. Sample

With Drawings by Joseph M. Gleeson

THE conservation of the birds has already begun in Germany. It has made such substantial and practical progress that at a recent horticultural exhibition in one of the provinces a special class was established for exhibitors of devices for housing, feeding, and protecting wild birds. The variety and ingenuity of the exhibits in this class showed that providing for bird conservation has become an important commercial industry.

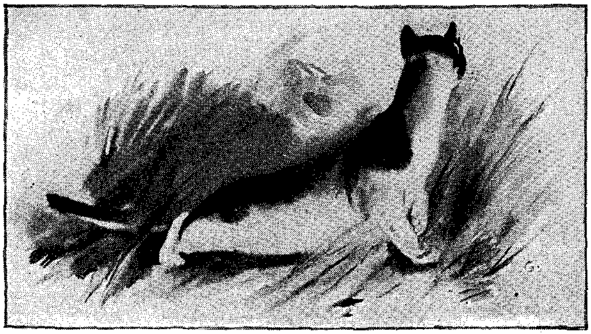
As much of our modern thought and practice on forest and stream conservation was learned from this thrifty nation, we may well turn to its workers for inspiration in this new science which with us has progressed only to the stage of preliminary agitation and study. What has already become a popular movement in Germany is thoroughly understood in this country only by a few scientific men and members of the Audubon Societies. We have yet to learn as a people that the protection of bird life goes hand in hand with forest conservation, and is only one degree less important.

As an insect police force the birds are doing what our scientists unaided are powerless to accomplish. Massachusetts alone has spent over $1,000,000 in an effort to exterminate the gypsy moth, the worst insect enemy to our trees, and has given up the attempt. Forty-six species of birds are keeping up the warfare against this destructive pest, and to them the battle has been left. The least we can do is to make life pleasant for them. The price of their invaluable assistance is only board, lodging, and protection.

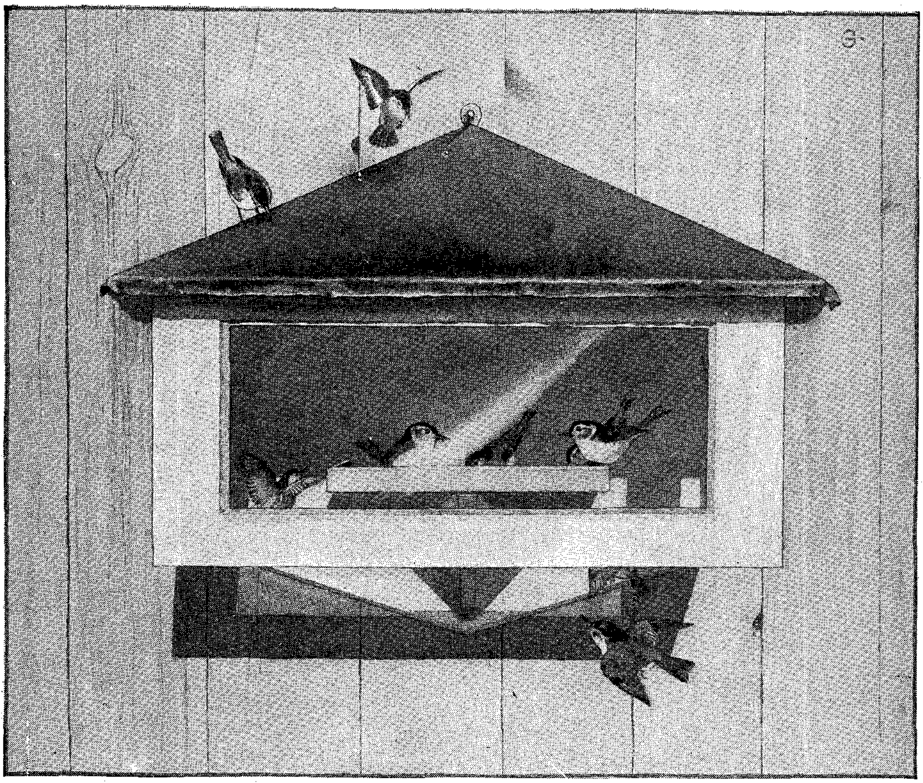
The brown-tail moth is second only to the gypsy in destructiveness to our forest life, and twenty-nine species of birds are battling against its ravages. Thirty-two species devour the tent caterpillar, and twenty-five the forest tent caterpillar. There are nine species of birds that eat the tussock moth, and fifty-one that feed on the canker-worm. Twelve species are waging war on the white grub, and thirty-four on plant lice. Statistics like these could be continued indefinitely, but these will indicate to what a degree the birds are the natural allies to agriculture, forestry, and fruit-growing.

The State Entomologist of Illinois is authority for the statement that if the operations of the birds were stopped for a period of seven years, that entire State would be covered with insects to the number of one to a square inch. He estimates the birds' value to agriculture at $76,000,000 a year.

Birds are designed by nature to maintain the balance of forces in forest preservation and horticulture. Without them forestry would be impossible. And yet our ordinary operations of forestry and agriculture are bringing about a continuous



THE ENEMY



THE BIRDS' WINTER DINING-ROOM

decrease in the number of permanent, non-migrating birds. Even the titmouse is on the decrease, for he houses in the trunks of hollow trees, and modern forestry and gardening cannot tolerate hollow or dying tree trunks. Our noblest song-birds, the majority of them insect-eaters, are rendered homeless on the farm because they make their nests in shrubs, bushes, and hedges, and the modern farmer must clear away the bushes. Thus the unpaid and faithful guardians of the crops are ostracized from their natural occupations.

The first census of birds ever made in this country was taken a few years ago by the Director of the New York Botanical Garden. Returns from carefully prepared questions answered by bird experts in thirty-six States showed an average decrease in the number of birds amounting to forty-six per cent in the last fifteen years, and the percentage will naturally grow larger from year to year as our forests diminish.

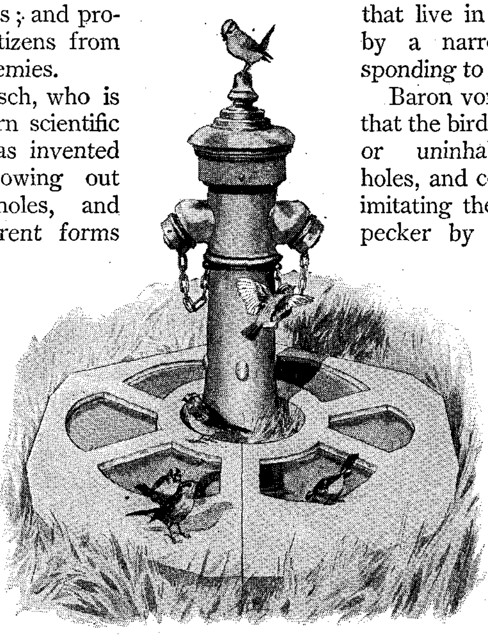
While there is an appreciably growing sentiment and some legislation against the wanton slaughter of certain of our birds for profit and alleged "sport," little account is taken of the natural forces that are gradually but surely depleting the fields and forests of their feathered citizens. The custom of slaughtering the egret to plume milady's hat will doubtless die a natural death by the growth of an enlightened public sentiment, and stories of plume-hunters who killed as high as three hundred egrets in one afternoon are becoming scarce.

The killing of song-birds for food has caused great destruction in some States. In Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Michigan, North Carolina, Louisiana, and doubtless other States, song-birds, and practically all other kinds of birds, are shot and sold for food. Robins, thrushes, flickers, native sparrows, and even swallows, are sold in the markets of New Orleans. Only a few years ago a single dealer in Washington, D. C., reported the sale of 2,600 robins in one month. The birds came from North

Carolina, and had been shot while roosting. The League of American Sportsmen and the Audubon Societies are rapidly extending their work, and all good citizens should assist them in putting legal barriers against such ruthless and useless destruction as this. The education of the rising generation in the schools will perhaps in another generation make the wholesale slaughter of birds practically impossible. Much more, however, is necessary in the way of rational protection against the elimination of the birds through the natural forces of civilization, which elimination is as sure and steady as the disappearance of the Indian.

The simple lesson the Germans have learned is that we must restore to the useful birds by artificial means all that our modern systems of cultivation have taken away.

The Federal States of Germany not only protect 152 species of birds by law, but are providing in the parks, woodlands, and public reservations the comforts and conveniences of home life for the feathered tenants of the trees whom civilization is evicting. They are growing nesting hedges; cultivating, pruning, and grafting nesting bushes; hollowing out nesting-holes and building nesting-boxes in the trees; fashioning natural and convenient winter feeding-houses; and protecting the bird citizens from their carnivorous enemies.



BIRD FOUNTAIN IN A GERMAN PARK

Baron von Berlepsch, who is the father of modern scientific bird conservation, has invented a machine for hollowing out artificial nesting holes, and adapted many different forms of nesting-boxes to the needs of various bird families. His great ancestral estate at Seebach, covering over 500 acres, is a completely equipped experiment station for the preservation of bird life. Here the protection and encouragement of birds have everywhere been considered in the laying out and development of the grounds. The thoroughness of all the operations has laid the foundation of the modern science of bird conservation. The Hungarian Government sent a trained investigator to Seebach to study the methods, which are everywhere based on a close imitation of natural conditions and a correction of man's marring of nature.

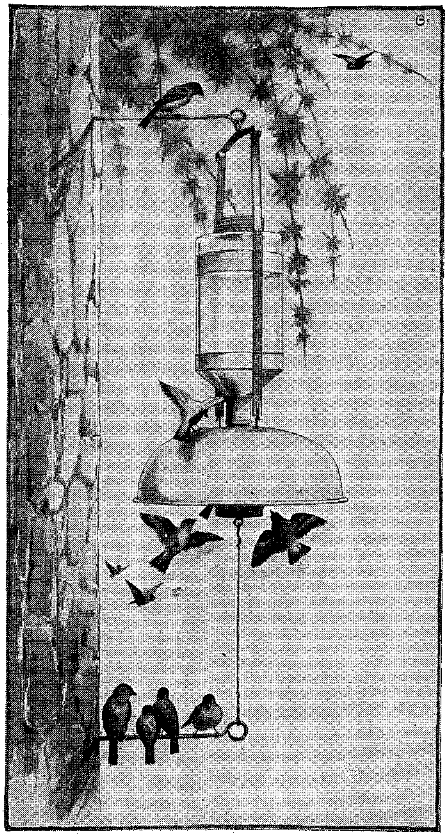
The protection of bird and plant life is carried on simultaneously on the estate, and special attention is given to maintaining undergrowth even where tree growth is densest. The most essential part of bird protection is the providing of nesting facilities. Over 2,000 nesting-boxes are maintained here for the various families of birds that nest in holes. Hidden in the shrubbery are traps for vermin and poaching cats. Food houses and "food bells" are conveniently placed for winter feeding. Extraordinary success has attended all these operations. Ninety per cent of the nesting-boxes are inhabited. Their tenants include such birds as titmice, woodpeckers, nuthatches, tree-creepers, pied fly-catchers, redstarts, starlings, robins, wrens, and wagtails. There are two classes to provide for in making nesting-boxes: those that breed in niches and narrow, half-open cavities, and those that live in deep holes entered by a narrow opening corresponding to the size of the body.

Baron von Berlepsch noticed that the birds preferred deserted or uninhabited woodpecker holes, and conceived the idea of imitating the work of the woodpecker by the hand of man. The opening for the nest is always circular, and inclining upward to keep out the rain. The nest proper runs down a deep, bottle-shaped cavity, ending in a pointed bowl. The inner walls are somewhat uneven to give footing to the birds. After years of patient study the Baron developed an exact imitation of this hole. At first he fashioned it by hand, but there was such a demand for the box that a manufacturer was interested, and elaborate machinery was devised to manufacture the boxes in commercial quantities. There are now three factories producing them, and another is soon to be started. So great is the demand that a number of spurious imitations are being marketed, and the manufacturers of the original boxes have been obliged to trade-mark them to protect the public and the birds, for if the smallest detail is not according to nature, the bird tenants will not occupy them.

Five other kinds of nesting-boxes are also manufactured, each adapted to the requirements of some species of bird.

These bird-houses must be furnished exactly right. A little sawdust in the bottom serves as a cushion for the eggs instead of the tree mold in the natural nest. A bit too much would cause the nest to be untenanted, for the pointed part at the bottom must not be filled, as the slope of the sides serves to keep the eggs together. If filled to the straight part of the opening the bottom would be flat and the eggs scattered over its surface. The boxes must be fastened securely to the tree, inclined a little toward the opening and away from the wind, and must be placed at just the right height from the ground.

The nesting-box idea has so impressed the entire nation that the German Government has ordered the old trees to be left standing in the Crown forests to provide natural nesting-places.



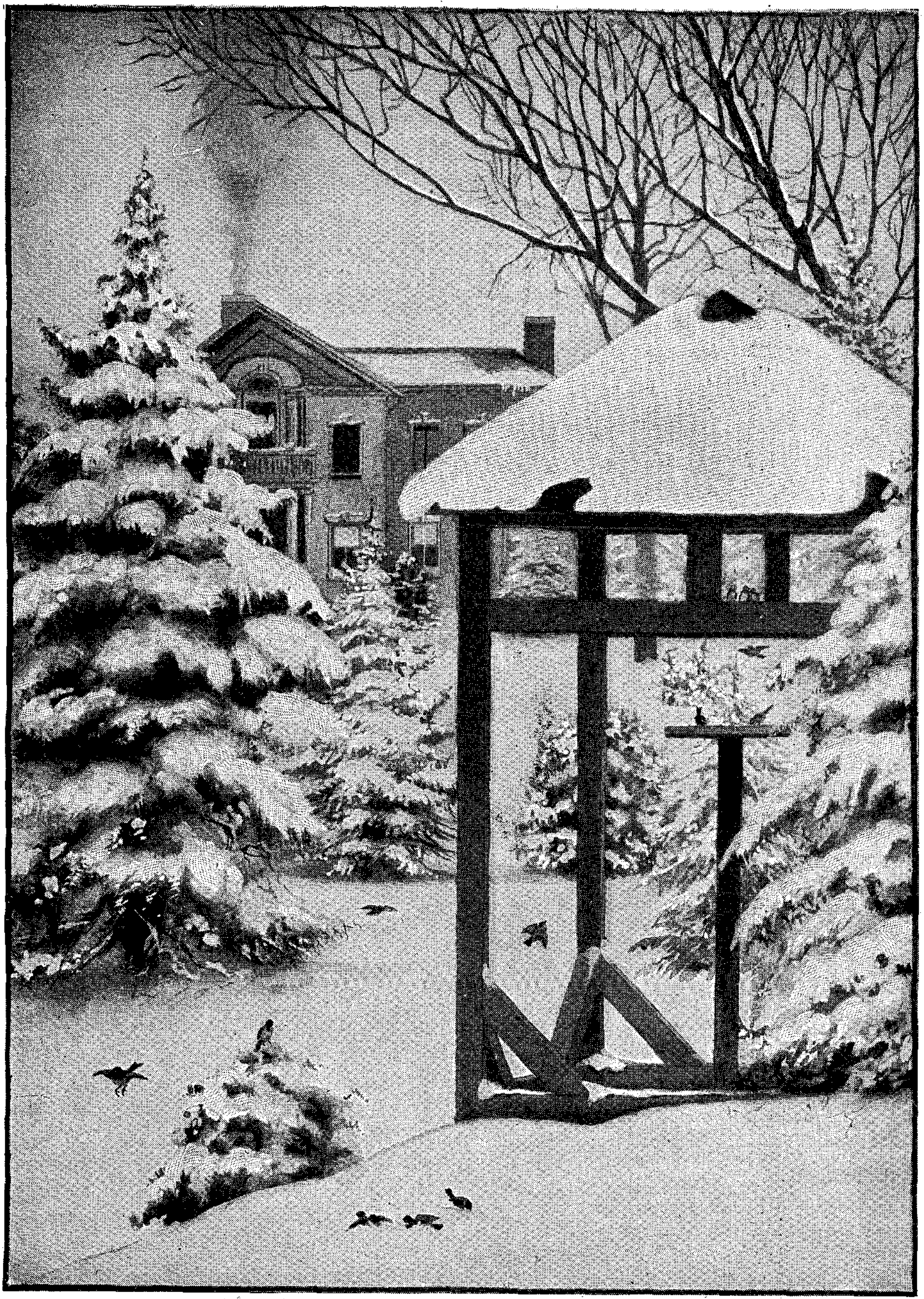
THE AUTOMATIC FOOD BELL

The Grand Duchy of Hesse installed 9,300 nesting-boxes in the Government forests, and the first year eighty per cent of them were inhabited. The next year not one of them was vacant. A factory for the manufacture of nesting-boxes has been established with Government aid in Hungary, and the Hungarian Government is now supplying the boxes to its State forest of five million acres. On experimental grounds in northern Germany, where a large number of nesting-boxes were placed on stakes, ninety per cent of them were soon inhabited by titmice, which up to that time had been unknown in that district.

The Prussian Board of Agriculture, Crown Lands, and Forests has issued a guide for the protection of birds. The city of Hamburg has a keeper of birds, appointed by the State, and his services are at the disposal of private individuals who request his help.

A wooded tract adjoining the von Berlepsch estate was one spring stripped bare of foliage by a moth pest, but the Baron's woods with their 2,000 nesting-boxes were untouched. The same good results are shown with fruit trees. While a whole neighborhood suffers from caterpillars, the orchard with nesting-boxes is unmolested. Fruit-growers in the villages near the von Berlepsch estate were quick to notice this, and now nearly all the gardens are full of nesting-boxes.

Birds that nest in the open include our best songsters and insect-eaters. They make their nests in bushes, trees, on banks among the reeds, and in holes. The

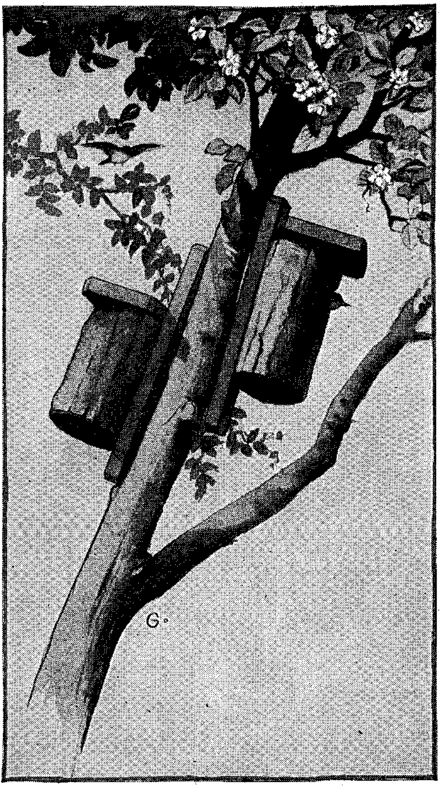


THE FOOD HOUSE

mania for destroying thickets, hedges, fences, cutting out undergrowth, dividing fields, drying up swamps and ponds, and altering river beds is fast rendering these birds homeless.

At the Seebach experiment station extensive shrubbery plantings have been made solely for bird-nesting places. The choice of shrubs for this use is important. Those which bear pruning and branch out after being cut, which keep away vermin by their thorns, and those which thrive well in shady places are specially favored by the birds. Particularly useful are the following: white thorn (*Cratægus oxycantha*), hornbeam (*Carpinus betulus*), common beech (*Fagus silvatica*), dogrose (*Rosa canina*), wild gooseberry (*Ribes grossularia*), tall American gooseberry (*Ribes grossularia arboreum*), a species of wild currant (*Ribes pumilum*), privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*), two varieties of *Lonicera* (*xylosteum* and *tatarica*), the red cedar, and pollarded firs.

The ground for one of these shelter hedges is thoroughly prepared and planted with white thorn and beech or hornbeam, surrounded by a hedge of dogroses. A few tall trees that do not give too much shade, preferably the mountain ash or oak, are also included. Then the groups of the other bushes mentioned are planted. In the third or fourth year all except the plants joined in groups and the trees are cut to the ground in order that they may grow up as spreading bushes. In a few years the copse develops to an impenetrable thicket, and is again cut down, leaving a few isolated "stock bushes" at intervals of five or six yards. These are pruned close above the dormant eyes, so that the new growth will form whorl-shaped ramifications that serve as sites for nests. These whorl-shaped sprouts are cut back annually, and made to ramify still more. The hedge grows up between these bushes. In a few years there will be little noticeable difference between hedge and stock bushes, and the whole will form a compact thicket. One of these shelter woods was found to have an average of one nest every yard and a half.



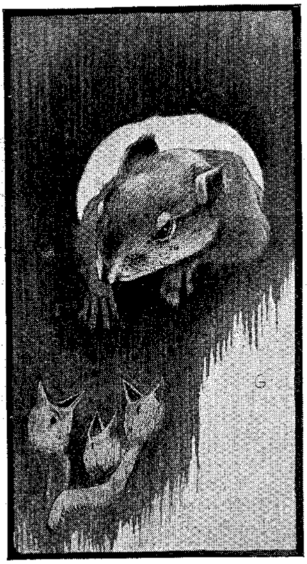
THE WRONG WAY TO PLACE A NESTING-BOX (AT THE LEFT) AND THE RIGHT WAY (AT THE RIGHT), PROTECTED FROM THE WIND

Where there is no good land available for shelter woods, ground that cannot be used for agricultural purposes—quarries, clay-pits, sand-pits, steep slopes, dead angles in fields, farmyards and gardens, ditches, sloping banks, outskirts of meadows, pastures, and commons—may be laid out on the same principles. Every existing hedge may also be treated in some similar manner, and nesting woods may be made wherever growing hedges, roadsides, streets, railway embankments, or other waste land offers an opportunity. The simple expedient of tying several branches of a bush together makes an admirable nesting-place for the bush-loving birds. Out of fifty so treated at the experiment station, forty-seven were occupied the first year.

Winter feeding is second only to nesting in making life sufferable to the birds during severe weather. Many feathered songsters that supposedly perish from the cold are in reality starved to death. Our smaller birds digest their food so quickly that a few hours of hunger will destroy great numbers of them, especially tits, tree-creepers, nuthatches, woodpeckers, golden-crested wrens, and others.

After eleven years of study and experiment with the feeding problem, Baron von Berlepsch developed three practical feeding devices—the food tree, the food house, and the "food bell."

The food tree is made by simply sprinkling a carefully prepared mixture over the branches of one of the coniferous trees. This is man's imitation of a tree covered with insects' eggs or larvæ. The mixture best for this purpose the Baron found to be a compound of meat and white bread dried and ground, hemp, crushed hemp, maw, poppy flower, white millet, oats, dried elderberries, sunflower seeds, and ants' eggs. To this is added about one and a half times as much fat, beef or mutton suet. The mixture is heated, well stirred, and poured boiling hot on the branches of the trees. It is not necessary to follow this recipe exactly, but the chief part of the mixture must consist of hemp, whole or crushed.



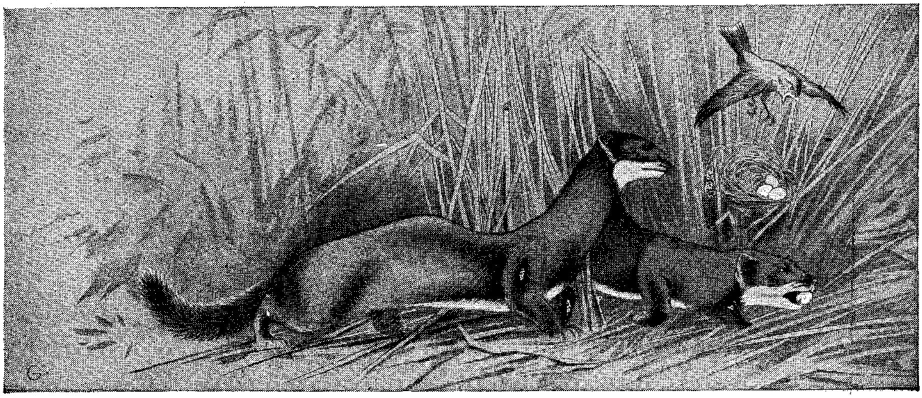
SQUIRRELS REDUCE THE BIRD POPULATION RAPIDLY

A still simpler winter dining-room for the birds is the food house, which has been found the most natural and successful way of winter feeding. It consists essentially of a roof placed on four corner posts, with two tables beneath it fastened to a central supporting pole. The lower and smaller table is merely an introductory tea-table to attract the birds and induce them to find the upper one, which contains most of the food. Immediately below the roof a strip of glass runs from post to post, its lower edge reaching just below the upper food table. This protects the food from the weather without shutting off any light from the table. The table may be spread with any kind of bird food, or seeds, of which hemp is always the most acceptable. Blackbirds, song thrushes, finches, tits, wrens, and golden-crested wrens are among the regular patrons of the food house.

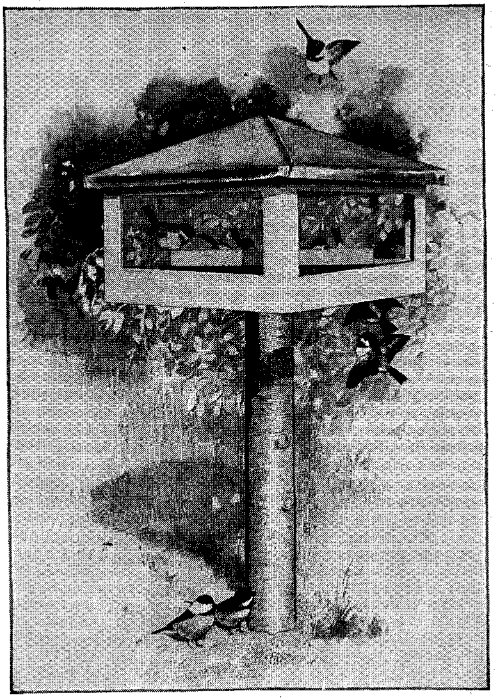
The food bell is an ingenious mechanical device which serves out grain automatically. An inverted glass jar or large bottle is connected with a tube passing through an inverted bowl, or bell, to the food dish below. The essential feature of the device is that the lower edge of the tube is one-sixteenth of an inch below the upper edge of the food dish, and the upper edge of the dish one-sixteenth of an inch higher than the lower edge of the bell. The apparatus works perfectly only when these conditions are exactly observed.

The bell works automatically as soon as the receptacle is filled with hemp seed. Exactly the same number of seeds fall into the dish as have been taken out by the birds. The bell is particularly valuable because it is religiously avoided by sparrows. Nearly all seeds may be used in the bell except rape. Those containing oil are the best, with hemp as the prime favorite of them all.

While man is still the worst enemy of the birds, protection is also highly necessary from some other animals. The following are considered as thoroughly harmful at Seebach, and rewards are offered for their lives: cats, weasels, martens, polecats, house and tree sparrows, sparrow-hawks, goshawks, jays, and magpies. Certain birds, while useful in themselves,



THE WEASEL—ONE OF THE BIRDS' WORST ENEMIES may become harmful if they increase too rapidly, as, for example, blackbirds. Sparrows, though not directly injuring the others, are such undesirable neighbors that other birds will not settle near them. Their noise and general wild behavior drive the other birds away from their nesting-places. The war of extermination at Seebach against sparrows has been carried on for fifty years, and very few of them are left. Winter is the best time to fight them. A little food scattered on an open spot in the snow will draw them in hordes, and they may be despatched with a shot gun or caught in a sweep net. Quantities of them can be caught in barns, stables, and hen-houses. A price is set on the head of the female at Seebach. The numerical superiority of the male naturally assists the extermination of the species.



AN IDEAL FOOD HOUSE FOR ALL SEASONS

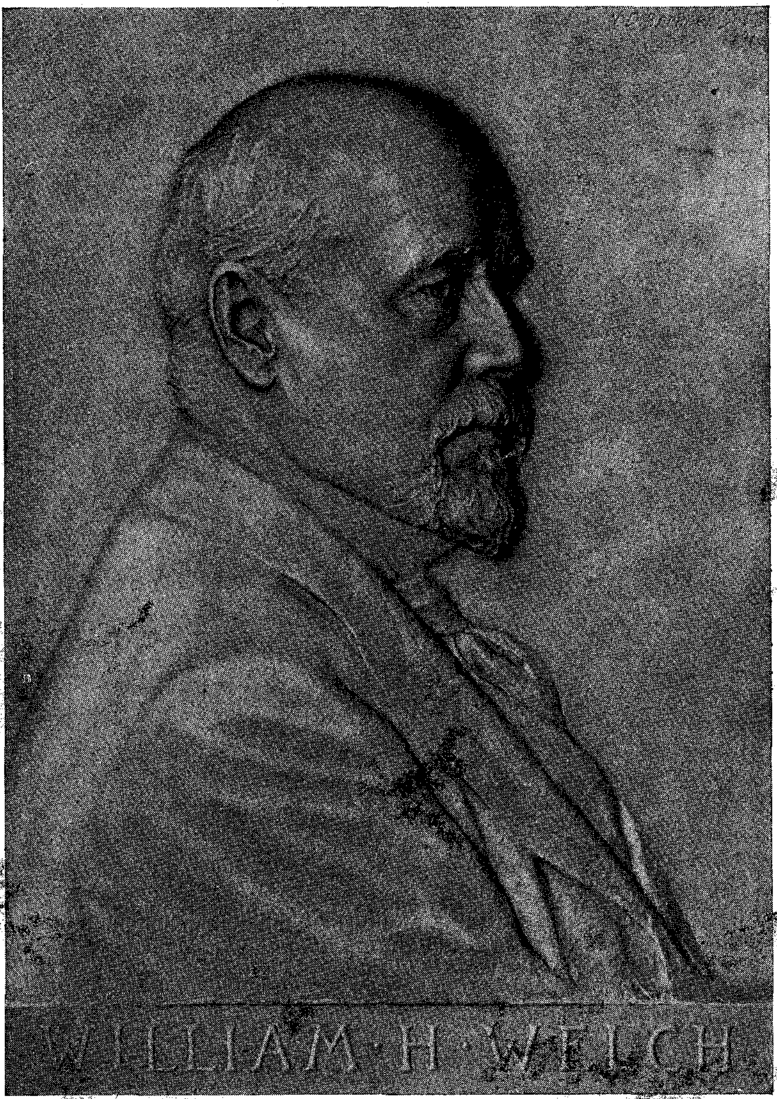
The weasel is the worst of the vermin and the sparrow-hawk of the predatory birds. Jays and squirrels are diligent destroyers of nests and eggs. While it is not the policy of the German experts to exterminate the predatory birds, they frequently increase to such an extent as to make drastic measures necessary for the protection of the other birds.

Bird conservation is making wonderful progress throughout the Empire. A "Commission for Furthering the Protection of Birds" has been appointed by the union of all the German societies for the protection of animals. This body has set itself the task of examining everything new that is invented for bird protection, and giving an unbiased opinion on it from an expert point of view.

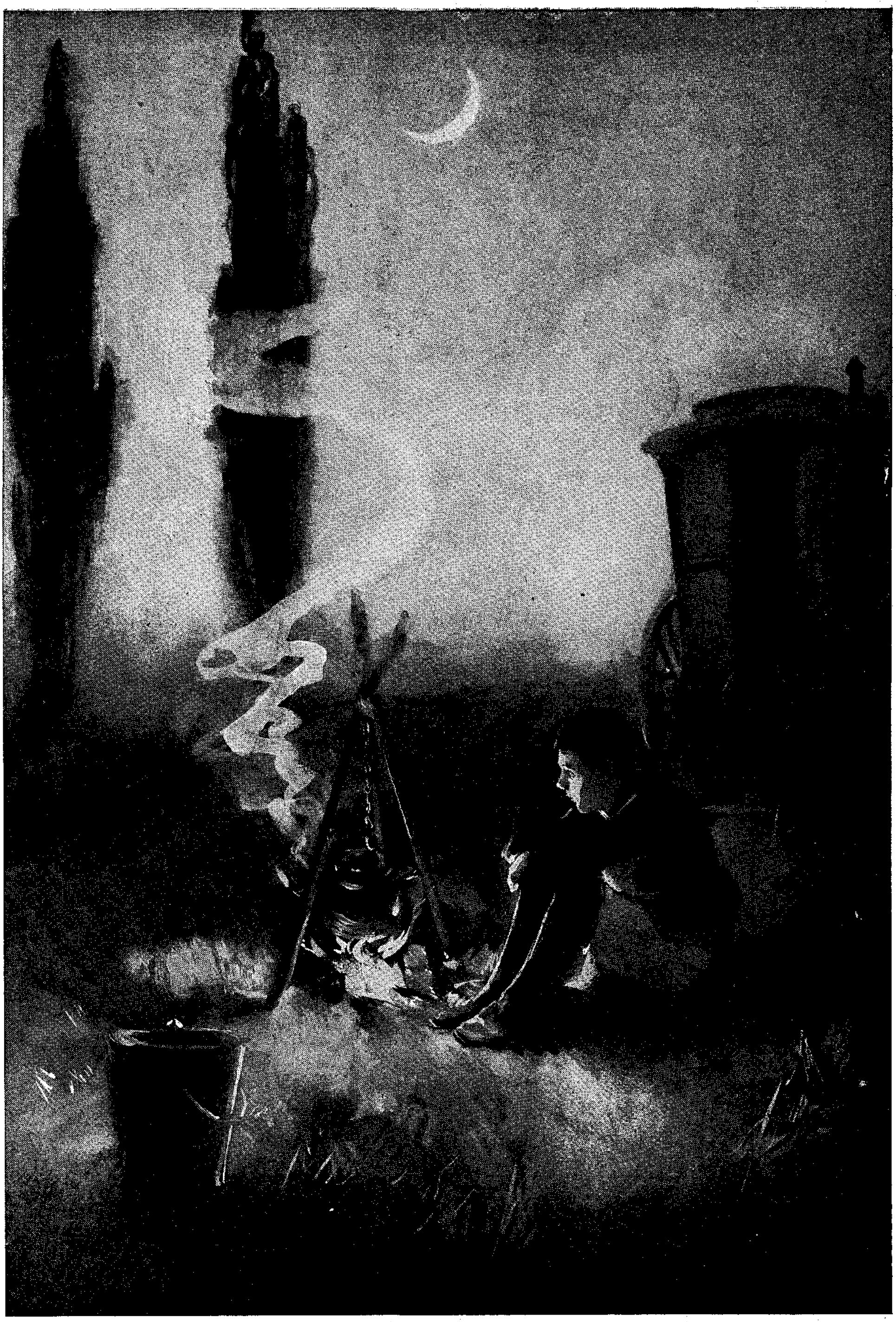
The Prussian Government has directed its commissions to protect as far as possible all plantations serving as bird shelters, and when ground is allotted, to have new shelters arranged and numerous nesting-boxes hung.

To promote wisely the doctrine of bird conservation as practiced in Germany requires the co-operation of State and local authorities, societies and individuals, and, above all, the schools. Teachers and clergymen are the most competent people to act as ornithological pioneers. The teacher need not become a naturalist, and the pupil need not be burdened with an additional study. The awakening of an understanding for a sound and practical bird protection may be made an incidental part of the school routine.

Our growing school garden work could easily be combined with practical experience in protecting birds, such as hanging nesting-boxes, laying out shelter thickets, and making feeding-houses. A close acquaintance with the German methods of patient study and experiment is our first lesson in the practical conservation of the birds.



THE BUST OF DR. WELCH REPRODUCED ABOVE IS THE WORK OF MR. V. D. BRENNER, WELL KNOWN IN CONNECTION WITH HIS DESIGN FOR THE NEW, *OR LINCOLN, PENNY AND HIS PORTRAIT-BUST OF PRESIDENT* ROOSEVELT. IT WAS UNVEILED AT A BANQUET GIVEN LAST APRIL IN HONOR OF DR. WELCH BY MANY MEN PROMINENT IN EDUCATIONAL, PROFESSIONAL, AND FINANCIAL LIFE IN BALTIMORE AND ELSEWHERE. THE OCCASION WAS A CORDIAL RECOGNITION OF DR. WELCH'S SERVICE TO SCIENCE AND OF HIS ELECTION AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



"LEAVING HORACE WITH STRICT ORDERS TO KEEP THE FIRE FED"

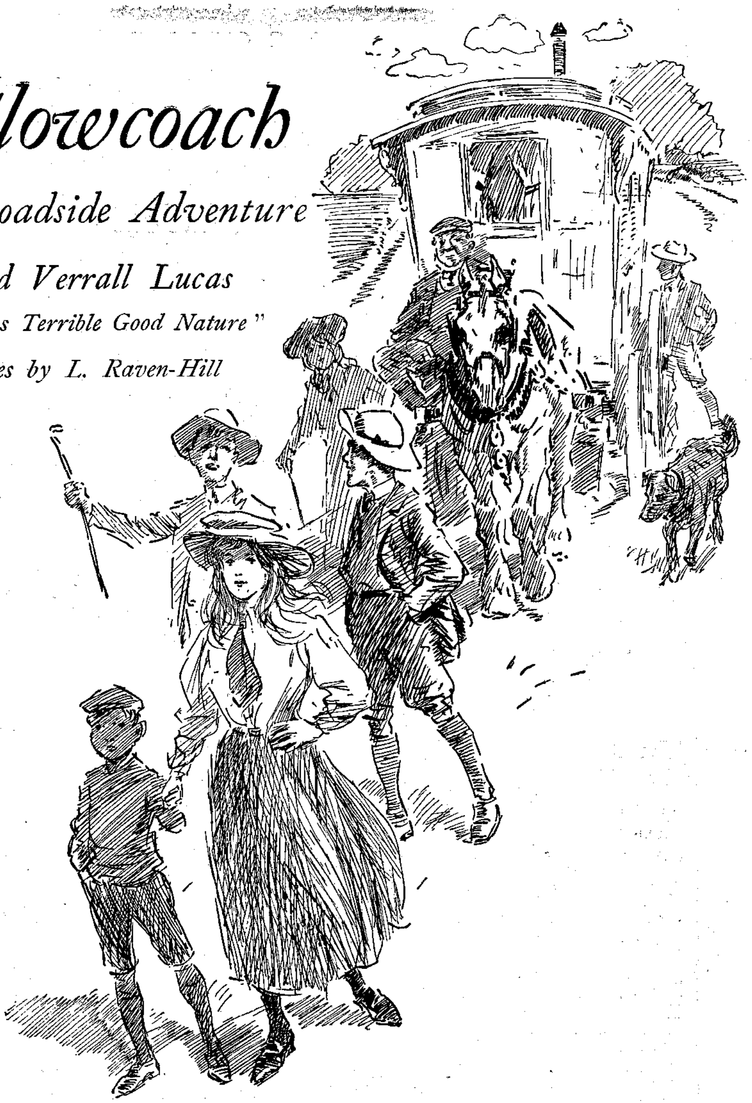
The Slowcoach

A Story of Roadside Adventure

By Edward Verrall Lucas

Author of "Anne's Terrible Good Nature"

With Pictures by L. Raven-Hill



"KINK DROVE AND THE OTHERS WALKED"

CHAPTER VI

THE PLANS

THE question where to go came next, and, compared with this, all the other preparations had been simple. Here they were, with a caravan and a horse and a driver and a dog and maps and a map-measurer (do you know what they're called?—they're called wealemefnas) and tents and—most of all—permission to be entirely alone; and it was not yet decided where they were going.

Of course, as you may suppose, each of the party knew where he or she wanted to go, but that was merely a private matter; no general decision had been come to.

Mr. Crawley, who may be said to have lived for golf, suggested Ashdown Forest, and then, he said, he could look them up from time to time if they made a permanent camp there. But who wants to be looked up by a tutor when one is on a caravan holiday?

Miss Bingham was in favor of an itinerary (as she called it) that embraced two or three cathedral cities.

Mr. Lenox said, "Go to Sussex and camp under the downs at night and explore them by day."

Mr. Scott, on the other hand, said, "Go to Berkshire and see the White Horse that Tom Hughes scoured and wrote about." And he promised to lend them the book to convert them to this project.

Mrs. Avory declined to express any opinion. "It's your caravan," she said, "and I would much rather you decided everything for yourselves." (What a delightful mother!)

Janet wanted to go to the New Forest, because she had never been there and now was a chance, and because for many years "The Children of the New Forest" had been her favorite story.

Robert wanted to go to Salisbury Plain

Copyright, 1910, by E. V Lucas.

and see the sun rise at Stonehenge and cast an eye over the military operations there.

Jack Rotheram wanted to go to Hambledon in Hampshire to see the cradle of cricket, as it is called—the old ground on Broad Halfpenny Down where they used to play cricket in tall hats, as described in John Nyren's book, which some one had given him.

Mary Rotheram wanted to go to Bredon Hill in Worcestershire, because she had always wanted to ever since she had learned a song which began:

> "In summertime on Bredon
> The bells they sound so clear;
> Round both the shires they ring them
> In steeples far and near,
> A happy noise to hear.
>
> Here of a Sunday morning
> My love and I would lie,
> And see the colored counties,
> And hear the larks so high
> About us in the sky."

That line about the colored counties had always fascinated her: she had longed also to see them, lying beneath her, all spread out. The colored counties! She talked so enthusiastically and prettily about it that she quite won over Robert, who decided that Bredon would be quite as interesting as Salisbury Plain, and would give him practice too in estimating square miles; so that there were two for Bredon Hill, as against one for all the other places.

Gregory, however, was not for Bredon. He wanted to see the flying ground at Sheppey, which is in a totally different direction, and perhaps induce some one with an aeroplane to give him a lift.

Horace Campbell sided with Gregory, while Hester voted continually and feelingly for Stratford-on-Avon. To see Stratford-on-Avon—that was her ideal: to walk through the same streets as her beloved Shakespeare, to see the place where his house had stood, to row on his river, to stand by his tomb!

When the time came to discuss the journey seriously, it was Hester who won. Stratford-on-Avon was decided on, with an extension to Bredon Hill as the farthest point away, returning by way of Cheltenham and Cirencester to Faringdon (for the White Horse), and then taking train for home, and leaving Kink and Moses to do the remaining seventy miles alone.

The distance from Bredon to Faringdon, through Cheltenham, Cirencester, and Fairford, was roughly forty-five miles, or five days of nine miles each. Starting at Oxford, as was proposed, they would be three or four days in getting to Stratford, and two days there; three days more, at the most, in getting to Bredon. This would make eleven days altogether, which would make, with rests on the two Sundays, and one whole day at the White Horse, the full fortnight.

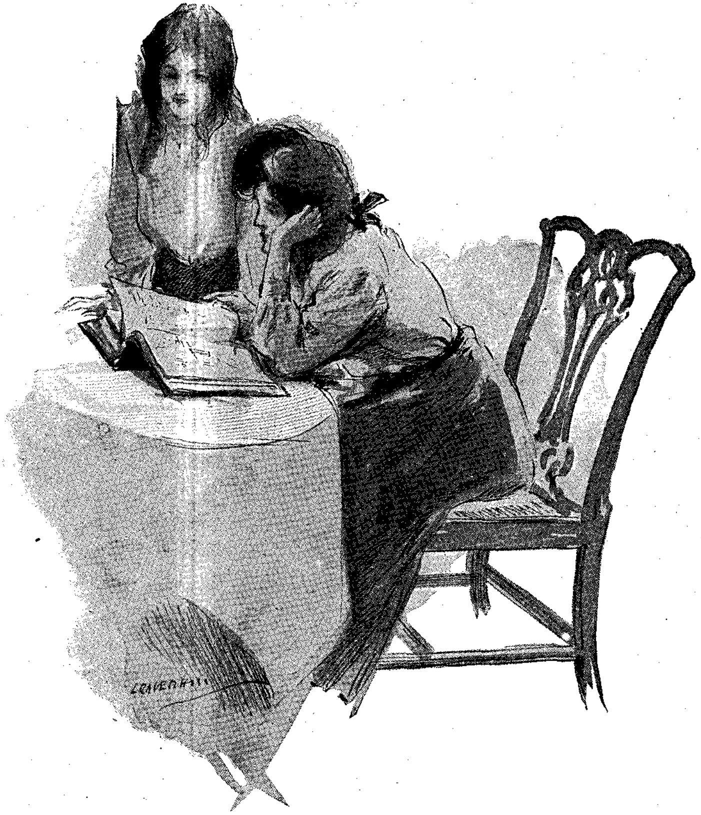
This, then, is what was at last decided: that Kink should get the caravan to Oxford and be all ready for the children to join him on the Wednesday morning. They should go down to Oxford on the day before and be looked after by Mr. Lenox's young brother, who was at Oriel.

They should leave Oxford in the Slowcoach on the next morning on their way to Stratford-on-Avon.

The distance from Oxford to Stratford was thirty-nine miles, and it was decided to do this in three days, which meant thirteen miles a day. The first night, therefore, would be spent near Woodstock, the next near Chipping Norton, and the third near Shipston down in the green meadows on the banks of the Stour. At Stratford they would find Mrs. Avory waiting for them, and stay with her at the Shakespeare's Head for a day or so. By that time they would know exactly how much or how little they liked the Slowcoach and what things were necessary, and then Mrs. Avory would go back and they would begin their real adventures. Could anything be better? Although, of course, Robert was very contemptuous of the Shakespeare's Head part of the programme. "The idea of sleeping in a bed!" he said.

The next thing to do was to apportion the various duties. Kink, of course, was arranged for; he was to drive and to look after the horse and sleep as near the Slowcoach as could be managed; while Diogenes was always to be on guard. Kink also was to see about water.

Janet was purser and steward. She had to decide what food was wanted and to keep the money. Hester was the official letter-writer, and was under a



"JANET AND MARY ROTHERAM SAT FOR HOURS OVER THE STORES' LIST"

promise to write to Mrs. Avory every evening. Robert was the guide and geographer: he kept the maps. He was also the telegraphist. Mary Rotheram, who had taken lessons in cooking, was chief cook, and she was to be helped by Janet. Jack was superintendent of the washing-up, and Horace Campbell was his principal ally. (How tired they got of it!) Jack, Horace, and Robert were carriers between the grocer's, the butcher's, the baker's, and the Slowcoach.

It was arranged that Gregory, being the smallest and weakest, and therefore the least likely to be refused, should go on and ask leave of the farmers on whose land it was proposed to rest the Slowcoach at night. Mary Rotheram should be his companion and ask for eggs and milk at the same time.

Next came the victualing, and this was exceedingly interesting, although it made great holes in the sovereign box. Janet and Mary Rotheram sat for hours over the Stores' List, and they were continually taking important questions to Collins.

"How many tins of mustard ought we to take? A dozen at fourpence?"

"Mustard, Miss Mary? Why, two penny ones would be enough for a month."

(Three and tenpence saved, you see.)

"I say, Collins, how long do eggs boil?"

"Collins, you have to prick sausages, don't you, or else they burst?"

"Collins, how many loaves do eight people want a day?"

"Four, Miss Janet, at the least—large ones."

"Including Kink?" Janet explained.

"Oh, Kink, too! Five, then, if not six, the old gormandizer."

"Collins, what's the best part of beef for stewing?"

"Collins, you can put anything into a stew, can't you? Absolutely anything?"

"Collins, if you've put too much pepper into a thing, is there any way of getting it out again?"

Mrs. Avory was very particular about tinned things. "You must have plenty of tongues," she said, "in case the fire won't burn or the meat is too tough;" and privately she instructed Kink to keep an eye on their eating. "They must eat, Kink, don't forget. Never mind what they say, make them eat sensibly." To the stores Mrs. Avory herself added a number of tongues and a good deal of plain chocolate.

The day for Kink's departure—at least three days before the others were to leave—at last arrived, and by eleven o'clock everything was ready.

Mr. Lenox and Mr. Scott were both there on time to see the start of the Slowcoach, as they had decided to call it. Also present at the start was the greater part of adult Chiswick and all its children, who filled the street opposite "The Gables" and cheered. Kink accepted their enthusiasm with calm, but, as he said afterwards to Collins, "I felt like the Prince of Wales and all the royal family."

Both Mr. Scott and Mr. Lenox brought contributions to the Slowcoach's stores. Mr. Scott's was a large bundle of fire-lighters and twelve dozen boxes of matches. "You can't have too many matches," he said. Mr. Lenox's was ointment for blisters.

Uncle Christopher was also there to see the start, and he brought with him an envelope. "This envelope," he said, "is not to be opened unless you're in any very serious difficulty. Then open it."

And so, in a scene of wild excitement, Kink cracked his whip, Moses strained at the collar, the Slowcoach creaked heavily out of the yard, and its historic journey was begun.

CHAPTER VII

MR. LENOX'S YOUNG BROTHER

Mr. Lenox's young brother met the party on the Oxford platform. He was accompanied by two of his friends, who were dressed in gray flannels and straw hats and were smoking very large and beautiful pipes. Mr. Lenox's young brother introduced these friends as Fizzy and Shrimp, and then they packed themselves into three hansoms and drove off.

Mr. Lenox's young brother led the way with Janet and Mary. Fizzy (at least Hester thought it was Fizzy, but it may have been Shrimp) came next with Hester, Horace, and Gregory; and then came Shrimp (unless it was Fizzy) with Robert and Jack.

Oxford hansoms are the worst in the world, but seldom has a ride been more delightful. The three hosts pointed out the colleges as they passed, until they came, far too soon, to the Mitre, where they were to sleep.

"Now take your things upstairs and make sure where your rooms are, and tidy up if you want to," said Mr. Lenox's young brother, "and then hop down, and we'll take you to see the caravan, and show you about a little, and perhaps go on the river; and in the evening we're going to have supper in my rooms. Fizzy's going to conjure, and perhaps we'll have charades."

These words made tidying-up an even simpler matter than usual, and the party started off.

Kink, it seems, had reached Oxford that morning, and was at the Green Man, where the Slowcoach was an object of extraordinary interest to the neighborhood. They found him seated on the top step reading the paper, while forty-five children (at least) stared at him. Diogenes lay at the foot of the steps.

Kink was very glad to see them. No, he said, he hadn't had any adventures exactly, but driving a caravan was no work for a modest man who wished for a quiet life among vegetables.

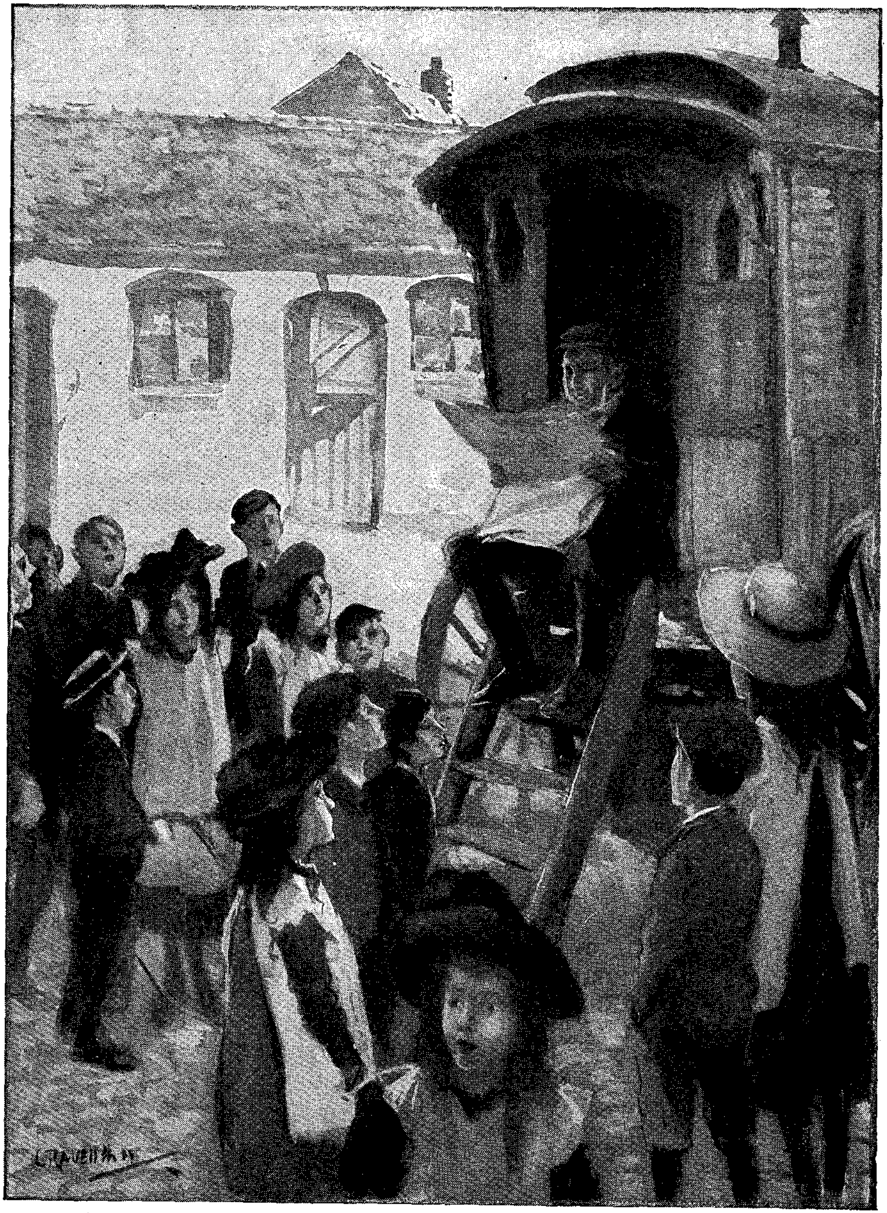
"This," he said, waving his pipe at the increasing crowd, "is nothing. You should have seen them at Beaconsfield and High Wycombe. They began by thinking I was Lord John Sanger, and when they were satisfied that I wasn't, they made sure I was a Cheap Jack with gold watches for a shilling each."

"How does it go, Kink?" Robert asked.

"It goes all right," said Kink, "but the crockery wants muffling. You can't hear yourself think when you trot."

"And Diogenes?"

"Diogenes," said Kink, "is a masterpiece. He begins to growl at tramps when they're half a mile away. Why is it, I wonder," Kink added, "that dogs can't abide ragged clothes? This Oxford, they tell me, 's a clever place. I wonder if any one here can explain that?"

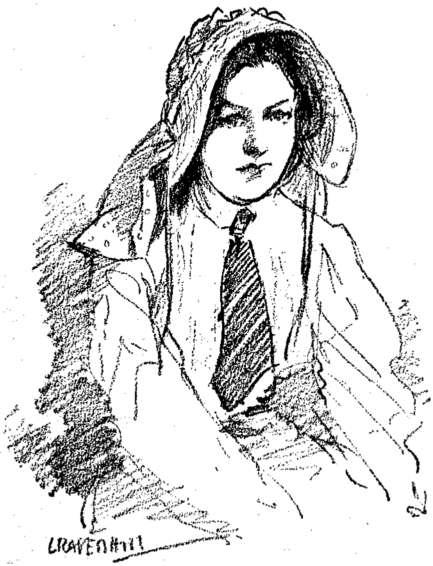


"THEY FOUND HIM SEATED ON THE TOP STEP READING THE PAPER WHILE FORTY-FIVE CHILDREN (AT LEAST) STARED AT HIM"

Mr. Lenox's young brother and his friends had now to be shown the Slow-coach, which they pronounced "top hole," and then Moses was inspected in his stable; and, this being done, they were ready for the river; or rather for the ices at a pastrycook's shop in the High Street—called the High—which were to precede the river.

Then they all trooped down to the boats and had a perfect hour's rowing; and then they explored Oxford a little, and saw Tom Quad at Christ's College (or "The House," as it is called), and were shown the rooms in which the author of "Alice in Wonderland" lived for so many years; and so right up through the city to Magdalen Grove, where the deer live, and Magdalen Tower, on the top of which the May Day carols are sung.

Mr. Lenox's young brother lived in rooms outside his college; he would not enter the college until next term. They were in Oriel Lane, and exceedingly comfortable, with at least twenty pipes in a pipe-rack on the wall, and at least thirty photographs of his favorite actresses, chiefly Pauline Chase, and five cricket-bats in the corner, and about forty walking-sticks, and a large number of puzzles of the "Pigs in Clover" type, which nearly drove Gregory mad while supper was being prepared.



"JANET SOON BEGAN TO ASSUME THE LITTLE MOTHER"

The preparation consisted merely of the entrance of one man after another carrying silver dishes; for everything was cold, although exceedingly sumptuous and solid. There were chickens all covered with a beautiful thick whitewash, on which little hearts and stars cut out of truffles were sprinkled. There was a tongue all over varnish, like the dainty foot of a giant Cinderella. There were custards and tarts and jellies. There were also bottles exactly like champagne bottles, which, however, contained ginger ale, and for Mr. Lenox's young brother and his friends there were silver tankards of beer. It was, in short, not a supper, but, as Mary Rotheram expressed it, using her favorite adjective at the moment, a supreme banquet.

Then another friend, with spectacles, called the Snarker, came in, and they began. Mr. Lenox's young brother was a very attentive host and made every one eat too much. Then he made a speech to propose the health of the Slowcoaches, as he called them, and to wish them a prosperous journey. "That you should all be happy," he said, very gravely, in conclusion, "is our earnest wish. But the one thing which my friends and I desire more than any other—and I assure you that they are with me most cordially in this sentiment (aren't you, Fizzy? aren't you, Shrimp? aren't you, Snarker?)—the one thing that we desire more than any other is, that you may never be run in for exceeding the speed limit." This was a very successful joke.

After supper came Fizzy's conjuring tricks, which were not very bewildering to children who had once had a real conjurer from the Stores, as these had; and then a charade played by Mary, Horace, Fizzy, and Shrimp for the others to guess.

The first act represented a motorist (Fizzy) who ran over and killed an old woman (Mary) and was arrested by a policeman (Horace) and fined eighteenpence by a magistrate (Shrimp).

The second was a cockney scene in which two costers (Fizzy and Shrimp) took their girls (Mary and Horace) to Hampstead Heath to 'ave fun.

The third was Henry VIII (Shrimp) receiving Anne of Cleves (Fizzy) and her Maid of Honor (Mary), and telling Wolsey (Horace) to prepare the divorce because she was "a great Flanders mare."

You see the whole word, of course—Car-'ave-Anne.

Finally the Snarker said that they must play one writing game before they went home. The Snarker, it seemed, came from a family which was devoted to writing games, and had even made improvements in "Consequences," which is, when you all know each other extremely well, the best writing game of all. But among strangers, as the Snarker explained, it was not so good, because they can't understand the jokes against uncles and aunts.

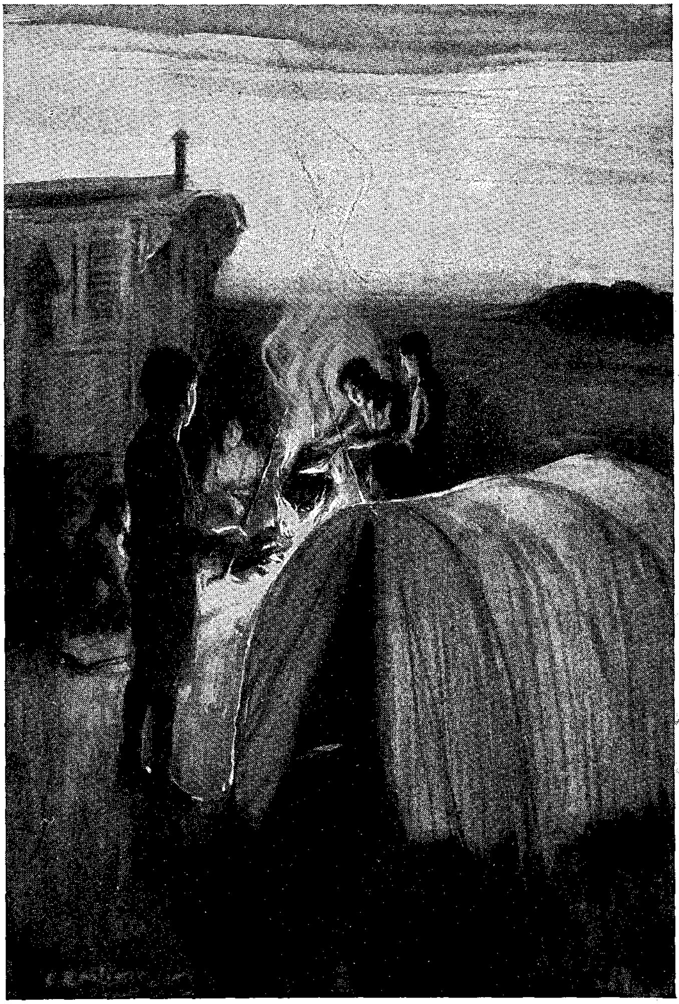
They did not, therefore, play "Consequences," but instead wrote what the Snarker called "composite stories." That is to say, they each took a large sheet of paper and began at the top a story, writing as much as they could in two minutes. Then the paper was passed on and the story on each was continued by the next person, until all had had one turn. Then the original beginners each finished his story, and they were read out. As there were eleven playing, this meant there were eleven stories; but I will copy only one of them. (Janet kept the papers or I should not be able to do that.)

This is the one which was begun by Hester, who liked to be serious and mysterious in her work, and was almost vexed when others turned it to nonsense. She called it "The Secret of the Castle," and began it like this:

It was a dark and gloomy night in the year 1135 when the young Lord Almeric reached his impressive and ancestral home. Nothing could be heard but the sighing of the wind in the turrets and the moaning of Boris, the great wolfhound. Lord Almeric had ridden far and was tired, and the gloominess of his ancestral home weighed on his spirits, which were naturally buoyant and high. Flinging himself from his gayly comparisoned horse, and tossing the reins with a muttered "Here, varlet!" to the waiting groom, he opened the massive doors and entered the hall. What was his amazement to see—

"Time!" called the Snarker, who had his watch before him, and Hester had to stop.

Gregory came next. His idea of the game was not very clear, to begin with, and he had some difficulty in reading what was written, so he was able to write very little, and that not too helpfully. He



"THEY WERE SEATED ON THEIR RUGS AROUND THE FIRE EATING THE MOST SUPREME STEW OF THE CENTURY" therefore wrote words that were always near his heart:

—a flying-machine—

and that was all.

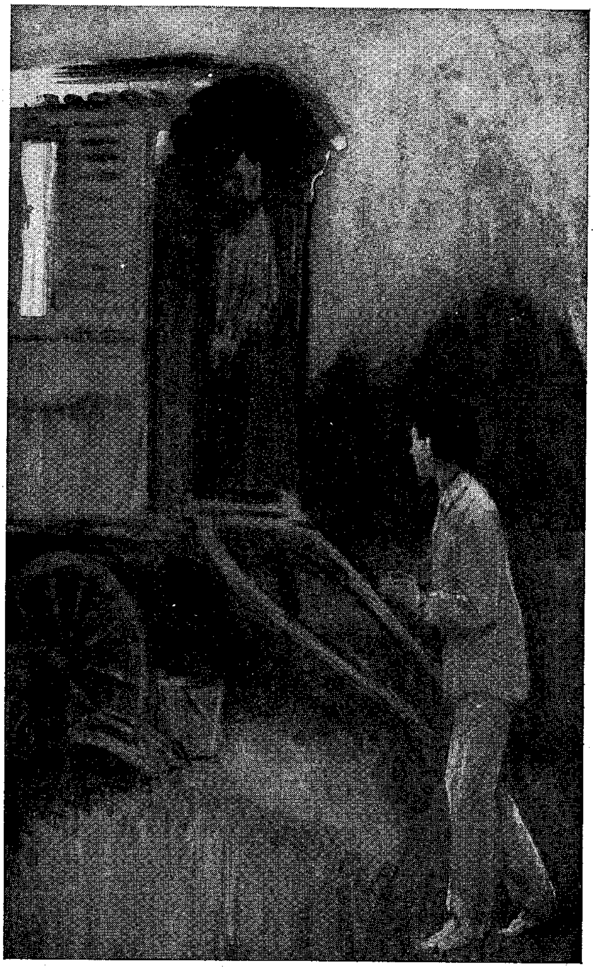
Then came Janet. Always wishing to be kind and make things easy, she longed to get the story back into the spirit and period of poor little romantic Hester's opening passages. But Gregory had spoiled everything. Janet, however, did her best:

The young lord drew back with a start, for he could hardly believe his eyes. "What," he exclaimed, "is this strange mixture of wires and wings? Can my father's astrologer have really done it at last after all these fruitless years? He must indeed have been busy since I rode forth to battle. Eftsoons, do I dream or wake?" He touched the strange thing cautiously, but it did not bite, and gradually there came upon him an exceeding desire to fly. "By my halidom!" he cried, "I will e'en inquire further into this mystery"—

Next came Fizzy, who was bent on being funny at any cost. He wrote:

—as the man said, sticking his fork into the German sausage. "What ho, my merry minions, help!" he cried; "let us draw forth the areoplane into the home meadow, for I would fain experiment with it. A lord is no lord unless he can daunt the swallow and the pigeon." So saying, he rang the alarm bell, which was kept only for fires and burglaries, and summoned the household. "A murrain on ye for being so pestilent slow!" he shouted. "Gadsooth, ye knaves, let loose the petrol or I soar not into the zenith."

Then came Mary, who naturally had no patience with nonsense. She ignored Fizzy's contribution completely and got back to romance:



"'HULLO! HULLO!' CRIED A GRUFF VOICE THAT CERTAINLY DID NOT BELONG TO ANY OF THE GIRLS"

Meanwhile, seated in her room in the home turret, sat the lovely Lady Elfrida, the picture of woe. Why did her lord tarry? Had she not heard him ride into the courtyard and give his palfrey to the waiting serf? Yet where was he? He was wont to spring up the stairs lightly as a roebuck of the mountains to welcome her, and now where was he? Little did she guess—

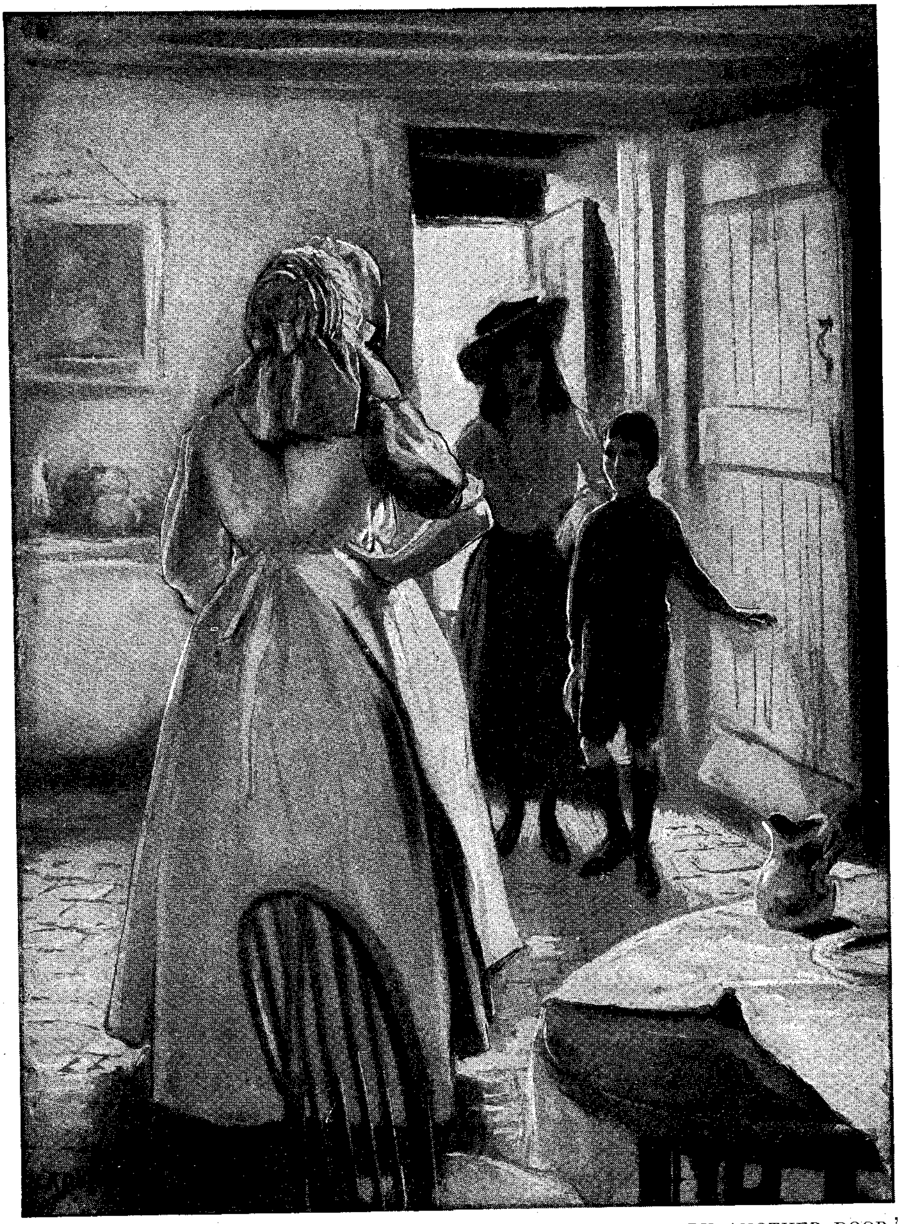
Here Shrimp took the paper and wrote:

—that a brand-new monoplane was blocking up the stairs, so big that not a roebuck on earth could jump it. But what of the secret of the castle? Was that the secret? No. Why did the wind shriek and the deerhound moan? If you would know this, reader, come with me down the dungeon steps and unbar yonder dark door. For there in the dark recess of that terrible cell lay—

The Shrimp, even although time had not been called, was very glad to leave off here. Robert took the paper. He read the narrative as well as he could and added these words:

—but I cannot bring my pen to write the word. It was a secret indeed, the secret of the castle. No wonder that the dog moaned and the wind howled and the Lady Elfrida grieved.

The Snarker, who, after all, had begun the wretched game



"A VERY WIDE AND SMILING WOMAN ENTERED THE KITCHEN BY ANOTHER DOOR"

and whose duty it was therefore to pull this ruin of a story together again, ought to have played fair; but instead he went back to what Fizzy had called an "areoplane," spelling not being taught at Oxford. He therefore wrote:

And meanwhile, what of the aeroplane? Fortunately, the night was short, and there was soon enough light by which to fly, and in a brief time the seneschals and myrmidons had the great machine in the midst of the tourney-ground, all ready for flight. Lord Almeric seated himself and grasped the lever. A firm push from the willing arms of a hundred carles and hinds, and he was in the air. "Ah," he cried, "odds bodkins, this is indeed life! Never have I felt such sensations. I will never walk or ride again. I will sell my motor car and my horses and my boots. Flying for me forever!

Jack now took the paper:

Lord Almeric was always a very clever man, and it was nothing to him that he had never flown before. He had studied the pictures of the flying men in the illustrated

> papers while waiting at the dentist's, and he knew the principles of mechanics. No wonder, then, that he flew with perfect control, circling the home turret, where the Lady Elfrida was still weeping, with the greatest ease, and calling to her messages of comfort, which—

Here the Snarker called "Time" again, and Mr. Lenox's young brother took the paper:

> —she could not hear. "Come down, good lord, or of a verity thou wilt fall and crack thy coxcomb!" shouted the major-domo from beneath; but the intrepid Almeric heeded not the warning, and only rose higher and higher, nearer and nearer to the stars. And then suddenly there was an awful shriek, and his body was seen to be hurtling steadily and surely towards the earth, gaining speed with every revolution. "Help, help!" they cried; "he must be dashed to pieces; nothing can save him." But at that moment—

Here Horace had to go on. He was not a literary boy, and it took him more than one minute to read all that had gone before. All he could therefore add was:

> —he woke up. "Where am I?" he said. "You have fallen out of bed," said Lady Elfrida.

Poor Hester! her face was a picture of perplexity and indignation when she came to read the story all through. There was clearly no sensible ending possible, and she therefore merely wrote:

> Not to this day has the secret of the Castle been solved, but visitors are still shown, on payment of a shilling each, the place where Lord Almeric dreamed he fell from a flying-machine in the year 1135.

And then Mr. Lenox's young brother and his friends took them back to the Mitre, and said good-night.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST DAY

Mr. Lenox's young brother gave them a tremendous breakfast and called in Fizzy and Shrimp and the Snarker to help, and then Janet paid the bill at the Mitre and bought a few things, including two cold chickens, and they all went down to the little inn yard together and found Kink waiting for them.

Janet, whose duties as paymaster had now begun in earnest, also paid Kink's bill; Robert set his pedometer at zero; and the whole party started, followed by the crowd of idle men and children to which they were destined to become so accustomed. For a caravan with children in it who are not gypsies is still an excitement in England.

Kink drove and the others walked behind, or by the side, or in front—mostly in front, for it was soon discovered that Moses had a slower walk than any other of the party—in fact, two miles an hour was more than his rate, although Kink assured them that he could trot from four to five on the level and keep it up.

It was a fine but rather windy day and the dust flew about a little too much; but everything was too fresh and exciting for that to matter. What is a little dust on the first day of a caravan expedition!

Mr. Lenox's young brother and his jolly friends turned back at Wolvercot, as there was work to do even at Oxford. It was not until their last waving handkerchiefs were out of sight that the children really felt themselves at the start of their adventurous enterprise. In fact, Robert put the feeling into words. "Now we're beginning," he said.

Up to this time all had walked; but, glancing at Gregory's lagging legs, Janet soon began to assume the little mother once again. In consultation with Kink, it was decided that on fairly level roads Moses was equal to the Slowcoach *plus* four passengers, and it was therefore agreed that there should never be more than that number riding at once, but, in order that no one should be too tired, they should take it in turns to enjoy these short periods of ease.

The arrangement made it necessary to appoint a new officer, who was called the Regulator of Rests, and Mary Rotheram was chosen. Her duties were not quite as simple as they sound, because Gregory, being the youngest, and Hester, being not very much older and not very strong, were to have more rides than any one else; Kink also must be allowed to ride a good deal. And this meant a little calculation; but Mary was always good at arithmetic.

Gregory, of course, refused point blank to ride a single yard; but he was rarely sorry, none the less, when the time came to climb the steps and settle down in a chair.

They had lunch that first day near Yarnton, without making any camp or cooking anything. The cooking was to be saved for the evening. They merely tore the two cold chickens to pieces and ate them with bread and butter and stone ginger beer from an inn beside the road. It is much the best way with a cold chicken. Afterwards bananas, which some one had told Mrs. Avory were the most sustaining of fruit.

Robert had arranged an easy day to begin with, and they were to go no farther than Woodstock, where, for those not too tired, there was Blenheim to see, the wonderful house of the Duke of Marlborough, and Fair Rosamond's Bower, and the park and the lake. Hester even had hopes of finding a distressed Blenheim spaniel puppy in some romantic sort of way, and adopting it for life.

But there were none of these things for them. Indeed, caravaners very soon get out of the habit of making plans at all. It is all too uncertain. The only things that really are certain are work and delay. They got no nearer to Blenheim than to peer through its gates and to recite, very imperfectly, the verses about old Caspar's work and little Wilhelmine.

At about half-past three they entered Woodstock, and, after passing through the village and doing a little shopping there, surrounded by all Woodstock's children who were not in school, they began to look about for a camping-place. And this needs more thought than one might suppose, for there must be some shelter from the wind, and water must not be too distant. Also one does not want to be very clcse to a busy and dusty road.

Kink, who had gone off on a little tour of inspection, came back at last and said he had found an excellent field, high and dry, and sheltered too. Stopping a laborer, they found that the farmer was Mr. Gosden, of Blackett's; and Gregory and Mary Rotheram hurried off to the farm-house, which was a few fields off, to ask permission, and get some milk, and perhaps eggs and butter.

They found the door of the kitchen open, but no one there. It was a large, low kitchen, with a very red brick floor, and it led into the dairy, where they could see the flat pans of milk. The fire was burning so brightly that they knew the farmer's wife could not be far away. Over the mantelpiece was a gun. Two or three highly polished and highly colored grocers' calendars—pictures of beautiful women—were on the walls. Sides of bacon hung from the ceiling. The whole place smelled of wood smoke and plenty. The children noticed all these things as they stood in the doorway, every now and then knocking.

At last they heard steps, and a very wide and smiling woman entered the kitchen from another door.

"Well," she asked, "what can I do for you?"

Gregory, proud to be really beginning his duties, said: "Please, may we camp to-night in one of your fields? We're living in a caravan."

"You've come to the wrong person," said Mrs. Gosden. "That's my husband's affair, and he's rather particular. He's gone to Chipping Norton; but," she added, as Gregory began to look miserable, "he'll be back any minute now. You sit down and have a cup of tea with me and wait for him."

So they sat down and Mrs. Gosden made the tea, which she took from a highly colored tin, covered also with beautiful women, and they had with it bread and butter and lettuce, and talked.

"And how do you like gypsying?" Mrs. Gosden asked.

"I think it's going to be splendid," Mary said; "but we've only just begun."

"Then you haven't slept hout before?"

"No," said Mary.

"My word!" said Mrs. Gosden; "what sôre throats you'll have in the morning! Roughing it's all very well by day, but give me a comfortable bed to lay in of a night. That's me!"

At this moment the sound of wheels was heard, and Mrs. Gosden jumped up and added some hot water to the tea and cut some more bread and butter. "That's father," she said, and Mr. Gosden soon after came in.

He was a big man with whiskers under his chin all the way round, but none on the rest of the face.

"Hello!" he said; "visitors!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gosden, "a young lady and gentleman who are living in a çaravan and want to camp in the hay-takers. At least, I think it's the hay-takers from what they say of it."

"Ho, do they?" said Mr. Gosden. "A nice state of things," he added with a twinkle, "when hevery one who comes to hask leave to spoil one of my fields gets a nice tea given them!" and he laughed.

"We shouldn't spoil it," said Gregory.

"Well," said Mr. Gosden, "perhaps you'll tell me how you make a fire. Isn't it on the ground? And what do you do with your rubbish? Clean it up and take it along with you? Not too likely. I've had caravaners here before."

"We will," said Mary, "I promise,"—seeing as she spoke the necessity of a new official being appointed at once: the Remover of Camp Litter.

"I said the other day," continued the farmer, "that never again would I let a caravan into my fields, didn't I, Bet? And how can I go back on that?"

"You did say it," said Mrs. Gosden, "true enough, but you're halways breaking your word. You said you'd bring me a new halarm clock the next time you went to Oxford, and I've never got it yet, and that's months ago."

"Never mind," said Mr. Gosden; "it means longer in bed for you. Well," he added to Mary, "I'll come down with you and look at the turnout and see. But I must finish my tea first."

Never, thought Mary, could any one have eaten so much tea or taken so long over it, and she was in despair about the others waiting in the road, hungry and impatient; but there was nothing for it but to be quiet, and at last Mr. Gosden was ready.

The others, it was true, had become very tired of waiting, but they had spent some of the time in bringing water from the nearest cottage. No one who gets really cross with waiting should ever go away in a caravan. Mr. Gosden had a good look at all of them and at Kink before he said anything. He then gave them leave to camp very near the hedge and he asked them to promise to be gone by ten the next morning, as he had some cattle coming in, and to clear up thoroughly, and then off he went. He stepped back to tell them to come up to the farm in the morning for milk and butter and to report on their night, and started off once more.

Gregory, who had clearly been puzzling over something, ran after him.

"Well?" said Mr. Gosden.

"Where do they take the hay?" Gregory said.

"Who?" Mr. Gosden asked.

"The hay takers," said Gregory.

"I don't understand," said Mr. Gosden. "What hay takers? It's not a hay meadow. We graze it."

"Mrs. Gosden," said Gregory, "called the field the hay takers."

Mr. Gosden laughed loudly. "That's my missis's pronounciation," he said. "She's much too fond of haitches: she will put them in the wrong place. I hoften correct her, but it's no huse. It's nothing to do with hay. It's the size of the field—the size, don't you see? The height acres: that's what she meant to say, bless her old heart!"

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRST NIGHT

"Well," said Janet, "that's a very nice start. It would have been horrid if the first farmer had been crusty."

"Ah," said Mary Rotheram, "but you should see his wife! It was she who did it for us really. Perhaps after dinner we might walk up there to thank her."

After dinner! How recklessly young caravaners can talk. But you shall hear. . . .

Kink with much skill got Moses and the Slowcoach into the field and shut the gate, and then the great carriage rocked and swayed over the grass, making no sound but a mixture of creaking and crockery. At last he brought it to a stand just under a tall hedge, and Moses was at once taken out and roped to a crowbar driven in the ground.

"The first thing," said Janet, "is the fire," and Jack and Horace were sent off to collect wood and pile it near the Slowcoach and fix the tripod over it. As it was quite dry, one of Mr. Scott's lighters soon had it blazing, and Mary, as chief cook, threw quickly into the water in the pot the large piece of brisket they had bought at Woodstock, together with potatoes and carrots and little onions and pepper and salt.

That done, and leaving Horace with strict orders to keep the fire fed, the others began to unpack. First of all mackintosh sheets and rugs were thrown on the ground round the fire, and then Robert and Jack drew out their tent and set it up on the farther side of the fire, some four or five yards away, so that the fire was midway between the tent and the caravan.

The tent was similar to those which gypsies use—not with a central pole, but stretched over half-hoops which were stuck in the ground. It was wide enough for three boys to lie comfortably in their sleeping-bags side by side. Gregory was to sleep in the caravan with the girls; Kink was to go to Woodstock.

Meanwhile, with all of them except Mary and Gregory, who had done well with Mrs. Gosden's tea, the pangs of hunger were at work, and the steam of the great iron pot hanging over the fire did nothing to allay them. Mary and Janet every now and then thrust a fork into the meat, but its resistance to the point was heart-breaking.

"Hadn't you better have some biscuits to go on with?" Janet said at last; but the others refused. It would spoil the stew, they thought.

"At any rate," Janet said, "let's get everything ready, not only for supper"—you see it wasn't called dinner any longer—"but for washing up afterwards."

So Kink went off for some more water, and a large basin was set on a box and dish-cloths were put by it; and a rackety search began for plates and knives and forks and mugs and tinned fruit, and more plates and spoons and moist sugar, and all the other things which appear on our tables at meal-times as naturally as leaves on the trees, but which in a caravan mean so much fuss and perplexity. In fact, all the children returned home with a vastly increased respect for the ability and punctuality of Collins and Eliza Pollard and Jane Masters.

For a while the air was simply full of questions, some of which I copy down and you may guess who asked them.

"I say, Janet, where's the tin-opener?"

"Janet, dear, ought we to have napkins?"

"Hester, you little nuisance, get off that box; it's got the bread in it."

"Hester, stop reading and come and help."

"Horace, the fire's nearly out."

"I wish some of you would stop talking and tell me where the tin-opener is."

"Jack, you lazy ruffian, why don't you get some more sticks?"

"I say, Kink, do you think this old brisket will ever be done?"

"Kink, does it ruin potatoes and things to stew too long?"

"Kink, is there any decent way of opening a tin without a tin-opener?"

"I'm perfectly certain the sugar was in this cupboard. Gregory, have you been at the sugar?"

"It's a good deal harder than a rock still."

"Can you make a tin-opener out of a fork?"

"I am perfectly certain I saw the corkscrew this morning."

"Oh, I say, I didn't come out in this old caravan to die of hunger and neglect."

"Mary, where did you put the milk-jug?"

"Let's have that beast of a brisket out and cut him up and put him in again in smaller pieces."

"Oh, Jack, how clever you are! How ever did you think of that?"

"I expect it's hunger sharpening his wits."

"I say, it's all very well to say cut him up small; but he's red hot. I'm scalded horribly."

"So am I."

"Yes, and so am I, the way you make him jump about. It splashed right over here."

"Kink, come and help us hold the brisket down while we cut him up."

The result of all this confusion was the appointment of two or three new officials. Horace was made Keeper of the Tin-Opener, and Gregory Keeper of the Corkscrew, while Jack was given the title of Preserver of Enough Oil in the Beatrice Stove, because you can do wonders with a Beatrice stove while waiting for the real fire to burn up—but only if there's oil in it.

Jack's brilliant device of slicing the brisket was successful, and by half-past seven they were seated on their rugs round the fire eating the most supreme stew of the century, as Mary Rotheram called it. They ate it in soup-plates, with a great deal of juice, into which they dropped their bread.

Suddenly old Kink, who had been eating steadily for a quarter of an hour just outside the circle, stepped up to what we may call the supper-table, with his watch in his hand.

"Miss Janet," he said, "there's only a quarter of an hour to get to Woodstock to send off the telegram."

Janet looked at the official telegraphist in alarm. "Oh, Bobbie," she said, "how dreadful if we had missed it! You must simply run!"

Robert sprang to his feet in a moment. "Give me a shilling," he said. "I'll make it up as I go along. Keep some tinned pears for me."

"I'll come too," said Jack, and off they bolted.

They reached the post-office just in time to despatch this message:

"*Avory Gables Chiswick just finished glorious brisket all well love.*"

On their return Robert and Jack found washing-up in full swing, and were not sorry to be able to eat their pears in comfort and watch the others being busy.

The light was now going fast; the bats flitted over their heads, and there was no sound save the talking and clattering of the washers-up and the grinding of Diogenes's teeth on the brisket bone. Various projects for spending the last hours of the day had been talked of, but now that it was here no one seemed to have the slightest energy left either to walk into Blenheim Park or cross the three or four fields to Blackett's. In fact, they wanted but one thing, and that was to creep into their very novel beds and see what it was like to sleep like gypsies.

Everything was therefore put ready for breakfast. A last load of wood was brought for the fire, Diogenes was transferred to the long rope which enabled him to range all round the camp, and Kink said good-night and trudged off to the village inn.

And so the first night began.

Gregory was a little fractious for a while, considering it an indignity to be sleeping in the caravan instead of with the men; but he was no sooner tucked into his berth than he fell asleep and forgot the insult. The girls were also very soon on their little shelves, either sleeping or drowsily enjoying the thought of sleep; but Robert and Jack and Horace did not hurry. The fire was still warm, and they huddled round it with Diogenes, and talked, and listened to Moses crunching the grass, and made plans for the morrow. Then at last they carried the sheeting and the rugs to the tent, and crept into their sacks and prepared to sleep.

With the exception of Gregory, no one slept very well. Hester was frightened by an owl which hooted close to the caravan, and Janet had to hold her hand for quite a long time, which is a very uncomfortable thing to do when you are in the berth below; and then, just as she was going off again, a rabbit, pursued by a stoat, screamed right under their wheels, as it seemed, and Hester's fright began anew.

Jack and Horace were probably a little overexcited, for they were very restless; and to be restless on the hard ground—with no springs, as in our beds at home—is to get sore and wakeful; while Robert was intently conscious of every sound—and if you sleep in a field you hear thousands of them—all the rustlings of the little shy nocturnal animals, tiny squeakings and shrillings in the grass, as well as the cries of the birds of prey. Now and then, too, a spider ran over his face and made him jump, and very early the strong light poured into the mouth of the tent and made it seem absurd to be in bed any longer.

The result was that it was not till the morning that they began to sleep properly at all, and that made them much less ready to get up than they had expected to be.

CHAPTER X

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND CARAVAN

The arrival of Kink at half-past six was a great relief. Robert hailed him, and Kink said it was a beautiful morning.

"Don't you get up yet," he said, after Robert and Janet had both told him of the night. "I'll make the fire and boil the kettle and fetch water, and so on, and you get up when I tell you. Otherwise you'll all be too tired and get ill."

And so they had the blessed experience of lying still and drowsy and hearing Kink move about for their comfort.

The boys were up first, and made extremely noisy toilets in the washing-up basin, and then Jack and Gregory went off to the farm for milk and butter and eggs, and Mrs. Gosden, who seemed, early as it was, to be in the very middle of a day's work, and who refused to believe that the boys were not deceiving her when they denied having sore throats, gave them leave to gather strawberries, so that their return to the Slowcoach was a new triumph.

Their breakfast was chiefly scrambled eggs, ham, and strawberries, and by ten o'clock, true to their bargain, they were out of the field and on the highroad, and no sign of their camp remained, save a black circle caused by the fire and a slight crushing of the grass all round it.

They had gone a very little way before Robert, who had already been to Woodstock with the morning telegram, began to realize that he was in for a blister on his left heel, and, on asking the others, he found that they were not too comfortable either.

"This means," he told Mary, speaking to her officially, in her capacity of Regulator of Rests, "that we shall have to ride a good deal, because we simply must go twelve miles to-day or we sha'n't be at Stratford in time for mother to-morrow afternoon."

Mary therefore ordered them in and out of the Slowcoach with great frequency, but it was not a very great deal of use, for they hobbled more and more.

At Enstone they stopped for lunch, which consisted of a tongue and bananas and ginger beer; and here they met a friendly tinker, drinking his ale outside the inn, who, noticing their lameness, gave them some good advice. "If you can't stop and rest," he said, "you should soap your stockings, and it's a good thing now and then to change the stockings from left to right."

They found that the soap was really useful and got on much better, and a little later they were overtaken by two young men on a walking tour, who slowed down to fall into step for a while with Robert and Jack. One gave them some hints. "When you are very tired," he said, "it helps to hold something in front of you at full length—even a walking-stick will do, or a coat rolled up. It pulls you along. You look an idiot, of course, but that doesn't matter. No one who minds looking foolish will ever have a really good time. It is a good thing to prevent a stitch in your side to carry a little pebble in your mouth. Squeezing a cork in each hand helps."

"Another way to make walking easier," said the other young man, "is to sing as you go. All sing together—marching songs if you know any, such as 'Tramp, boys, tramp.' That's what soldiers do on long marches, and it makes all the difference."

They didn't turn down the road to Chipping Norton, but stopped there while Kink, who had no blisters, went into the town to get the evening's dinner, and meanwhile Janet persuaded the Beatrice stove to give them tea. It was while here that they had their first experience of Diogenes as a guardian, for he frightened away two tramps who seemed likely to be troublesome.

On Kink's return, Robert urged them on, for he had marked down on his map a spot called the Hollow, about five miles farther on, near Long Compton, which sounded exceedingly attractive as a camping ground, especially to one who had read "Lavengro" and remembered the Dingle there, near Long Melton; and hither, very footsore, but still brave and happy, they came about half-past four and made a very snug camp in it without asking any one's leave.

It was not time for supper, and they were very glad to lie about and be lazy while the stew was slowly cooking. Robert and Janet and Mary consulted very deeply about the morrow, and at last decided that it would be best to remain there all the day and get their blisters cured with Mr. Lenox's ointment, and therefore a telegram would have to go to Mrs. Avory at once telling her not to go to Stratford till Saturday, "and also," Robert added, "to bring my bicycle. We can easily fasten it on the roof, and it's going to be frightfully necessary often and often. This evening, for instance. Here we are, goodness knows how far from a telegraph office, and every one lame except Kinky, who'll have to go."

Kink, however, had luck, for he met a baker's cart on its way to Chipping Norton, and the man not only said he would take the telegram and the letter, but he agreed to bring out a number of things to eat the next day.

Feeling rested and well fed, they therefore went to bed that Thursday night much more likely to sleep than on the night before.

And indeed every one did sleep well,

except, once again, Robert. Whatever the reason, he was very wide awake; and at some hour in the middle of the night he crept out of his sack and walked into the open, away from the trees, intent upon comparing the magnetic north—which his compass gave him—with the true north, which any one can find by looking at the Great Bear sprawling across the skies and getting the Pole Star from its pointers.

Having marked the difference on the glass of his compass with a spot of ink from his fountain pen, Robert returned to the Hollow; but to his astonishment and alarm, on reaching the caravan he could not find the tent. There was the Slowcoach right enough, with its white blinds glimmering, and he could hear Moses munching close by; but there was no tent, and apparently no Diogenes.

Robert was not a timid boy, but the lateness of the hour and the loneliness of the place and this extraordinary occurrence affected his nerves so that he suddenly had a panic, and, running up the steps, he beat on the caravan door as if wolves were after him.

"Hullo! hullo!" cried a gruff voice that certainly did not belong to any of the girls. "What the dickens do you want?"

Robert nearly fell off the steps in his surprise. "Please," he said, "I want the Slowcoach."

For answer the door opened and a big head and beard and a pyjama arm were pushed out.

"Slowcoach?" the head said. "What Slowcoach? There's no Slowcoach here."

"The Slowcoach is the name of our caravan," said Robert.

"Oh, is it?" said the head. "Then it's over there. I saw it as I came in. This is the Snail."

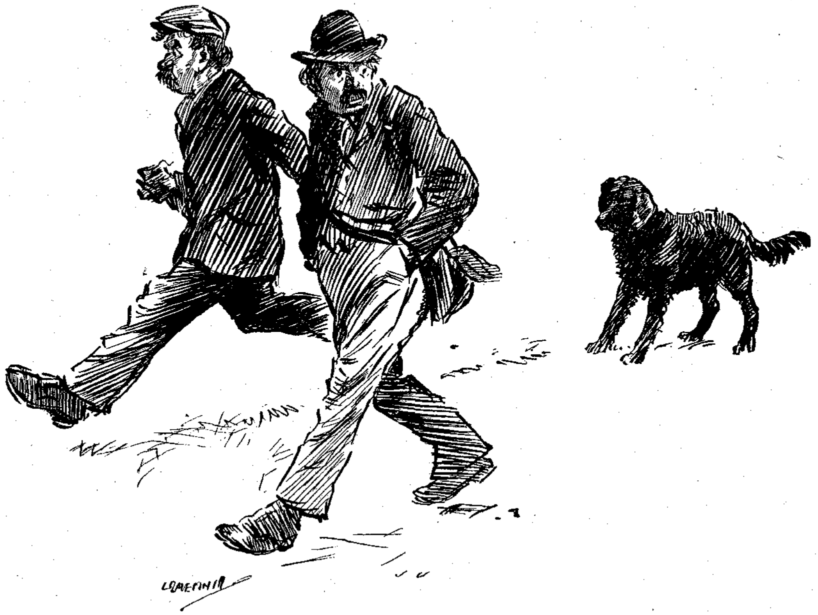
"Thank you very much," said Robert, who had quite recovered his composure. "How late are you going to stay here in the morning?"

"I don't know," said the head, yawning vastly. "It depends on the country. I sha'n't go till after breakfast, anyhow. But I'm much too tired to talk now. Good-night, Slowcoach."

"Good-night, Snail," said Robert.

And that is how the Avories came to know the great Hamish MacAngus; for when Robert led them round to visit him the next morning ("And it is right for us to call first," said Janet, "since we have lived here longer"), they found that the owner of the Snail was nothing less than the famous— But I must tell you in the next chapter.

(To be continued)



"HE FRIGHTENED AWAY TWO TRAMPS WHO SEEMED LIKELY TO BE TROUBLESOME"

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE ETHICS OF JESUS

[See editorial comment on another page.]

My attention has been called to an article in your issue of March 12 in which the ethical teachings of Jesus are discussed by Dr. Lyman Abbott. I quote a paragraph:

"My radical friend declares that the teachings of Jesus are not practicable, that we cannot carry them out in life, and that we do not pretend to do so. Jesus, he reminds us, said, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth;' and Christians do universally lay up for themselves treasures upon earth; every man that owns a house and lot, or a share of stock in a corporation, or a life insurance policy, or money in a savings bank, has laid up for himself treasure upon earth. But Jesus did not say, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.' He said, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth *where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal.*' [The italics are the editor's, not mine.] And no sensible American does. Moth and rust do not get at Mr. Rockefeller's oil wells, nor at the Sugar Trust's sugar, and thieves do not often break through and steal a railway or an insurance company or a savings bank."

This discovery of a new method of interpreting the Bible is one of such very great interest and importance that I cannot forbear, even at the distance of four months, to ask space to comment upon it. May I suggest that Dr. Abbott elaborate this exceedingly fruitful idea, and write us another article upon the extent to which the teachings of the Inspired Word are modified by modern conditions, by the progress of invention and the scientific arts? The point of view which Dr. Abbott takes is one which had never occurred to me before, and I had therefore been completely mistaken as to the attitude of Jesus on the question. Also I have, like Dr. Abbott, many radical friends who are still laboring under error.

Dr. Abbott, it seems to me, is himself at fault in failing to quote the remainder of Jesus' saying, and misses some very interesting conclusions which are to be drawn therefrom. Jesus says, "But lay up for yourselves treasures in *heaven*, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." It thus becomes clear to us that the processes of civilization which have founded the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, the life insurance companies, and the savings banks have produced a condition of heaven on earth. What a consolation it will be to Mr. Rockefeller to realize this! And what a triumphant vindication of his attitude toward life! In the words of Jesus, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"!

Jesus goes on to bid his hearers "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." What an apt simile is this for the "great mass of American wealth," in Dr. Abbott's portrayal of it! "It is serving the community," he tells us; "it is building a railway to open a new country to settlement by the homeless; it is operating a railway to carry grain from the harvests of the West to the unfed millions of the East," etc. Incidentally, it is piling up dividends for its pious owners; and so everybody is happy—and Jesus, if he should come back to earth, could never know that he had left the abodes of bliss above!

Truly, there should be a new school of Bible interpretation founded upon this brilliant idea. Jesus says, "Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men." Verily not; for of what avail are trumpets, compared with the hundreds of millions of copies of newspapers which daily go forth to tell of Mr. Rockefeller's benefactions? How transitory are they, compared with the graven marble or granite which Mr. Carnegie sets up upon the front of each of his libraries!

There is the paragraph, "Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black." I have several among my friends who are Quakers; presumably Dr. Abbott has also; and he should not fail to point out to them the changes which scientific discovery has wrought in the significance of this command. We can now make our hair either white or black, or a combination of both. We can make it a brilliant peroxide golden; we could, if we were pushed to an extreme, make it purple or green. So we are clearly entitled to swear all we please by our head.

"And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." This has always been a puzzling command to me. I never understood exactly what it meant; why any one should sue at law to take away a coat. But now that I consider the matter in this new light, I understand it as a prophecy concerning "Schedule K" of our present tariff. They have taken away our coat by law, and we now submit to a revision upward, and so give them our cloak. So the Grand Old Party machine is kept intact, and Dr. Abbott's eminent associates remain politically serene. This direct and specific condemnation of Insurgency in the Gospel should, I think, be immediately communicated to Messrs. Cannon, Dalzell, and Payne.

Nor should we forget to examine other portions of the Bible according to this method. "Look not upon the wine when it is red," we are told. Thanks to the activities of that Capitalism which Dr. Abbott praises so eloquently, we now make our beverages in the chemical laboratory, and their color is a matter of choice. Also, it should be pointed out that we have a number of pleasant drinks which are not wine at all—"high-balls" and "gin-rickeys" and "peppered punches;" also *vermouthe* and *crême de menthe* and *absinthe*, which, I believe, are all green in hue, and therefore entirely safe. Of what great interest will this be to Dr. Wylie, and also to the lobbyists of the Food Adulterators' Trust!

Then there are the Ten Commandments. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." See how completely our understanding of this command is changed, so soon as we realize that we are free to make to us any number of images of wrought and molten metal! And that we may with impunity bow down to them and worship them and serve them—even, for instance, a Golden Calf!

"The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." This, again, it will be noted, is open to new interpretations. It specifies maid-servants, but does not prevent one's employing as many married women as he pleases. It also says nothing about the various kinds of labor-saving machinery which we have now taught to work for us—sail-boats, naphtha launches, yachts, automobiles, and private cars—all of which may be busily occupied during the seventh day of the week. The men who run these machines—the guides, boatmen, stokers, pilots, chauffeurs, and engineers—would all indignantly resent being regarded as "servants," and so they do not come under the prohibition any more than the machines.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Here again is a command which has been entirely misunderstood; and as a result we have on our statute-books a great number of laws concerning perjury which are wisely disregarded by those who find themselves confronted with an emergency. From now on, a workman who finds himself compelled to testify concerning the injury of a fellow-servant need have no hesitation in distorting the facts in any way that pleases his employer. For of course, under modern industrial conditions, men who work in the same factories are not necessarily to be regarded as neighbors. Be it noted also that this command applies only to false witness *against* a person. This will be of great importance to all employees of the Sugar Trust, who may be called upon to testify as to who ordered the wires stuck in the springs, and who got away with the goods. It will also be of interest to aldermen and councilmen, Assemblymen and legislators, Congressmen and Senators, who may at any time be disturbed by the activities of "muck-rake men."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's horse, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's." I read this paragraph over for the first time in quite a while, and I came with a jolt to its last words. I had been intending to point out that it said nothing about a neighbor's automobile, nor a neighbor's oil wells, sugar trusts, insurance companies, and savings banks. The last words, however, stop one off abruptly. One is almost tempted to imagine that the Divine Intelligence must have foreseen Dr. Abbott's ingenious method of interpretation, and taken this precaution against him. And this was a great surprise to me—for, truly, I had not supposed it possible that such an interpretation could have been foreseen, even by Omniscience itself. I will conclude this communication by venturing the assertion that it could not by any possibility have been foreseen by any other person or thing, whether in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Dr. Abbott may accept my congratulations upon having achieved the most ingenious and masterful exhibition of casuistical legerdemain that it has ever been my fortune to encounter in all my readings in the literatures of some thirty centuries and seven different languages.

And I will also add that I respectfully challenge Dr. Abbott to publish this letter. And I announce to him in advance that if he refuses to publish it, I will cause it to be published upon the first page of the "Appeal to Reason," where it will be read by some five hundred thousand Socialists, and by them set before not less than ten million followers of Jesus Christ, the world's first and greatest revolutionist, whom Dr. Lyman Abbott has traduced and betrayed by the most amazing piece of theological knavery that it has ever been my fortune to encounter.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Edge Moor, Delaware.

THE BOY SCOUTS

[See editorial comment on another page.]

Complying with your request for a letter about the origin of the Boy Scouts of America, I will say that, through a misapprehension on the part of some one connected with your advertising department, the statement was made that Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton originated the idea of the Boy Scouts. This is a claim that Mr. Seton himself does not make, and he has at public meetings of the society, along with the other speakers upon the occasions, given me full credit as the originator of the Boy Scout movement. I am the pioneer in this line of thought and endeavor. Some thirty years ago, when I first came in contact with the boys of New York City, I was struck with the fact that very few of them knew how to properly spin a top, that the once skillful game of marbles had degenerated to a crude sport consisting of tossing a big marble at others in a hole; that practically none of the boys I met could make a kite that would fly, a balloon that would ascend, and that they all depended upon the shops for their toys. It seemed to me then that there was an urgent necessity of stimulating their interest in making things themselves for themselves, and doing things themselves.

What was true of the New York boys in those days was gradually becoming true of all American boys. Times had changed, and the progress of invention in supplying the youths with a flood of cheap toys had made it unnecessary for them to depend upon their own resources for their amusement. "Labor follows the line of the least resistance" in all things, and the working of this immutable law has in many respects made our boys helpless. Comparatively few of them carried a jack-knife in their pockets, and fewer still could use one properly or skillfully. The descendants of a nation of whittlers did not know how to whittle a stick. This state of affairs seemed to me to bode ill for the future crop of men, and I have now spent some thirty years in a modest endeavor to bring our boys back to a state where they are more in accord with the all-around useful men from whom they sprang. It has not been my object to make carpenters, blacksmiths, engineers, or builders of these boys, in the conventional sense, but I have tried to interest them so that all my readers will be more or less of general craftsmen, self-reliant and manly fellows. The very flattering and somewhat unlooked-for success of my efforts has proved to me that I started upon the right trail. In the first place, instead of telling them how to construct a few conventional things in a perfunctory manner, such as book-racks, etc., taught in the schools, I made diligent search and inquiry to discover what sort of things the boys want to make, and then I told them how to make them. The memory of my own boyhood was of great assistance to me in this work. Whatever I wanted to do when I was a small boy myself I have since told the boys, by the aid of diagrams and minute description, how they can do. Thus I published the first working drawings of a back-yard switchback, an underground house, a tree-top house, and a tailless kite, with many more novelties in a similar line. These I followed up with directions and the first working drawings published of a log house. Then came the more simple forms of rafts, small boats, shacks, shelters, and camp-fires. At last I made the great discovery that the nearer I came to the three original elements—fire, earth, and water—the greater was the enthusiasm of my readers. Thus it was that while editor of "Recreation" I evolved the first society of Boy Scouts, which I then called the Sons of Daniel Boone, the name of which I have since changed to the Boy Pioneers of America. In planning this I went over the American historical characters which appeal most strongly to a boy's imagination. For obvious reasons, I discarded the picturesque Captain Kidd, Blackbeard, and Lafitte. These were romantic characters, but their code of morals was not such as we care to perpetuate. Fortunately, however, our history does give us some equally romantic and even more picturesque individuals in the persons of Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Simon Kenton, Davy Crockett, Audubon, Catlin, and that primitive old-time Tolstoy of the wilderness Jonathan Chapman, popularly known as "Appleseed Johnny." All of these were strenuous men of good character, and many of them, like Boone, Kenton, and Appleseed Johnny, were men of sturdy morals and strong religious convictions.

One of the most popular and novel features of my boy scouts is the using of the above names as titles of rank in place of captain, president, or secretary.

This society of mine is acknowledged to be the original of the boy scouts, and it was evolved and invented by me without the aid of outside help and without consultation with other parties.

Major-General Baden-Powell contributed a number of articles to my "Sons of Daniel Boone," which was the name by which my boy scouts were first known. The distinguished British general then did me the honor to adapt the plan of my society to the wants of the English youth, and call his organization the "Boy Scouts," and it proved to be an immediate success.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published a book for me called the "Boy Pioneers, Sons of Daniel Boone," in which I have told the public, the boys, and their teachers how to organize and run a society of Boy Scouts.

Independent of me and on different lines, my friend Mr. Seton evolved a kindred organization, which he calls the Woodcraft Indians. Both Mr. Seton's and my society originated in *America*, both were born of American environment, both were flourishing before this English movement was born, and both were in successful operation before the present Boy Scouts of America was thought of or organized.

After the society was formed I had a personal interview with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in regard to names for a series of honors to be known as top notches, to be conferred upon such scouts as proved themselves worthy of the honor. The Colonel gave me the authority to use his own name for one, and Admiral George Dewey, Major-General Bell, Buffalo Bill, John Muir, Mark Twain, and Gifford Pinchot have all done the same. The Gifford Pinchot top notch, for notable work in extinguishing forest fires, is recent, but all the others were personally designated by the men whose names they bear before either the Boy Scouts of America or of England were thought of.

DAN BEARD.

Lonetown Brook Farm.

A FALSE REPORT

In a recent editorial in The Outlook entitled "A Fight for a Capital" a very grievous error is made which reflects great discredit upon the citizenship of Guthrie—the statement in the article that "feeling ran so high that it is reported that the Governor's daughter was stoned on the streets of Guthrie for expressing anti-Guthrie sentiment."

The only foundation for the story of this alleged outrage was the inconsequential act of the typical "smart" small boy who threw a harmless missile into a promiscuous crowd containing Miss Haskell, escort, and personal friends.

The small boy's reprehensible act was *absolutely* the only physical affront offered her *for anti-Guthrie sentiment*. The incident suggested a "story" to the enterprising reporter, and was taken up and sent broadcast throughout the land.

Miss Haskell herself came out in a denial of the alleged stoning, and it is no longer believed by even the most credulous or partisan person in the State.

I have lived more than forty years on the frontier and twenty-one years in Oklahoma, and must protest that Western chivalry has never been known to wreak its vengeance on weak or unprotected womanhood; and I speak with assurance when I claim that such a dastardly attack, impossible as I know it would be in the East, would be far more likely to happen there than in any Western town I ever knew! I sincerely hope you will publish the facts in the case, as it is a gross injustice to the people of Guthrie and the whole citizenship of Oklahoma.

MRS. N. M. CARTER.

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

ARE WESTERN FARMERS BORROWING TOO MUCH?

The most striking feature of business conditions in the interior States during the past year has been the great demand for money and the effect on banks and other loan agencies of the unprecedented land movement. Never in the West's history have been known such vast operations in farm land as during the twelve months ending with the Farm Settlement day of the present spring. From the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains farms changed hands at increased prices, and those who sold out moved on to buy cheaper realty, hoping for another profit. Official reports say over sixty thousand farmers went across the line into western Canada, while the newly irrigated lands of the inter-mountain States attracted thousands. While farmers were receiving $1 a bushel for wheat, $11 a hundred for hogs, 65 cents a bushel for corn, and other products in proportion, their land paid dividends on a high valuation, and buyers, realizing this, paid sums that astonished even the hopeful Westerners themselves. It has not been unusual for farms two hundred miles west of the Missouri River to sell for $80 to $100 an acre. The same farms were worth only half that price four years ago. To finance these purchases large loans have been made, frequently the amount equaling the land's full market value a half-decade earlier. The life insurance companies of the East have been the chief source of capital for these loans. One company has $127,000,000 thus invested, another $57,000,000. As an example of the distribution of their loans one group of States shows: Kansas, $11,680,000; North Dakota, $6,756,000; Missouri, $23,913,000; Nebraska, $11,073,000; Iowa, $22,452,000; Oklahoma, $2,676,000. Six large companies are heavy investors in these securities. The flood of applications greatly exceeded the available loan funds of the companies, and for two months operations have been curtailed. Rates have been raised and restrictions imposed that diminished the amounts asked. In some instances all applications have been refused. The Western banks have furnished a great deal of money for the same purpose, and, though deposits are large, they found themselves unable to care for their usual business without limiting loans in this direction. The effect has been to turn the applications for money to private investors, and it has served to retard the land movement. This is a good thing for the West, since a continuance of the inflation of prices, had it been maintained, would certainly have brought disaster. The Western farmers have seen such handsome profits in the increase of the value of their lands that they became eager to take risks calling for heavy obligations. High prices and good crops, two factors alone on which it was possible to maintain this condition, are unlikely always to prevail, and failure in either would eventually lead to wholesale depression and foreclosure of mortgages, as in the collapse of the other land boom back in the early nineties. While it is undoubtedly true that farmers at present prices for products can afford to borrow heavily, financiers have pointed out the dangers and risks involved, and it will be a salutary outcome if a positive check to land speculation has been accomplished. This is the present prospect, one that promises to restore confidence in the stability of real estate values throughout the interior States.

C. M. HARGER.

A CORRECTION

In my article "The Public Service Companies and the People," published in your issue of July 9, I note rather a serious omission on page 516. It reads: "The Commission has ordered all the traction companies to operate up to their maximum capacity during the rush hours, and so as to provide a seat for each passenger." The last half of the sentence, as I wrote it, read: "So as to provide a seat for each passenger *during every half-hour period at all other times*." I do not wish it to appear through any report of mine that the Public Service Commission is in the habit of ordering miracles to come to pass, and hence send this word of explanation with the request that you make it public.

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE.

Howard Brushes

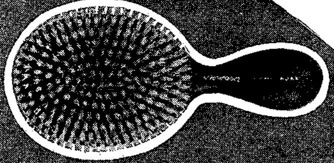
Best Brushes Made

GODIVA AJAX SAMSON

Brushing is Life to the Hair

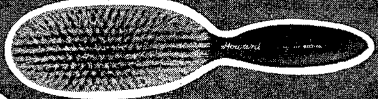
Every stroke of a Howard Brush reaches each layer of hair and makes the scalp tingle with a healthy glow, exciting vitality and encouraging a luxuriant growth.

A Howard Brush is scientifically constructed. Its stiff penetrating bristles remove completely the daily accumulation of dust, without injury to the hair or scalp, and stimulate the free flow of natural hair oil, keeping the hair clean, healthy and vigorous.

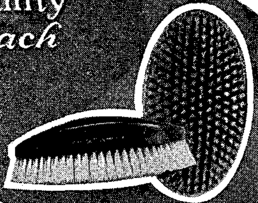


***Howard* AJAX**
The Handy Traveller
$2.00 to $3.00 each

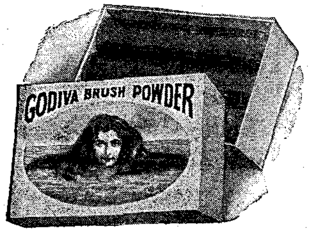
Howard Brushes are made from one solid piece of Turtle Ebony, or other precious woods, artistically fashioned and beautifully finished. Every detail of workmanship and material is the best, and with proper care a Howard Brush will last a lifetime.



***Howard* GODIVA**
The Brush Dainty
$1.25 to $3.50 each



***Howard* SAMSON**
Military De Lux
$3.25 to $6.00 per pair



GODIVA BRUSH POWDER

is a specially prepared powder with which a hair brush may be cleansed thoroughly without the slightest injury to the bristles. If your merchant cannot supply you with "Godiva Brush Powder," we will send a sample tube, and booklet telling how to care for Hair Brushes, on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

The name "Howard" is on the handle of every Howard Brush

The Howard Brush Co., 15 West 24th St., New York

Registered Trade Mark *Established Half a Century*

Special Summer Sales at McCutcheon's

During the summer we shall close out at a reduction in price a large assortment of attractive goods in the following departments:

Linen Coats and Suits	**Lingerie Waists and Dresses**
Tailor-made Waists	**French and American Corsets**
French and American Lingerie	**Washable Dress Fabrics**

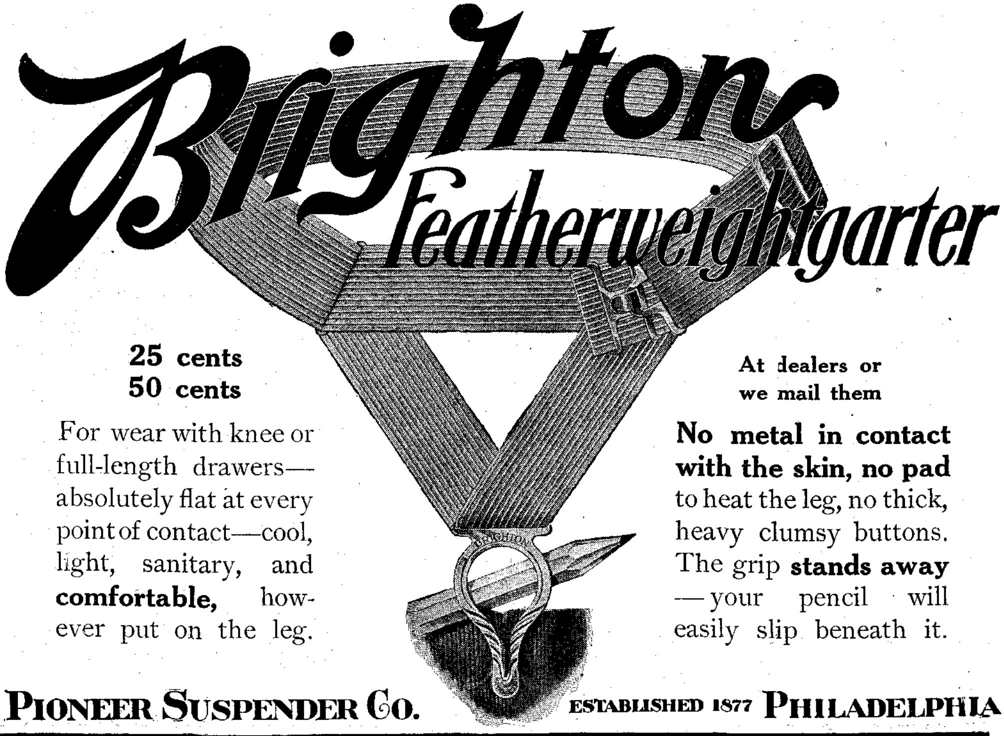
We also direct especial attention to our assortment of Housekeeping Linens of all kinds. The collection, even during the summer season, is usually complete.

Visitors passing through the city are cordially invited to inspect these goods.

Mail Orders receive our prompt attention.

James McCutcheon & Co., **5th Avenue and 34th St., N. Y.** Opp. Waldorf-Astoria

---



25 cents
50 cents

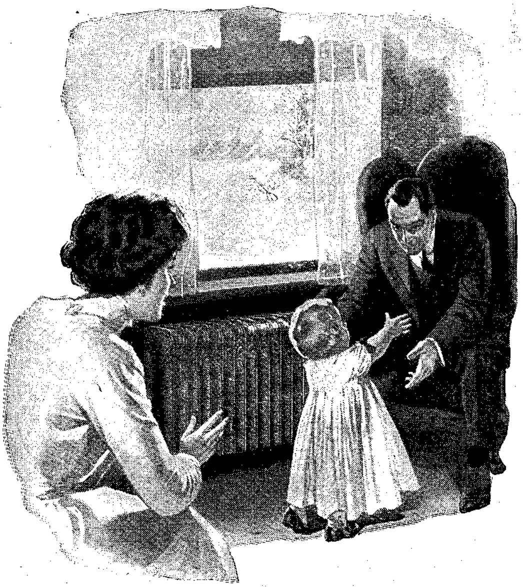
For wear with knee or full-length drawers—absolutely flat at every point of contact—cool, light, sanitary, and **comfortable,** however put on the leg.

At dealers or we mail them

No metal in contact with the skin, no pad to heat the leg, no thick, heavy clumsy buttons. The grip **stands away** —your pencil will easily slip beneath it.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO. ESTABLISHED 1877 **PHILADELPHIA**

First Steps in Heating Values



It has taken many, many careful steps in planning, manufacturing and testing to develop the marvelous heat-producing IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. They are the final steps in heating economy. They save heavily in fuel—save in care-taking, save furniture and decorations from ash-dust, save in doctor bills, save fire risk to building, save half the daily house-cleaning, save in time and temper.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS are a high-class investment from every standpoint for any size or kind of building requiring heating.

The cost of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will average the lowest annual outlay. For instance—an IDEAL-AMERICAN outfit costing $200, and lasting 25 years, represents an outlay of $8 only a year. As there is no reason why IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will not last as long as the building, say 50 years, the outlay would be $4 only per year. The saving of a few tons of coal a year, which these outfits effect, will easily repay the first cost and then produce a handsome yearly profit on this ideal heating investment—to say nothing of the other savings, the comforts and the health protection. No one, therefore, can afford to continue the waste and nuisances of old-fashioned heating.

Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and content in the present one. No tearing up partitions or floors, nor disturbing old heating equipment until ready to put fire in the new. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in town or country. Our free book, "Ideal Heating Investments" tells much that it will pay you well to know. Take the first step *today* and tell us kind and size of building you wish to heat. *Prices are now most favorable.*

A No. 2-22-S IDEAL Boiler and 330 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $180, were used to Steam heat this cottage.

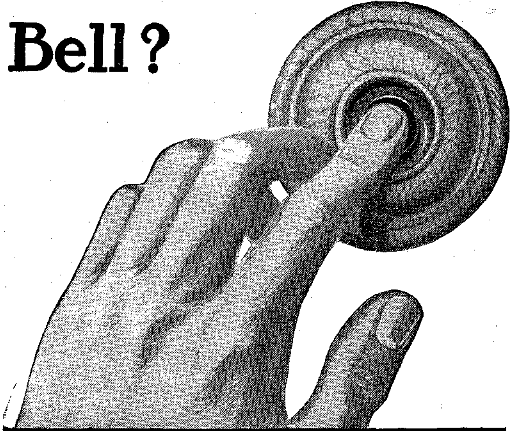
At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Showrooms in all
large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept 40
Chicago

Which is *Your* End of the Bell?



ARE you at another's beck and call, or is your position one that puts and *keeps* you in the lead at an ever increasing salary?

Only the right training will ensure your success in life. You *must* "make good" in order to rise above the "wage" crowd. You *must* be an expert in your chosen line of work.

The International Correspondence Schools can *make* you an expert without your having to stop work or leave home. You can qualify in your spare time. *The I. C. S. has a way for you.* Mark the attached coupon and find out. Finding out costs you nothing.

3882 Salaries Raised *VOLUNTARILY* reported by I. C. S. students last year. 338 reported during April. *You* join these men. Give yourself a chance to succeed in life by *marking the coupon NOW.*

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 886 SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

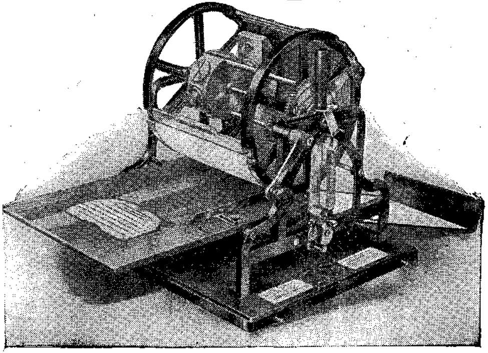
- Bookkeeper
- Stenographer
- Advertising Man
- Show Card Writing
- Window Trimming
- Commercial Illustrating
- Industrial Designing
- Architectural Draftsman
- Building Contractor
- Architect
- Chemist
- Languages— Spanish, French, German, Italian
- Banking
- Civil Service
- Electric Wireman
- Elec. Lighting Supt.
- Electrical Engineer
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Mechan. Engineer
- Telephone Expert
- Stationary Engineer
- Textile Manufacturing
- Civil Engineer
- Concrete Construction
- Plumbing, Steam Fitting
- Mine Foreman
- Mine Superintendent
- Automobile Running

Name____________________

Street and No.____________________

City____________________ State__________

The Self-Inking Rotary Neostyle



Is Always Ready and Gives Quick Action

Time and ink saved by it will soon pay for the new machine.

You don't have to wait on a printer's promises nor submit to his charges.

Important and confidential information can be put in the mails in an hour for hundreds of agents and correspondents.

One copy is written on the typewriter —the rest are turned off by the Neostyle at the speed of a Rotary press.

If you think such a machine might be of help in your office, we will gladly explain.

Do you want to know how the Neostyle brings new business?

Do you want to know how it helps care for the business you already have?

Then drop a line to

Neostyle Co.
30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago

Six Months' Wear from Six Pairs of Comfortable Lightweight Hose

f you buy six pairs of **Holeproof** Hose instead of "just hose" you'll get a **guarantee of six months' wear,** which means new hose free f you don't **get** the wear.

"Holeproof" has solved the hosiery problem for hundreds of thousands. We make 20,000 pairs a day.

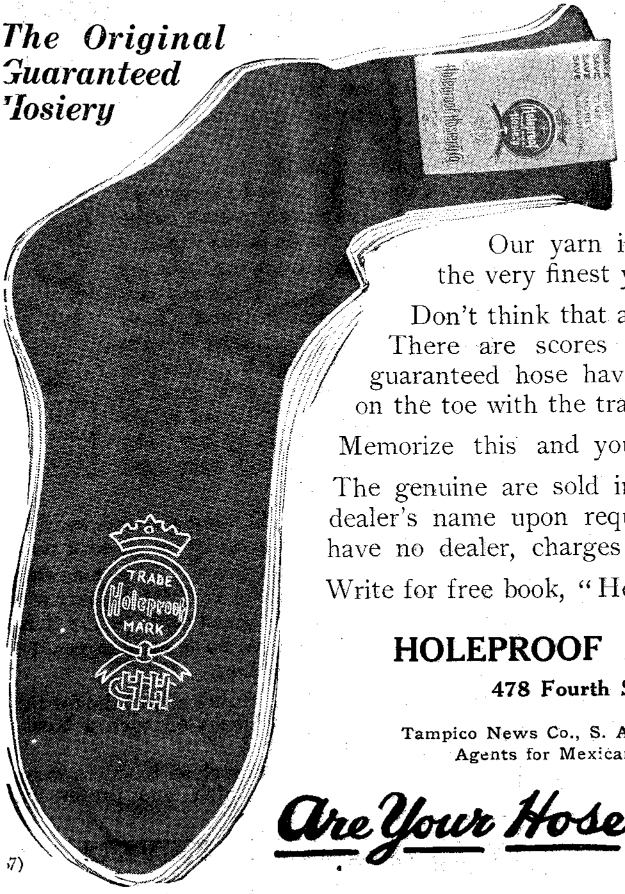
They are lightweight, cool and comfortable summer hose and are made in all the most stylish summer colors for both men and women.

The children's Holeproof Hose are a marvelous help to thousands of mothers. The children always look well and the mother doesn't have **any** darning to do. You ought to try "Holeproof"—**now.**

But be sure you get the **original** guaranteed hosiery—the kind backed by 32 years of experience — the genuine

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The Original Guaranteed Hosiery



We pay an average of 70c a pound for the 3-ply yarn that goes into "Holeproof." We could save 30c a pound by using a 2-ply yarn—a yarn of equal **quality cotton** but not of equal softness and strength.

Our yarn is Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton, the very finest yarn to be had.

Don't think that all guaranteed hose are "Holeproof." There are scores of poor imitations. The original guaranteed hose have the name "Holeproof" stamped on the toe with the trade-mark as it shows in the picture.

Memorize this and you'll get the best hose ever made.

The genuine are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealer's name upon request or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY

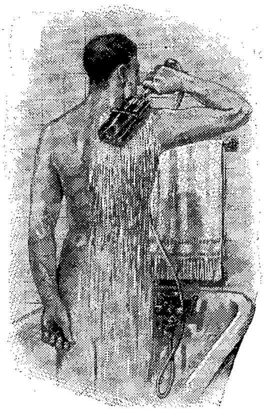
478 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico,
Agents for Mexican Republic

Are Your Hose Insured?

Reg. U. S. Pat.
Office, 1906

More Pleasant and Beneficial Than the High Priced Shower



Knickerbocker

Fountain

Spraybrush

gives shower, needle spray, frictional bath and a thorough massage—*all in one.* Attaches to any faucet of any tub and has siphon attachment for country homes without bathrooms.

Does the work of professional masseur. The water flows in tiny, dashing streams through hundreds of fine rubber teeth. These clean the pores—get the dirt out as nothing else can—prevents pimples—makes circulation good—skin healthy. Sold on

10 Days' Free Trial

by leading dealers or shipped direct. Money back if not satisfied. Prices $2, $3 and $4. Purchase a spraybrush on your first trip downtown—better than an overhead shower at only a *fraction* of the cost. Write for *free* attractive booklet.

THE PROGRESS COMPANY
552-210 Monroe St. **Chicago, Illinois**

Some complain that smok ing is an expensive habi

Shivers'
Panatela
EXACT SIZ
AND SHAP

It isn't so much the *habit* of smoking that proves expensive as the *method of buying* cigars.

Your taste demands a certain standard; by unconscious experiment at cigar stores you have come to believe that it cannot be satisfied at less than ten cents.

So you buy a ten-cent straight—and every time you do you are paying five cents for the cigar and *contributing five cents to the trade organization behind that cigar.*

In other words, you are paying five cents each for the *privilege* of getting your cigars singly and buying them at any stand you wish to stop at!

My plan brings you this self-same ten-cent grade of tobacco, this same careful selection, the same skilled handmaking, not at 10 cents, but at the wholesale price—$5 per hundred.

Nine men out of every ten who have never tried my Panatela *doubt* this statement; also, nine out of every ten boxes I sell go to men who *have* smoked them and are ordering again. And these are mostly men whose tastes run in the two-for-a-quarter class.

Among such men I have 15,000 regular customers; because I please such men I have in seven years built up the largest box cigar trade in the world.

Shivers' Panatelas are made in my own factory—a clean, light, finely-ventilated, model establishment. They are made of strictly long, clear Havana filler, *grown in the best districts of Cuba.* The wrapper is genuine Sumatra, *grown on the island of Sumatra.* They are made by hand—by some of the highest paid men cigar makers in the business.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fif Shivers' Panatela Cigars, on approval to a read of The Outlook, express prepaid. He may smo ten cigars and return the remaining forty at expense if he is not pleased with them; if he pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit t price, $2.50, within ten days.

If Shivers' Panatelas weren't all I claim for the how long could I do business on such a basis is embodied in that offer?

When ordering please enclose business card give reference. State which you prefer, lig medium, or dark cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street, **Philadelphia, Pa.**

IN THE LONG LEISURELY DAYS ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER TO SHOW YOU THESE RECENT PUBLICATIONS

NEW BOOKS ON SOCIAL SERVICE AND PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS

By JEREMIAH W. JENKS
Professor of Economics and Politics, Cornell University

Governmental Action for Social Welfare

A new volume of the Kennedy Lectures in the *American Social Progress Series* edited by Dr. S. McC. Lindsay. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.00 net; by mail $1.08*

By HENRY ROGERS SEAGER
Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University

Social Insurance

A Program for Social Reform. Kennedy Lectures discussing especially industrial accidents, non-employment, and old age. In the *American Social Progress Series.*
Cloth, 12mo, $1.00 net; by mail $1.08

By MISS JANE ADDAMS

The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets

An eminently wise and sensible discussion of the folly of leaving a fundamental need of recreation to be supplied by dance halls and moving picture shows run for private profit.
Cloth, $1.25; by mail $1.33

By MISS MARY CONYNGTON

How to Help

A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL CHARITY

A book for every busy man or woman who seeks to help the want that appeals to them, and wishes to so accomplish it as to prevent rather than merely relieve suffering. *Cloth, $1.50; by mail $1.60*

By DR. ANNIE M. MACLEAN, Ph.D.
Professor of Sociology in Adelphi College

Wage-Earning Women

Introduction by GRACE H. DODGE

At least thirty investigators in all parts of the country collected material on which this description of existing conditions is based. *Citizens Library.*
Cloth, leather back, $1.25 net; by mail $1.36

By Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE

The Spirit of America

"The unhurried estimates of a man of daylight views, of freshness and poise suggesting outdoor living among the best thoughts and most genuine Americans." *Cloth, 8vo, $1.50 net; by mail $1.61*

By Dr. RAY M. McCONNELL
Instructor in Social Ethics, Harvard University

The Duty of Altruism

A discussion of the true aim of social endeavor—that each may completely fill his own nature and contribute towards the realization of perfection by all other natures.
Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net; by mail $1.61

By HERBERT CROLY

The Promise of American Life

"Marvellously stimulative of thought, whether one agrees or disagrees with all his particular views."
Cloth, 12mo, $2.00 net; by mail $2.14

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

The Old Order Changeth

"A straightforward study of American democracy . . . an interesting story, all told—and well told."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*
Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net; by mail $1.35

By SIR HORACE PLUNKETT, M. P.

The Rural Life Problem in America

To the education of an economist and the profession of a farmer the author adds the experience of a legislator. As a consequence few better built books can be found in a year's reading.
Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35

By Dr. SHAILER MATHEWS

The Gospel and the Modern Man

By the Author of "The Church and the Changing Order," etc. *Cloth, $1.50 net; by mail $1.60*

RECENT IMPORTED PUBLICATIONS

The Works of Walter Pater

Of the new complete edition in 10 vols. of the works of this celebrated writer the following vols. are now ready:

Marius the Epicurean. 2 vols.
The Renaissance

Each vol. $2.00 net; by mail $2.10

Helene von Racowitza

An Autobiography of the much-discussed, brilliant heroine of Lasalle's tragic and fatal love story.
Cloth, 8vo, $3.50 net; by mail $3.64

The Church and the World in Idea and History

The Bampton Lectures of 1909 delivered at Oxford by the Rev. WALTER HOBHOUSE,—a history of the Relations of the Church to the World from the earliest times to the present, especially interesting in association with Dr. Fairbairn's recently published "Studies." *Cloth, $3.25 net; by mail $3.47*

Land and Labour. Lessons from Belgium

By R. S. ROWNTREE, author of "Poverty," etc.
Cloth, 8vo, $3.50 net; by mail $3.71

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64–66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency 70 Fifth Ave.
New York

Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advise parents about schools. **Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.**

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CALIFORNIA

BELMONT SCHOOL

(FOR BOYS)

Belmont, California, 25 miles south of San Francisco, believes that it reasonably well meets the moral, physical and intellectual requirements of careful parents. Write for specific information.

W. T. Reid, A. M. (Harvard), Head Master.
W. T. Reid, Jr., A. M. (Harvard), Asst. Head Master.

California Hospital Los Angeles **School for Nurses**

Three years. Ideal private hospital. 150 beds. Maternity, medical, surgical, eye and ear departments. Surrounded by tropical gardens. Superior training. Illustrated booklet free. Write.

COLORADO

ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Will open on Wednesday, September 21, 1910

Apply to the Headmaster, the Rev. Gibson Bell, A.B. Harvard, B.D., Colorado Springs, Colo., for prospectus and further information.

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER

Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium, dancing, sports.

CONNECTICUT

INGLESIDE—A School for Girls

New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.

School year begins Tuesday, October 4, 1910.

Mrs. WM. D. BLACK, Patroness.

The Catharine Aiken
Boarding and Day School for Girls
STAMFORD, CONN.
Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER SCOVILLE DEVAN, A.B. Wellesley.

EUROPE

PARIS—High Class Finishing Home School

for six gentlemen's daughters. Private house. Modern improvements. French, Phonetic, Lectures, Music, Art, Chaperonage, Tennis. Highest references. MME. STUART, 96 Avenue des Ternes.

MARYLAND

A COUNTRY HOME SCHOOL for YOUNG BOYS

80 acres on salt water, near Easton, Md., Penna. R. R. Healthful location. Supervision of successful teacher. Classes of 6 or less. Land and water sports. Unusual opportunity for out-of-door life and special care. H. H. BALLARD, Ph.D., Box 4, Sta. B, Baltimore, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

LASELL SEMINARY

Auburndale, Mass. College preparation. Household Arts and Sciences. Ten miles from Boston. Address

G. M. Winslow, Ph.D., Principal

Faelten Pianoforte School Concentrated attention, positive knowledge, intelligent ear, reliable memory, fluency in sight reading, artistic pianoforte playing are developed simultaneously. Circular on request.

Address CARL FAELTEN, Director,
312 Huntington Chambers, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS

Mount Ida School

FOR GIRLS

On the Summit of Mt. Ida

6 miles from Boston

A preparatory and finishing school.
Advanced Elective Courses.
College Certificate Privilege (without examination).
Piano, Voice, and Violin with Noted Men.
Domestic Science, Resident Nurse. Gymnasium, Director of Athletics.
Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.

74 Summit St.
NEWTON, Mass.

SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL WORKER

Maintained by Simmons College and Harvard University. Clas Room and Office, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass. For the stud of social service in its various forms, with individuals, groups, neigh borhoods; charity, correction, civics. One academic year. Sevent year begins Sept. 27. Circulars sent.
JEFFREY R. BRACKETT, Director. ZILPHA D. SMITH, Associate

The Mary A. Burnham School For Girls

Founded by Miss Burnham in 1877. Special and College Preparator courses. Correspondence should be addressed to MISS HELEN E THOMPSON, Headmistress. MARTHA CHAMBERLAIN BURNHAM.
Northampton, Massachusetts

"THE ELMS" SCHOOL FOR GIRL

English, Music, Special, and College Preparatory Courses
Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley.
Miss PORTER, Principal, Springfield, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Michigan College of Mine

F. W. McNAIR, President

Located in Lake Superior district. Mines and mills accessible fo college work. For Year Book and Record of Graduates apply t President or Secretary, Houghton, Michigan.

NEW JERSEY

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS. Resident pupils limited to 8. Ideal home schoo for those desiring refined surroundings. Very healthful location All branches. Piano and violin.
REV. HENRY B. WILSON, B.D., Boonton, N. J.

The Lakewood School for Girls

Academic and Special Courses. Wonderful winter climate. Out door sports. Miss EDITH SAMSON, Lakewood, New Jersey.

School for Trained Attendants 45 Centre Street, Orange, New Jersey. Six months' course. Fee $100, including tuition, board, lodging, uniforms, and books. For further information apply to Superintendent.

PRINCETON SUMMER SCHOOL. Prepares for Princeton entrance examinations. 19th season opens July 11. Student may enter at any time. NO FAILURES LAST SEASON Address C. R. MOREY, 15 University Pl., Princeton, N. J.

NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOI

76th Year opens September 28; **Morning Class,** 9-12 **Afternoon Class,** 4-6; **Evening Class,** 8-10. Degree LL.B., LL.M., J.D. Address
L. J. TOMPKINS, Sec., Washington Sq., N. Y.

NEW YORK

Rye Seminary, Rye, New York.
For particulars address.
Mrs. S. J. LIFE, The Misses STOW

(For additional Educational advertisements see last advertisin page.)